THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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James Warner Bellah
I. A. R. Wylie — Leonard H. Nason — Dana Burnet — Kenneth L. Roberts
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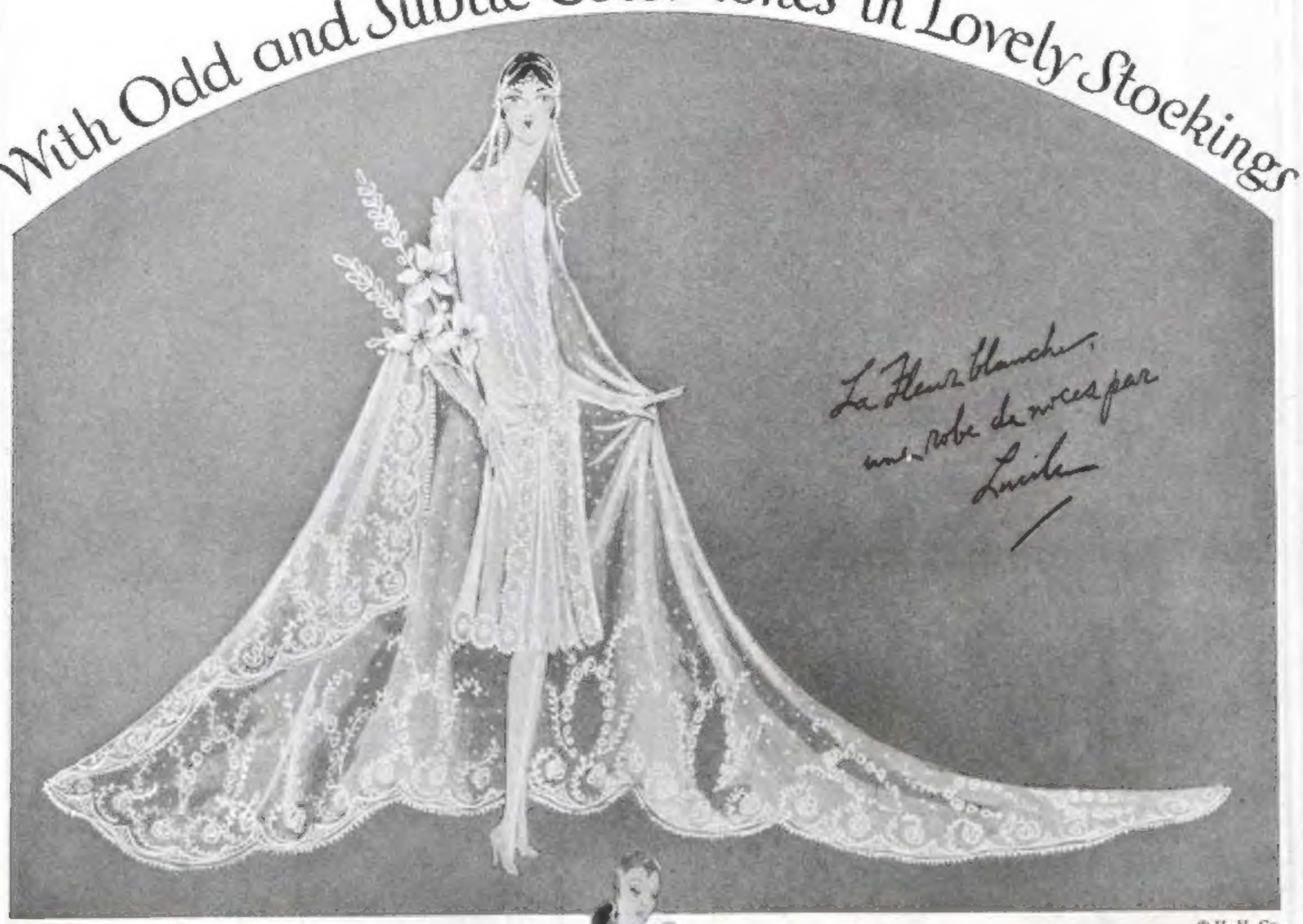
LUCILE *Paris*...Greets Fashion's New Caprice

With Odd and Subtle Color Tones in Lovely Stockings



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The soft luster of white satin is exquisitely set off by pearl trimming in this Lucile-Paris wedding gown, with which is shown a trailing veil of beautiful hand-made lace. Lucile suggests a striking innovation in bridal hosiery—Fanchon, faintest, most delicate flesh-pink, rather than white.

Perhaps the most unusual of the new hosiery shades sent from Paris by Lucile is Fleur de lis, the creamy ivory color which was created for use with nacre shoe leathers—but which is equally smart worn with beige and black footwear. See it today, with seven other very new Lucile suggestions.

The mode has changed! With it comes gay color combinations and the mating of contrasting fabrics. Thus new colors in smart hose become imperative. Lucile sends them straight from Paris and tells how to wear them.

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Whenever a new trend is seen, stockings must at once be color-styled to suit. Now fashion's whim is new. This time it turns to *composé* in color and in fabric. This means soft blending of a single color's tone, or harmonious union of the shades of two. It means, as well, the combination of two widely different fabrics.

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You see innumerable hosiery colors, but Lucile warns few are actually correct. Perhaps in twenty "nudes" one alone is right. That's why there is but *one* Lucile Vivante; but one Lucile Yvette.

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At the left

The correct three-button coat for the man in college. Short high lapels; rounded just right; wide button spacing, low pockets. The color is Pigeon grey

At the right

The man who has been out of college a few years favors this coat. It drapes naturally; good shoulders; three buttons; fairly high lapels. The color is Hazel tan

Our designers and style scouts bring these clothes to you exactly as the best dressed men wear them

Hart Schaffner & Marx

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A NET OF CIRCUMSTANCE

His First Emotion, His First Thought, Was Simply Incredulity. Such Things as This, It Seemed to Him, Did Not Happen—Could Not Happen

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES C. McKELL

BEFORE they boarded the train, they made sure that their dunnage was safely bestowed in the baggage car. The man in charge of the car offered some jocular remark upon the amount of stuff they were taking with them, and Lambry answered with a laughing word, but Farr said nothing. He was apt to be silent; a large, heavy, hopeless, inarticulate sort of man, to whom a great many things were said in the course of a day, but who said very little on his own account. Lambry did enough talking for both of them. Now, before he would be satisfied, he checked off the things which had been put aboard—the toboggan, the two milk cans full of live bait, the snowshoes, the blankets, the assorted foodstuffs in cans and packages.

"Going to the North Pole?" the baggage man asked derisively; and Lambry retorted, with a laugh and a nod of his head toward Farr, "My fat friend here likes his victuals."

The conductor, two or three cars to the rear, was calling impatiently for them to get aboard, and they turned and swung up the steps of the smoking car. Lambry, as usual, was in the lead—a small, wiry, active, gay and friendly man—and Farr lumbered behind him down the aisle.

The two men, in spite of the fact that they were in every respect in sharp contrast, were not only friends but business partners. They owned a moderately prosperous garage in a good location and held the local agency for one of the better selling cars. Just now they were bound to a lake a hundred miles or so away for two or three days of fishing through the ice; and though Farr's demeanor was as sober as it always was, Lambry wore the festive aspect natural to a man setting forth upon a holiday. A moment after they were settled in one of the double seats in the smoking car, he pulled a deck of cards from his pocket and called up and down the aisle: "Two for pitch! Two for pitch right here!"

Another man who had boarded the train at the same station rose from his seat a little way off and joined them. They knew him. His name was Male, and Lambry said cheerfully, "Hello, Male! How far you going?" And when the other had told him, he changed his call to "One for pitch! One for pitch now!"

The Business of Hauling the Toboggan Through Some Fifteen Inches of Loose Snow Was an Arduous One

A fourth man after a moment came toward their seat. He was a silent, inscrutable individual, who during the hour or two they traveled together uttered no word beyond the necessities of the game, and seemed inattentive not only to their talk but to themselves, seldom raising his eyes above the level of the newspaper which they spread upon their knees and on which they played their cards. Upon the margin of the paper Lambry kept the score.

The game went on with a smooth rapidity. Pitch has conventions of its own, and you may sometimes judge a man by the manner in which he plays. The action is quick and constant, and the interest is keen. Each one of these players now reflected the moods appropriate to the game. The silent stranger played with a careful precision, pausing now and then to consider before choosing a card. Male made his bids in a defiant tone; he shouted with boisterous satisfaction when they were successful. Farr played stolidly, but his smooth forehead wrinkled now and then with the effort of thought; and Lambry was as alert and eager as a hunting dog, snatching up each hand as it was dealt him, exclaiming with dismay when the cards were of little worth, grinning with delight when they promised him success. When he was able to bid three, he did so with an eager satisfaction in his tone. When occasionally he pitched it out, it was with a rush like that of a man hurrying to strike a joyful blow; and when his cards offered good prospect of blocking the play of an opposing bidder, he would cry challengingly, "Come on and get set! Come and get it!"

Both he and Male were apt to slap their cards down upon the newspaper with an astonishing and vehement emphasis, and they greeted the dénouement of each hand with ejaculations of triumph or of surrender.

Lambry thoroughly enjoyed this game, but you could not have been sure whether Farr liked it or no. He had very little to say, and when he spoke it was in a tone vaguely deprecatory, as though he were used to being silenced and told to hold his tongue. There was a curious helplessness about the big man. It was possible to imagine that he was one of those individuals against whom the world seems to enjoy launching its shrewdest buffets. He had a heavy, ruminative countenance, wide at the cheek bones, rounded at the chin, narrower above the eyes, yet with a roundness there too. His whole head was shaped like a ball, and although he was tall in proportion to his bulk, there was this suggestion of the sphere about his body, as well as about his head. Yet he seemed to be one of those men under whose softness there may well dwell a considerable physical strength. He was not fat as a man is fat, but wore rather the chubbiness of a well-fed boy. He must have been thirty-five or forty years old, yet there was an invulnerable youthfulness about him, in the curves of his mouth, in his open and ingenuous eye, and in the suggestion of diffidence with which now and then he spoke, as though he were a child in the presence of elders.

He was, as a matter of fact, grateful for this game, since but for it he and Lambry must have been thrown into more intimate contact. Lambry, he knew, would have talked incessantly, and would have expected now and then a reply. He dreaded the necessity of talking with Lambry. It was true that they would, after they left the train, be alone together until Monday morning, two days hence; but that isolation was by this game of pitch at least delayed.

When Lambry first proposed this expedition Farr had not been particularly enthusiastic, but the other's volubility persuaded him. That, however, was before the incident of Wednesday night just past, which had given Farr a definite reason for his embarrassed reluctance to be alone with his friend.

Male, who appeared to be a man without tact, reverted to this incident in one of the pauses while the cards were being dealt. He looked at Farr with a grin, faintly derisive, and said suggestively:

"Kind of funny to see you and Lambry going off together. What are you going to do, Farr? Take him off and put the boots to him?"

Farr colored uncomfortably and shook his head in a dumb way; but Lambry said in an explosive tone: "Cut it out, Male! Cut it out or I'll climb your frame right here!"

"Well, it's none of my business," Male agreed sullenly—"not if you're satisfied, Farr!"

"None of your business is right," Lambry repeated. "Go on and deal the cards."

Farr took no part in this small passage except that he suffered. This was so often the part he played, the rôle of the innocent bystander who is struck by the missiles hurled on either side. But during the play of the next few hands his thoughts were remote from the game, attentive rather to Male's remark and to that incident of a day or two before which had provoked it.

II

MALE'S word referred to Farr's wife. Lambry, as has been said, was a friendly little man, with a gay tongue and a ready wit, and everyone liked him. This was particularly true of women. Nan Farr was among those who liked Lambry, and this feeling on her part was no secret to Farr, who had always counted Lambry one of his dependable friends, nor to anyone else in the circle of their acquaintance. Her liking for Lambry was obvious to those who saw these three together, as they so often were.

Nan, for instance, was fond of dancing, but Farr was not adept at the art, while Lambry danced well. The result was that Farr at dances was apt to occupy a withdrawn position where his bulk made him conspicuous, while Lambry and Nan, by the skill with which they danced, were equally conspicuous upon the floor. Farr, watching with his childlike eyes, sometimes overheard derisive comments, words with an edge to them; but he never appeared to be conscious of these remarks. Those who knew him were divided, some asserting that he was too dull to care, others predicting that he was simply a patient man who would one day be provoked to wrath.

"And when he does let go," said this school of thought, "there'll be a real explosion."

On the Wednesday night preceding, there had been a dance at one of the public halls, and Farr and Lambry and Nan attended it. Toward the latter part of the evening Nan and Lambry for a while disappeared, and Farr after some time remarked their absence and set out to look for them, wandering about the place in a slow and blundering way.

Thus doing, he interrupted in sequestered nooks more than one conversation where an interruption was unwelcome, and made himself so conspicuous that the eyes of everyone began to follow his movements, and presently with understanding smiles.

By and by some mischief-maker told him that Lambry and Nan were downstairs in the car parked before the hall, and when he went down, those nearest the windows looked out, curious to see what should come to pass. They saw him approach the closed car at the curb and stand a moment there uncertainly, as though in doubt what he should do; and from the fact that those within the car failed to manifest themselves, it was deduced that they were otherwise engrossed and had no eyes for him.

In the end, Farr was seen to open the door of the car; and after a moment Nan and Lambry emerged and the three stood for a space, talking there together, and then all came up the stairs again.

When they entered the dance hall the music was momentarily silent, so that everyone turned to look curiously in their direction; and Nan, who had quick eyes and a woman's capacity for understanding a situation, saw the dissolving groups of those who had been watching from the windows. Her color heightened, and during the next few minutes she displayed an unnatural vivacity, and she went out of her way to explain in a laughing fashion that she and Lambry had lost all count of time as they sat in the car below.

"I was up till all hours last night," she told someone. "I almost went to sleep. We didn't realize how long we'd been down there. It's close in here, anyway, with all the windows shut. Enough to make a person sleepy."

Everyone listened politely enough, but everyone continued to watch Lambry and Farr, in order that they might not miss whatever was to come. If the incident had been a little less conspicuous, they might have joked about it; but this did not appear to be a matter for joking, and there was, during the rest of the evening, a good deal of whispering among the other dancers.

Farr, if he was moved by the episode, did not let it appear. His placid outward seeming remained the same. But there had been during the succeeding days a good deal of speculation as to what would come of it, and some said this and some said that; and some, more darkly minded, said the other. Farr had said nothing, not even to Nan and Lambry. He had to listen to many words from Nan, who seemed angered by his very silence and his refusal to complain; but Lambry for once had little to say.

"I guess I don't have to tell you you can count on me—that you don't have to worry about me, Farr," he did suggest, and big Farr nodded humbly and agreed.

"Sure, that's right, Lambry," he said. "You don't have to say anything to me."

"I guess we've been buddies too long," Lambry repeated lamely, and Farr nodded again.

"That's all right," he said. "That's all right, Lambry. It's all right with me."

He was always an inarticulate man, and talk was torment to him. Furthermore, he felt in this situation no particular resentment against either Nan or Lambry. He was conscious that in Nan's eyes he had many shortcomings. Her lively vivacity, while it charmed him, had always made him feel even larger and more awkward than he was.

It had been a matter of wonder to him that she should have been willing to marry him in the beginning. He felt humbly that he had so little to offer her, and he was of no mind to blame her if in harmless ways she now found pleasure in the company of more interesting men.

Also, Farr in a dumb fashion had a deep affection for his partner. Lambry had all the graces which Farr would have liked to possess, and Farr's devotion to the little man was like that of a rather stupid dog. In so far as he resented the episode to which Male had referred at all, this resentment was based simply on the fact that it had created a discordant note in the relations between him and Farr; had made him faintly uncomfortable at the prospect of being alone for two days or so with this old friend of his.

III

AS THE train drew northward they came by and by in view of an expanse of lake, stoutly frozen over and covered with snow, and dotted remotely here and there with little shanties a few feet square. Between their dealings of the cards their eyes turned to this prospect outside the windows.

"That's what we'll be doing tomorrow, Farr," Lambry said cheerfully. "That's the sort of thing that sets you up to go back to work again."

And Male, with a glance at Lambry, asked, "Oh, you two going fishing?"

"Yes," Lambry said; "yes, up at the lake."

"I went up last year," Male told them. "Where do you go?"

"Down below Deer Island," Lambry explained; "in the deep water there."

"How deep do you fish?" Male asked, and Lambry said, "I've always had the best luck in about sixty feet."

"Sixty or seventy-five feet—that's right," Male agreed. "They like the deep water," Lambry repeated. "Never get them where it's shoal, even in the wintertime. I've caught them up here in summer, but you've got to go down deep—a hundred and fifty or two hundred feet."

"I never fished here in the summertime," Male commented. "But I try them once or twice every winter." And he added complacently: "I struck them pretty good up there last year. Got thirty-seven one day we were out. I was fishing with Dummer."

Lambry laughed. "Oh, you know Dummer, do you?"

"Sure!" said Male. "I've known the old nut seven years."

"Crazy as a coot," Lambry suggested, and laughed again; and added: "But I suppose anyone's going to go crazy that sits in a fish house and fishes for shad all day, all winter long. I don't mind two or three days of it—kind of like it. But I wouldn't sit in a house. I just build a bank of snow to keep off the wind."

"It's as bad as herding sheep," Male agreed. "They say sheep herders go crazy. I suppose that's what's the matter with Dummer."

"He's a pretty good fisherman," Lambry pointed out. "Gets as many shad as most people."

"That's because he's at it all the time," Male retorted. "But he don't use any sense in it. He's just as likely to fish a week in a place where there never was a shad." He chuckled and drifted off into anecdotes of Dummer's simple ways and of his curiously empty follies.

"He's a nut, all right," he declared. "Half the time he's out there before daylight, and he keeps moving his shanty around all winter too. You know, he's got an idea that he owns the lake. Never will let anybody fish within a couple hundred yards of him. Raises the devil if they try it."

Lambry chuckled. "I like to kid him, get him mad," he declared. "Did you ever see him good and sore?"

"Once," Male assented. "That was enough for me. I thought he was going to take a crack at me with his ice pick. I had started to dig a hole near where his shanty was."

"He swells up like a pigeon," Lambry assented, and laughed aloud. "He chased me a quarter of a mile one day because I swore I was going to break into his shanty sometime and fish through his hole in the ice. And after that, the rest of the time we were up there he stayed there all night, every night."

"Ever see the house he lives in?" Male asked, and Lambry shook his head. "It's no bigger than a fish shanty," Male declared. "He's got just about room to lie down in it. It sets down by the lake, kind of, under the station platform, and every once in a while they kick him off of there and he moves out, but he always comes back."

"He catches a lot of trout in the summer, trolling," Lambry remarked, and he shoved the cards toward Farr. "Come on, big fellow!" he said. "It's your deal."

So the play went on. When by and by Farr and Lambry broke up the game to alight at their station on an arm of the lake, Male called to them as they departed down the aisle, "Give my love to Dummer!"

"Sure!" Lambry agreed. He was in high good humor. He had won a dollar and thirty cents and Male won sixty cents. Farr was the heaviest loser.

A moment later they were standing on the platform, buttoning their coats against the surprising pressure of a stiff wind that came in from the lake, their breath thick before their faces in the crisp, cold air, while the train, wreathed in plumes of steam, pulled away and disappeared beneath the bridge a hundred yards beyond the station platform.

Their toboggan and their supplies had been unloaded on a baggage truck, and they went along the platform now to where it stood. The station agent—a man named Shear, whom Lambry, to judge by the familiarity of his greeting, knew of old—was beside the truck when they drew near, and in reply to Lambry he nodded and looked from one of the men to the other and asked unnecessarily, "Going fishing?"

"What do you think?" Lambry challenged, with a laugh.

"I didn't know but you were going to build a house," Shear retorted. "You've got enough truck here."

"Well," said Lambry, "we like to bring enough. Farr likes his victuals and so do I, and I never could see the sense in not being comfortable if you can."

"What's in them milk cans?" Shear asked. "Bait?"

And Lambry nodded. "Sure!"

(Continued on Page 81)

"You Keep Away From My Place, That's All," Dummer Warned Them. "Fish Anywhere You're a Mind, Long's You Don't Trespass on Me"

THE GREAT TRADITION

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

COMSTOCK, the great gangling Texan, was crying softly as he walked across the pounded aerodrome in the darkling twilight. The cold of the upper reaches still throbbed sullenly in his feet and hands and played along his raw nerves, like tiny electrical shocks, under the impulse of the returning blood. His face was smudged with oil and the great salt tears that still welled in his smoldering eyes. And as he walked he cursed—earnestly, quietly, through tight lips like some ancient Benedictine telling his beads in the shadow of a cloistered shrine. There was something quite terrible about that cursing. It was at once a prayer and a threat—the whining of a whipped dog and the low, sharp challenge of an armed sentry.

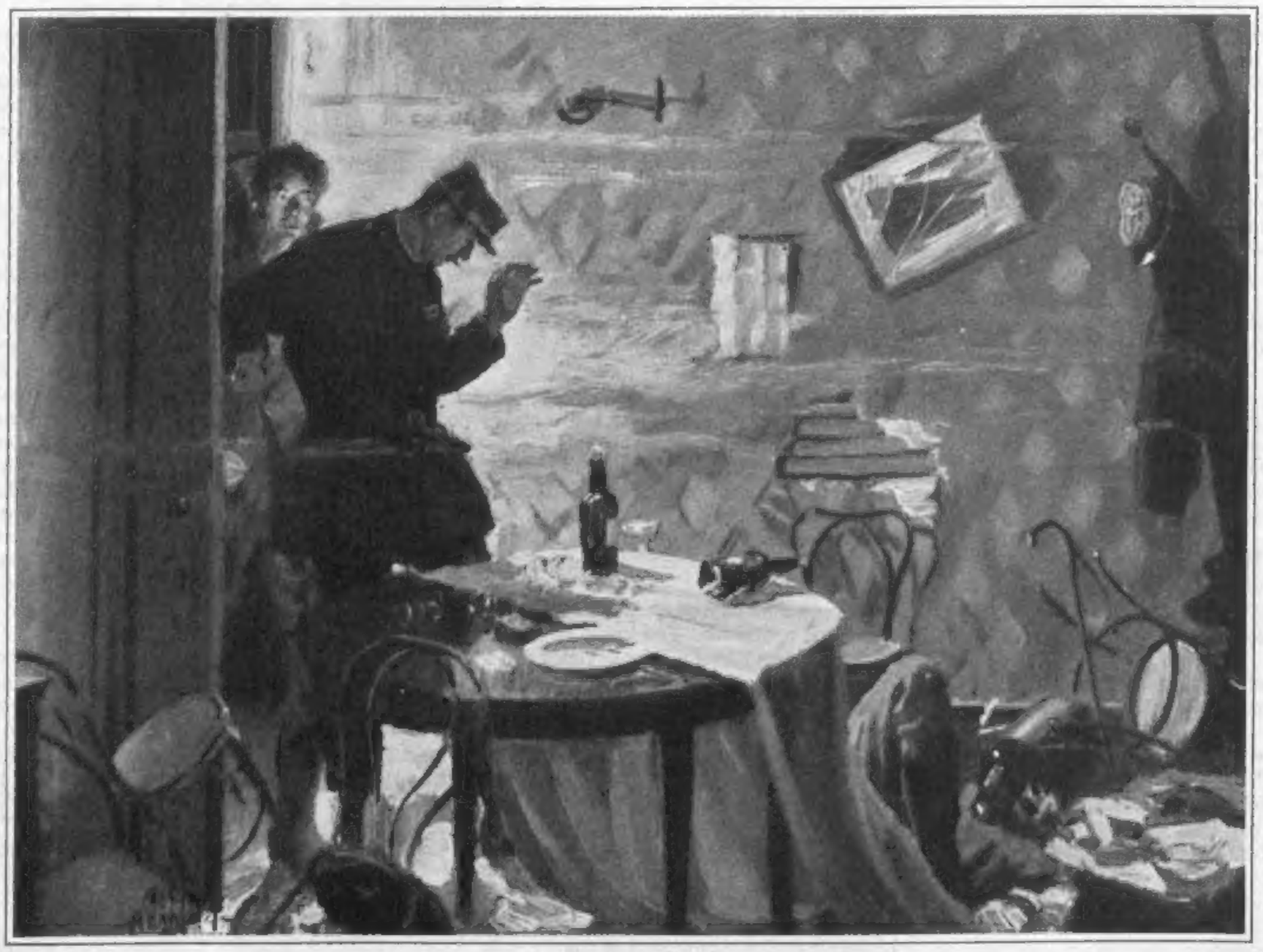
He trudged down the path to the darkened village and on through its one shuttered street to the highroad beyond. He was walking now with angry strides and slapping his helmet against his knee, trying to hurt himself in a vain, foolish way. The car that might have taken him to quarters passed him and someone called through the twilight. Comstock didn't answer, nor did he raise his head. He walked on to the stone pillars of the park entrance and turned into the gravel drive of Vieupeyroux.

The great ogling façade of the château frowned down at him presently through the trees. He crossed the grass plot in front of the entryway and went through the open doors into the dark foyer. Far in the rear a light shone from the half-opened door of the squadron mess room. Comstock put his hand on the broad marble balustrade and climbed slowly, wearily up to his room.

The little fat Corporal Pau was hunched up on the foot of his cot, reading and puffing huge blue clouds of *tabac naturel* from his short, ancient brier. He looked up as Comstock entered. The Texan stared at him. The corporal met his eye and shrugged and went back to his reading. Comstock flung himself down on his own cot, face to the wall and one arm thrown up across his eyes. Presently the arm and shoulder trembled as the muscles rippled slightly under the Texan's tunic.

Corporal Pau looked up again and then his eyes traveled slowly to the third cot in the room—the empty one—empty save for the hastily packed kit bag, the strapped haversack and the four books that lay piled under a mute fatigue cap. He shrugged again and got up. He was a short roly-poly man of forty-five, Corporal Pau, and his legs were bowed under him in two great arcs. He looked down at them as if he had never seen them before. He wiped his stubby hand across his mouth and crossed the room to Comstock's cot. He laid a hand on Comstock's shoulder.

"Come, my ancient friend," he said. "It is the war. Who can help things? We shall miss the little Jake, of course—just as one shall miss us when we go. It is the way of life. *Pouf!* Tonight we still live and the little Jake does not. Tomorrow—who knows?—perhaps we shall not live either."



Chevagnac Put His Hand on the Door Knob and Opened It. Pau Went in First, With Comstock After Him

"You-all doan't seem to understand," said Comstock wearily. "I doan't aim to kid myself into believin' I wouldn't 've missed him if he'd just sort of been killed regular. But I do say that he'd not've been killed at all if it hadn't been for that ornery coyote Petitjean! Jake was too good a pilot!"

He sat up suddenly and leaned forward with his fists clenched on his knees. "In my country they'd hang a man for less than that! The Eagle of the Skies—the dirty grand-stand player! M'sieur Tac-au-Tac with his medals and his name in the papers and his struttin' about with powdered gals!" Comstock stood up and wiped his hands across his damp face and through his hair.

Pau watched him with his chin up and his fists clasped behind his back. "So?" he said.

"Yes!" said Comstock flatly. "And what can one do—what can one ever do? Petitjean—the great ace—the great tradition—the lowlife—the dirty scum! I'd like to wring his perfumed neck for him." He raised his arms above his head and let them fall helplessly again.

Pau nodded. "One comprehends," he said.

"One does like hell!" said Comstock. "Not when it costs a pal's life. It's the trick of a yellow-livered skunk. We had those two new lads to break in. We were flying tight and close to the vest. If they want him to do newspaper flying, why don't they detach him? He falls for the stupidest frame-up I ever saw. He shouldn't 've led us into a fight at all. But he's got to show off and add up his personal score, so he dives down on two of the boche himself and leaves Jake and me and the two green hands right in the middle of the lousiest dog fight you ever saw. And he never had the decency to come back. How any of us got out alive, I don't know." Comstock shrugged. "The answer is Jake didn't—and we didn't have to come into this man's army, Jake and me." He laid a hand against the kit bag on the empty cot and then turned suddenly to the washbasin. Pau puffed his pipe in silence and paced slowly back and forth in front of the closed door while Comstock scrubbed his face and hands.

The door opened and a face looked in—a thin ascetic face under a rakish cap—Chevagnac. He stood for a moment looking at Pau and then he crossed the room to Comstock.

"It's all right, Chevvy."

"*Non, m'sieur.*" Chevagnac bowed slightly. "It is not, or I would not come to you." With both delicate hands the Frenchman grasped Comstock's elbows in a firm grip. "A thousand pardons," he said softly. "I have heard. In the name of my country—a thousand pardons. Lecour has told me all about it."

Comstock put a hand on his shoulder. "It's all right, Chevvy," he said again awkwardly.

Chevagnac turned away.

Corporal Pau was bent over a bottle, twisting at the cork. It came away with a hollow pop and pale cognac rippled softly into the glasses on the chest top. Comstock buttoned his tunic and hooked his collar. Pau held out the glasses. They turned silently to the empty cot and drank.

Comstock put down the glass on the chest top. "To think we've got to go on living and eating and flying with him, keeping up the great tradition of Mr. One-Two-Three—the conceited little ——"

"Sh-h-h!" said Chevagnac. "It can do no good. It is quite hopeless. We know what we know. He will be alive long after we are all dead. It is written. It is the way of eagles and—peacocks!" He set his cap more firmly on his head. Comstock sloshed his glass half full again and drained it at a gulp.

Corporal Pau looked at him and corked the bottle with a smacking blow of his calloused palm. "*Après!*" he said shortly. "We dine now." Chevagnac opened the door into the dimly lighted upper corridor and stepped out to the stairhead. Pau was holding the door. Comstock slammed his cap on and followed Chevagnac. The liquor burned sullenly in his empty stomach. He pulled a twisted cigarette from his pocket and hunched his great shoulders forward meanwhile he twisted the wheel of his lighter. A door down the hallway slammed sharply and there were quick dapper footsteps on the flagging. Comstock pressed the smudge of his lighter to the cigarette, blew a thin stream of smoke from his nostrils and looked up—into the face of Petitjean. The captain stopped in his tracks and frowned slightly in annoyance. It would be necessary for him to step around the Texan in order to reach the stairhead.

"M'sieur the American wishes something?" he snapped.

Comstock spread his legs insolently and put his great fists upon his hips.

"Name of a name of a dog!" hissed Pau. "Chevagnac—quickly—his other arm—he is drunk!"

Comstock twisted their hands from his wrists and ran his eyes over the little pilot from the tips of his patent-leather dancing shoes to the absurd points of his pomaded mustache.

"Quickly!" snapped Petitjean. "You wish something?"

"Yes," the Texan drawled. "I want to see what a great air fighter looks like."

Petitjean drew himself up and the little enameled crosses on his tunic tinkled faintly.

"*Fou!*" he snorted. "Step aside!" Comstock grinned foolishly. "Step aside! I wish to pass!" hissed Petitjean. "Do you hear, *bête?*"

Then, his temper flaming, his hand flicked up and smacked sharply across Comstock's cheek. Chevagnac and Pau leaped at the American, but before they could stop him he had the little powdered captain by one shoulder, feet clear of the flagging, shaking him fiercely as a terrier shakes a chipmunk. Medals, teeth and dancing shoes—he shook him till he rattled like a dice box. Pau and Chevagnac wound their arms about Comstock, binding him, pulling him down, but it was some seconds before he let go.

Petitjean stumbled to his knees and sprang up. "You," he said, "I shall have shot!"

"You think you will, but you won't. 'Cause if you do, you'll have to let everyone know I shook you," said Comstock. "Good! I'll enjoy the court, and every minute I stay in the *salle de police!*"

Petitjean looked at him furiously, blind with rage. His lips trembled, but the words fouled one another. He sputtered. He turned and bolted down the great stairway in impotent fury, flinging a filthy phrase at them.

"Now," said Corporal Pau, "one has done a thing."

Comstock raised a hand to the red finger marks on his cheek.

"Come," he growled, "*dîner.*"

Chevagnac shrugged elaborately. "It is done," he said. "And who shall say badly done?"

They went slowly down the stairs. In the foyer below they stood for a moment staring out through the darkened entryway, listening to the hooting exhaust of Petitjean's roadster as it raced furiously down the park drive and turned into the Troyes road. Then they went in to dinner.

It was cold in the gray light of early morning and wet mist vapors danced above the chilled soil of the aerodrome like drunken dervishes. A mechanician coughed harshly and spat. The tail skid of the last *avion de chasse* scraped in the gravel as the men trundled it out and swung it into line. Corporal Pau grunted and pushed his folded map into the pocket of his flying coat with a cold rustling sound. The Adjutant Lecour came down the line with a paper in his hand.

"Chevagnac—Pau!" he called. "*Ici!*"

Comstock looked up sullenly. Their heads were bent over the paper. He walked slowly over to them.

"The Powder Puff has not returned yet—from last night. We shall go without the swine," said Lecour. Comstock nodded. Chevagnac straightened up and buckled the chin strap of his helmet. Pau was already climbing into his cockpit. Engines commenced to sputter and cough, and the mist beyond the hangars broke suddenly and streamed away into nothingness as the back draft of the propellers caught it. Comstock trudged slowly down to the last Nieuport on the line—his own. His mechanician was fussing still, oiler in hand, and the propeller not yet turning. Chevagnac waved cheerily from the next machine. Lecour was already taxiing slowly out, with Pau after him.

Comstock's mechanician wiped his hands on his overalls and grasped the propeller, waiting. Comstock climbed into the cockpit. Out of the corner of his eye he saw a gray car flash along the misty roadway behind the hangars, turn at the bend and come around, with a retch of brakes, to the tarmac. Petitjean, still in his dancing shoes, climbed out and waved his arms angrily. His mechanician came running to him with his gray fur flying coat and helmet.

Comstock's propeller flashed through an arc, kicked with a loud pop and came to rest again. Chevagnac taxied slowly out to the waiting Lecour. Petitjean, sitting on the step of his roadster, unlaced his patent-leather shoes and stuffed his legs furiously into his flying boots. He stood up and stamped his feet. A mechanic held his coat for him. He shrugged into it and came quickly over to Comstock.

"You could not wait, *hein?* You are impatient?" His pale, pasty face was flushed to a cruel unhealthy vermilion at the cheek bones and the waxed points of his mustache were frayed and untidy. "Tell them to go!" he shouted angrily to a mechanic. "I will meet them. Bring coffee." He crossed in front of Comstock's Nieuport and climbed into his own.

Again Comstock's propeller flashed through its quick arc and his mechanician stumbled back to his haunches as it popped and caught and melted into a roaring circle of light. Comstock revved the engine quickly. A man was running toward Petitjean's machine with the smoke-blackened coffee canister. Lecour, Pau and Chevagnac opened up and moved quickly off across the aerodrome for their take-off. Presently as they sang into the air in a rising swoop, Comstock turned and taxied out onto the 'drome. As he passed he saw Petitjean waving furiously in the cheap anger of stale wine and spitting a thin stream of black coffee from his lips. He pushed at the man who held the canister and shoved him away.

Comstock leaned forward in his cockpit, blipped his engine full on and trailed away after the other three Nieuports. His wheels bumped on the uneven ground as he eased the stick forward and waited. The wheels bumped again, more softly this time. The Nieuport roared down on the line of poplars at the far side of the 'drome and then, in a quick zoom, Comstock pulled back on the stick and swept over their tops in a wide climbing turn. Lecour was circling back, with Pau and Chevagnac behind him. Comstock fell in on their tails. Below him he could see the misty aerodrome with Petitjean's avion still standing on the tarmac. Three times Lecour circled, waiting, then he turned deliberately to the eastward and headed out for the front, with Comstock behind, still trailing him, nose slightly down, nursing his sputtering engine. Presently Lecour started to climb again.

Comstock watched him and gave it up. Busses to him were like horses. If one wasn't any good, take another. He had no patience with engines. He kept on behind the patrol, cursing softly and waiting for his engine to cough out entirely. He saw the three others far above him. Too far to catch up with now. He turned in a wide circle and started back to the 'drome, but as he turned the sputtering of his engine died away and left in its wake the even throb of perfect timing. He swept around quickly and climbed into the thin haze that had closed behind the three others.

Presently he warmed his *mitrailleuses* to the higher cold and turned to the northeast to catch Lecour at a tangent. He had ten thousand feet now. Below him the ground was a waxen model etched with mist plumes and faintly yellow with the first light of the pale cloud-filtered sun. He stared at it over the padded rim of his cowling. A long pencil line crossed below him and frayed out into nothingness—a road. Beyond its unraveled end there was a brown jagged belt, pitted and pocked and splashed with the gray smudges of ruined villages. He crossed the line and warmed his guns again. He turned in his cockpit and stared backward and above him. Nothing.

There were clouds ahead and slightly higher. He eased back on his stick and climbed into their lacy fringes. They were gray-bellied snow clouds, piled high in heaped disorder. He climbed through to the creamy gold tops of them and flattened out just above their long serried ruffles. For an hour he skulked in and out, peeking through occasional torn holes at the sullen gray below, but there was nothing interesting and Lecour was gone somewhere else. He squinted at his watch and considered the hunger that was beginning to gnaw at his stomach. He turned again in his cockpit and looked behind and above him from force of habit. For some reason he zoomed, and halfway up looked quickly backward and below his tail, and just as he looked his controls trembled violently and his fuselage vibrated as if a shower of small stones had been hurled against it. He flattened and split-aired and dived upon the other machine. Then suddenly his heart jumped within him and he stopped firing. He pulled back again and flashed above. It was a Nieuport—and Petitjean's. He split-aired again and waved. Lucky thing, that!

Petitjean didn't wave. He Immelmanned deliberately and commenced firing again with the gun on his top plane.

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On the Street Floor, Comstock Pushed Ahead of Them and Opened the Entrance to the Alleyway. They Trudged Out Into the Wet Blackness of the Night

A DISCIPLE OF SOLOMON

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

THE youthful horse wrangler blew a smoke ring across the bunk house and made sage comment to the visiting bronc fighter: "A man that knows women can pretty near predict in advance how they're going to perform."

"Every time," the visitor concurred. "Be firm, but middling gentle, and you can break one to neck rein in half an hour. Women, thataway, is like spirited colts."

"They're patterned closter after broncs, I'd say," the horse wrangler dissented. "When you sidle up to one easy she's apt to roll a wicked eye at you and act up real snorty."

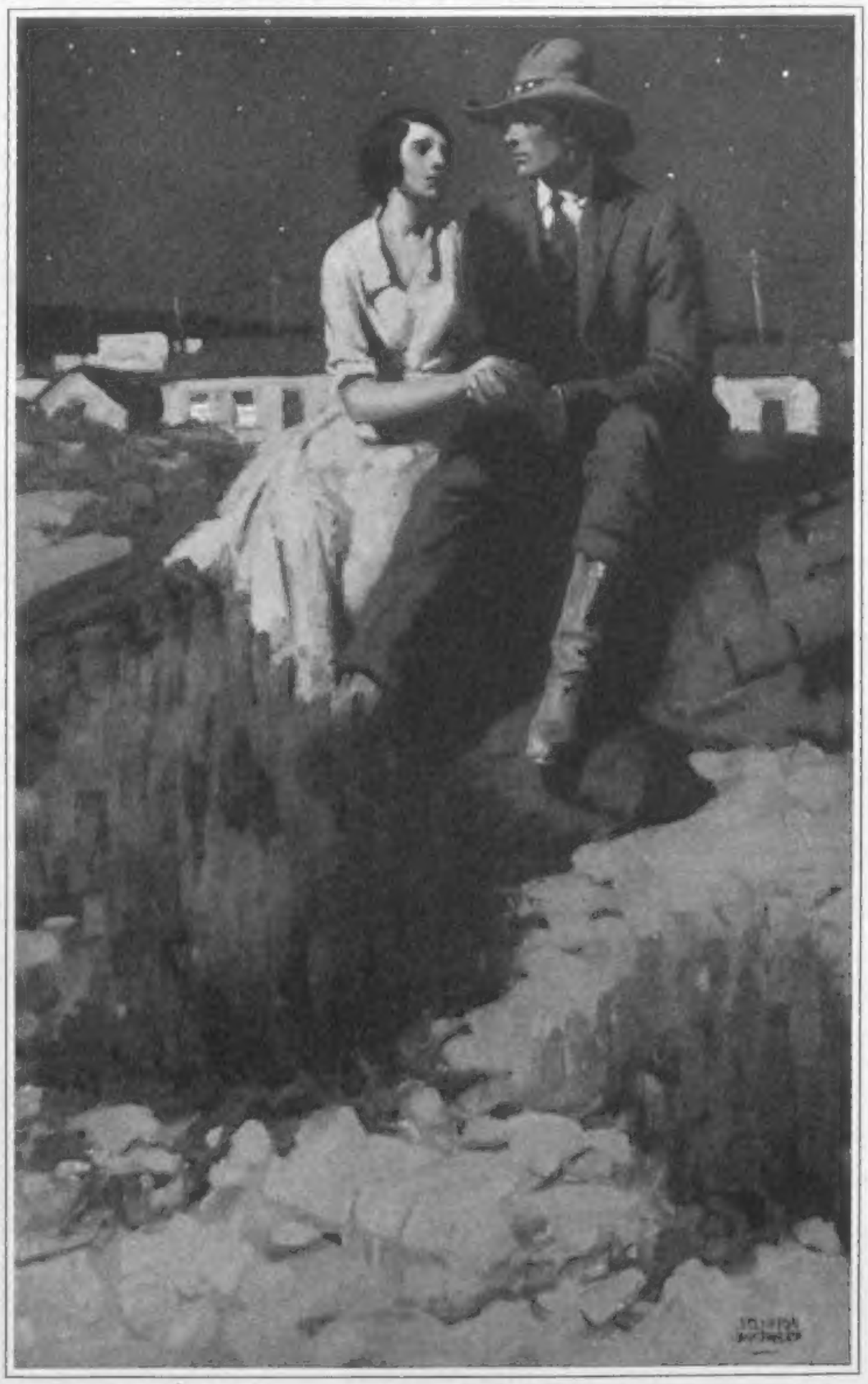
"Them's the ones that's been mishandled at the start," the visiting youth explained. "Just let 'em have their morning warm-up and snort themselves out for the day and they'll be as tractable as the rest."

"Such as I've known," said the horse wrangler, with an emphasis that implied wide knowledge of many, "they'll all bear watching."

Old Pap Sanders, owner and operator of the Sanders Dude Ranch, emitted a dry chuckle. "Those opposite convictions have been generated in the minds of you adolescent oracles by the various ways you have fared at the hands of that bevy of dude girls that landed at the ranch last night. And for so long as they stay on here you'll form brand-new convictions about womenfolks every morning before sunup and alter them prior to noon."

"Yeah?" the horse wrangler queried.

"Old Man Solomon—who had more wives than the Bar Y has cows and studied their natures a heap closter—put in his life compiling a work entitled Rules for Womenfolks, but he tore it up on his deathbed," Pap related. "He called his counselors into conference and inquired, 'How can any man perfect a formula by which he may predict how all women will perform generations hence, when there ain't any one woman who can predict how she's going to perform herself the next living second?' He emitted a sardonic laugh, wriggled his ears and passed the buck to the next student of womankind. It was what old Uncle Solomon said when dying rather than anything he done while living that earmarked him as a man of wisdom through the ages. He learned something just before he died that most men die just before they learn. But wisdom increases as time goes on, and no doubt you young squirts are smarter than what folks was in Solomon's day, or even in mine, so it can't be much of a chore for you to lay down a blanket prophecy as to how the whole female sex will perform two years from next April."



"Don't You Dare Kiss Me, Rang," She Says; So Rang, Masterful Lad That He Was, Overrode All Objections and Disobeyed Her Injunctions Flat

"It's been my observation that they run pretty much true to form," the horse-wrangling sage gave testimony.

"They do for a fact. Women are all exactly similar in the one respect that they're all absolutely different and seldom twice the same," said Pap. "Buddy, as an inspired prophet on the ways of womenfolks, there's times when you recall an old friend of mine—one O. B. Jones—Rang Jones as he was called in Ten Sleep."

"Yes?" queried the horse wrangler. "Well, I've got a few spare minutes before running in the willow-tails to saddle up for the dudes. Maybe you wouldn't mind explaining in what respect Rang Jones took after me."

Well—Sanders related—he was an easy-going young wart who preferred poker above other varieties of work, and he was uncommon proficient at it. Folks predicted that he wasn't born to be drowned and that he wasn't real apt to get hung, because it seemed fairly certain that he was due to get shot by some irate party who believed an ace full was invincible against a three-card draw and discovered that it wasn't. As to looks, he had about as quizzical and irregular a countenance as ever adorned a human form, except that his form couldn't rightly be called human, either, his legs being warped something scandalous from wearing a horse in parentheses since he's a yearling. Otherwise he was fair average handsome as male critters go in the cow country. Up to a certain point, sonny, you favor him to a hair. But right there the resemblance ceases.

Rang was endowed with a modicum of common sense, so that, mentally, he didn't stand out so noticeably below the average. Now there wasn't near so many females in and about Ten Sleep as there was in Solomon's home town; but such as there was, Rang had sighed over every one of 'em, likely, at one time or another. The proverb has it that there's many a warm and tender heart that beats beneath an uncouth exterior, and Rang's exterior wasn't noways decorative; but he was a mighty understanding sort of human. And he was that sympathetic that folks felt impelled to unbosom themselves and relate their troubles to him. As a sympathizer it's not likely that Rang ever had an equal. Rang's fortunes was always at low ebb on account of that sympathetic streak in him, which was forever tripping of him financial. Most anyone could sidle up to Rang and relate a hard-luck yarn that would wring his compassion to such an extent that he'd crowd his bank roll on the poor unfortunate and feel better about things all day.

Folks like to be sympathized with in their worries, and also desire to be amused; so all in all, there wasn't a more popular man than Rang within a hard day's ride of Ten Sleep. Women in particular was prone to confide their wrongs and the true inward state of their emotions to Rang. "Women, someway, seem impelled to tell me the truth," Rang said to Bill Barnes one day. "And it is real gratifying."

"It's a bad omen, Rang," says Bill, who was a natural-born debater and always ready to defend the opposite side of any proposition that was stated. "A mighty bad omen as to them considering you personal as a prospective bridegroom. When a woman is without any sentimental leanings toward a man she'll tell him the truth, near as she'll admit it to herself, which is sometimes as high as 20 per cent. When she begins to feel tender yearnings toward him she'll confide a world of things to him, but there ain't one per cent of what she tells him that's anyways near the truth. She hides out every word of truth on him as instinctive as a turkey hen hides out her eggs. A turkey hen will do a whole lot of motherly fussing round where her nest ain't, never round the vicinity where it is at. As long as a woman persists in being truthful with you, Rang, you can bank on its being real dubious that her affection for you is more than tepid."

"There's elements of truth in that," Rang confessed. "Anyway, there's been many a lady that was confidential with me and then up and married someone else when he was least suspecting it."

"That's the way it goes," says Bill. "Also, you'd ought to quit fretting over other people's worries. A man always has a lot too many anxieties of his own without adopting all the wrongs of the whole countryside from Cheyenne to Sheridan."

"That's just the point," Rang explained. "I never do have any troubles of my own to worry me. Seems like I've been mighty fortunate thataway, and my life has run real smooth and placid. With no sorrows of my own whatever, the least I can do is to help other folks grieve over theirs."

"Huh!" Bill snorted. "You let me get shut of my own troubles once, which I admit don't seem anyways likely, and a man couldn't ride fast enough to donate me any of his."

"Well," says Rang, "it does seem that women has a hard time of it."

"Yes. To say nothing of men, who has a lot worse time of it," Bill contends.

"Now you take Mrs. Acres," Rang goes on. "Only this noon she was carrying on and telling me how Alf treated her. Right after breakfast he up and tells her she's the most hard-looking, ill-temperedest female this side of hell, and he departs and ain't showed up at home since, with her worrying about him and wanting him back with all his sins. I'll admit that she's a determined-looking woman in the face and some shrewish as to tongue, but it don't appear right for Alf to twit her with them defects. 'And to think of him calling me them things after all I've done for him!' she says to me."

"Yeah, but she omitted to state what all it was she'd done for him," says Bill. "During breakfast she started in

painting up his shortcomings and comparing him unfavorable with other citizens hereabouts and elsewhere. But he was so used to it as a regular accompaniment of meals, and was somewhat absent-minded besides, having a deal on to buy out the Egglesons' brand, that he didn't pay proper attention to her remarks. She accused him of ignoring her and run him off the place with a neck yoke. Alf hurled them insults at her over his shoulder as he was loping down the road. He'll go jogging on home when he figures she's simmered down to the point where she'll upbraid him with words instead of neck yokes; and likely he won't forget himself again soon, but will pay proper attention to what disparaging remarks she has to make at mealtime. When he ain't too preoccupied, he disagrees with her automatic, so she can't feel that his interest in her is flagging. No doubt, Rang, if you worry sufficient, they'll be living in their usual state of domestic harmony betwixt now and sundown."

Well, Rang goes on, with no worries except vicarious ones for quite a spell of time; but it ain't down in the cards that any mortal can tread this vale of tears indefinite without running foul of troubles of his own, and directly it comes his time to beware of a dark female, as the fortune tellers puts it, but he didn't know that trouble was a-stalking of him until Bill Barnes give him warning.

"Bill," says Rang one day, puzzledlike, "I've been wondering about the Widow Duncan. Most women is moderate truthful with me, but she's different someway, and it don't seem that she's anyways careful about the veracity of what she relates to me. She tells me one thing one time and the next day something different, and then giggles round evasivelike when I point out the discrepancy."

Bill sat up straight and startled. "Rang, are you thinking anyways serious of wedding the Widow Duncan?"

"Her? None whatever and not in the very least!" Rang denied. "I'll admit I've entertained such notions about most every unattached female round about at one time or another. But Mrs. Duncan—not ever!"

"That's likely the very reason," says Bill, darkly mysterious. "That accounts for it. And how come you to exclude her from your amorous gallivanting?"

"Well, a man can't be too promiscious in his attentions or he'll earn the name of being a fickle gadabout," Rang explained. "He has to draw the line somewheres, so I drawed it there."

"And for what other reasons?" Bill insisted.

"Not any in particular," says Rang, who never makes mean remarks about folks. "Of course, she's some older than what I am—fifteen years or so, likely—and that's too great a disparity in ages to work to'rds a felicitious union. Besides which, she's a cross-grained old mud turtle with the most unbridled tongue and temper in Wyoming. What she used to say to poor old Jim Duncan made him want to turn and bite himself like a back-broke rattler. Aside from such minor defects, she's a right amiable lady, I reckon, and I esteem her as such to a high degree."

"Yes, and me, too, for the same general reasons and some that's more specific," says Bill. "It looks bad, her acting kittenish and evasive thataway and prevaricating to you. It's a bad sign, Rang—a mighty bad sign," he says. "I'm apprehensive that she's shaking out her rope under cover and planning to dab her noose on you."

Rang flouts that notion as erroneous and had many a hearty chuckle over it. It wasn't long, howsomever, before folks began to notice that Rang didn't laugh so carefree and hearty as prior, and he went around sort of preoccupied, like his thoughts was a long ways remote. When anyone spoke up real sharp and assertive he'd act startled and cast an apprehensive glance over his shoulder.

"Whatever has got into you?" Bill Barnes demanded.

"You was right, Bill," Rang declared—"dead right."

"Natur'ly," says Bill. "But what about?"

"The Widow Duncan. She's gone and got herself engaged to me. She called me in to ask my advice about selling a piece of land and the talk someway drifted to personal topics. She says it's lonely living alone thataway, and how difficult it is for a woman to keep from getting herself talked about by catty neighbors when she has a number of ardent admirers like what she has. She opined that it was real lonely for me, too, baching in my own cabin. I admitted that I was moderate lonesome and that I had put in considerable time and effort trying to alter that state of affairs. With that she melted right up to me and says that she has been mean to keep me guessing thataway and a-holding me off so long, but that now she was through being cruel and wouldn't tease me any more, but would say yes right off so I could rest easy in my mind. It was real thoughtful of her, but I ain't had an easy moment since, if only she knowed it."

"Oh, she knows it," says Bill. "A woman don't ever figure for a man to rest easy in his mind if she can plan it different, which it's blues to whites that she can. Well, old friend, I congratulate you real earnest on drawing down such a prize in the lottery of love, and hope you prosper, wishing you a long and lively career and everything like that. Now I'll go round while you say good-by to the boys."

"Good-by?" Rang queried. "But why good-by? I'm feeling a mite dispirited, maybe, but not to the point where I'll die of it."

"Oh, no," Bill encouraged. "But you might as well be dead for all you'll see of your former associates. A high-minded, strait-laced lady that's chock-full of earnest convictions like the Widow Duncan will soon wean you away from a parcel of poker-playing, licker-h'isting degenerates like those you've forgathered with former." He led Rang up to the bar and ordered a brace of drinks. "Here's happy days," says he. "May the future outshine the past."

"Bill, whatever am I going to do about it?" Rang asked.

"Do? It appears like you have already done it."

"Well, then," Rang qualified, "how am I going to undo it?"

"You can't mean that you've tired of the Widow Duncan already and are planning to cast her off?" Bill demanded. "Rang, I am downright surprised at you! I can't

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He Just Lifted Long John Alongside and Quit the Saddle, His Hands Slipping Along the Old Lady's Back and Seizing Her Horns

An Evening With the Older Set

"Well, Shall We Go In and Have Coffee in the Other Room? We Can Go to the Movies for an Hour or So and Then Come Back and Play Bridge, or We Can Start Playing Bridge Right Away"

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY R. FALLEN COLEMAN

CHARACTERS

MRS. OLDER, *the hostess; a woman of a certain age, with three beautiful children.*

MRS. FUNK, *originally married to John P. Gaswit, the inventor of Gaswit's Shock Absorbers. A persistent dieter.*

MISS DIPPER, *a bud of twenty-nine who, her female enemies say, will never see forty again.*

MRS. CRAVEN, *a trusting widow. She can't keep servants, but would like to try her hand at controlling* MR. WOMBECK.

MR. OLDER, *a solid, substantial business man. He once peeled off a snappy 95 when the links were dry and fast, and has consecrated the remainder of his life to doing it again.*

MR. FUNK, *a congenital worrier who frequently wishes that* MRS. FUNK *had stayed married to her first husband.*

MR. BILLWORTHY, *a prominent bond salesman who intends to do a lot of serious reading as soon as he and* MISS DIPPER *can decide to get married.*

MR. WOMBECK, *an eligible bachelor who inherited just enough money to make him determined to remain eligible.*

ALFALFA, *a maid.*

MISS OLDER *and* MASTER OLDER, *a portion of the* OLDERS' *beautiful children.*

TIME

Friday evening, 1927.

SCENE

[*The dining room of the* OLDER *home. The table, a beautiful specimen of modern furniture designing which embodies all the features of the Chippendale, the Hepplewhite, the Sheraton and the Pullman periods, along with several other unidentified periods, is spread with gleaming napery, sparkling glassware and shining silver as shown in colored magazine advertisements of Sourjell, Sipsoup, Bing's fancy foods.*

[*The sideboard, balanced on each side by an Italian chair of the more refined Chicago School, is chastely decorated with four red candles. The rising curtain discloses a colored maid engaged in rolling a strip of newspaper around the butt end of one of the candles in an effort to persuade it to stand up straight.*

[*From the brightly lighted room at the left of the dining room come loud bursts of laughter and an indistinguishable gabble of conversation.*

[*From beyond the dining-room window comes the persistent bleat of the horns of passing automobiles. The noise of the horns is heard throughout the action of the play.*

[MR. OLDER *enters hurriedly, carrying an empty square bottle and followed closely by* MR. FUNK.

MR. OLDER: It's lucky I put that gin in another place when I made it this morning.

MR. FUNK: I'll say so.

MR. OLDER: It takes those kids about two days to find it every time I move it. I don't know what those children are coming to these days. Good night! I wouldn't have pinched my father's gin when I was a boy!

MR. FUNK: Did he used to have a lot of it around?

MR. OLDER: Who, my father? Well, I should say not! If he'd ever had any around, and I'd helped myself to it—well, say, I hate to think what would have happened.

MR. FUNK: I'll say so!

MR. OLDER: No, sir! There wasn't any of the hypocrisy about drinking in my father's day that there is now. When he wanted a drink he'd go to some other city to get it. He never came home with it on his breath and pretended he hadn't been drinking, the way some of these children do nowadays. Good night! I don't know what they're coming to! *(He produces a key and fumbles at a locked door in the sideboard. The colored maid watches him closely from the door, R, leading into the butler's pantry.)*

MR. FUNK: Here, let me hold that bottle.

[MR. OLDER *opens the door and takes out a gallon jug filled with a colorless liquid. He removes the cork and smells it.*

MR. OLDER: Here, hold that bottle up and I'll fill it. Keep your hand steady. The way this stuff takes paint off the floor is a caution.

MR. FUNK: I'll say so. *(They pour the colorless liquid from the gallon jug into the square bottle.)*

MR. OLDER *(replacing the jug in the sideboard)*: You know, they've invented a varnish that won't turn white when you spill licker on it. *(He locks the door.)*

MR. FUNK: I'll bet mine will turn it white.

MR. OLDER: Yours would turn anything white.

MR. FUNK: I'll say so!

MR. OLDER: Have we got time to shake up one more?

MR. FUNK: Well, can a duck swim?

[*They go out. The squawking of automobile horns increases suddenly, and the laughter and conversational gabble from the next room swell three degrees. The maid enters furtively, removes a hairpin from her hair and wriggles it busily in the sideboard keyhole, but without results. After several attempts she advances grumpily to the doorway, L, pushes back a curtain and moves her lips rapidly. Her voice cannot be heard above the conversation.*

MRS. OLDER *(entering with the affected laugh of a hostess)*: Just bring your drinks right in with you. *(To the maid)*: Get something to put under those glasses, Alfalfa, and if any of it gets on the table, mop it up quick.

[MISS DIPPER, MR. FUNK, MRS. CRAVEN, MR. WOMBECK, MRS. FUNK, MR. BILLWORTHY *and* MR. OLDER *enter in the order named. All of them carry cocktail glasses.* MR. OLDER *brandishes a large silver cocktail shaker.*

MR. OLDER *(to* MR. WOMBECK*)*: Let's fill 'em up before we sit down, hey?

MR. WOMBECK: Well, can a duck swim?

MR. OLDER *(to* MR. BILLWORTHY*)*: 'Nother little shot, Gene?

MR. BILLWORTHY: Say, can a duck swim?

MRS. CRAVEN: Oh, I do want to get your recipe for this, Mr. Older. It's perfectly delicious. Mine never tastes this way. I put in all sorts of things and shake 'em and shake 'em till I'm fit to be tied, but they're never any good. What do you put in them?

MR. OLDER: Maybe you put in too much vermuth. You want to squeeze a little piece of lemon peel in each

(Continued on Page 162)

SPENDTHRIFT NEWS

By an Ex-City Editor

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

I HAVE been reading two articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST by Albert W. Atwood on preparing for old age. They say that generally a man's ability to prepare for age increases until he is somewhere around fifty-five; then it may remain stationary for a little while; then it begins to slump. Individual exceptions may be noted; but generally that rule holds good, and everybody has always known it as a matter of common experience and observation.

I always knew the general rule. What I didn't know was that I should find myself on the plateau so soon. Of course I knew every year exactly how old I was—twenty, thirty, forty, forty-five, fifty. But all the while that plateau where my ability would cease to expand and begin to contract seemed comfortably far away, until, with a bang, I found myself there. Probably that is the way it happens to most men. They know it's coming, but it seems a good way off until it's actually upon them.

If you should ask me in public I would say that I am still as efficient as ever I was, and can do as good a day's work. But privately I know that isn't so. Long experience has made me canny. I know how to do the things that I can do at all much better than I did at twenty-five; I know the technic of doing them. I have learned many short cuts and effort-saving tricks. So when things are running smoothly in the accustomed lines I can turn out a day's work as handily as I could at twenty-five. It is when the routine is broken up that the difference appears.

For example, confusion in the office irritates and disconcerts me. A radically new set of problems that my acquired technic will not help me with daunts me. I can do the ordinary day's work, but the extraordinary day's work—a day and a half or two days piled in one—flattens me out like a punctured tire. Loss of a night's sleep leaves me slow and stupid next day. I haven't the adaptability, the elasticity, the reserve energy. It's a sort of hardening of the arteries. I don't bend or stretch very much any more. An employer who wanted a man to do just what I am used to doing might find me a good investment. But usually employers want men who will stretch and bend, who can take on two days' work in one at a pinch, or hop into a new situation. Probably most employers, with one look at my bald spot, would say, "Too old!"

Mostly, we must do our preparing for age well before sixty, for by then we are set in a mold that is hard to break. We ought to do the preparing long before sixty, for, after forty, sixty pounces down on you all of a sudden. I didn't do my preparing properly. I should like to warn those who still have time.

For a good part of my life I have been engaged in the trade of journalism—printing things for people to read, telling other people what to do. You know how easy it is to bring up other people's children. Journalists are always bringing up other people's children and solving other people's problems. Now, after a lifetime of writing to tell other people what to do, I find myself, of a sudden, on the plateau in a quite beggarly state. I must have written a lot of bunk. Perhaps even as much as the average journalist.

For example, only the other day, for the first time in my life so far as I can remember, I came across the name of Theobald Smith, an American, employed at a meager salary by the Bureau of Animal Industry at Washington when the staff of the bureau consisted of two white men besides Smith and a darky to open the door. A fascinating book on microbe hunting by Paul de Kruif recites the steps by which Smith, in two years of grueling work, discovered and proved with scientific exactness that Texas fever, which was then decimating herds of Western cattle, is communicated from cow to cow by tiny ticks that prey on the beasts. That discovery not only saved cattle from a plague that once seemed rather likely to bankrupt the Western beef-raising industry; it presently put Walter Reed and his associates in the way of banishing yellow fever from all the regions bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, where it had been a scourge for generations.

If one insect—a tick—could carry a deadly microbe from victim to victim, as Smith had proved, then another insect—a mosquito—might also carry death. Smith's work pointed the way for the mosquito hunters. But Smith experimented on cattle. Pasteur, Koch and most of their followers experimented on guinea pigs, rabbits, mice and such small deer. Only man, however, is susceptible to yellow fever. That its germ is carried by a mosquito had to be proved on men, and there were records of severe epidemics in which out of every hundred who contracted yellow fever eighty-five died.

Our yellow-fever commission at Havana consisted of Walter Reed, its chief; James Carroll, Jesse Lazear and Aristides Agramonte, a Cuban. When they were theoretically satisfied that a certain sort of mosquito carried the plague, Reed proposed to let himself be bitten by that sort

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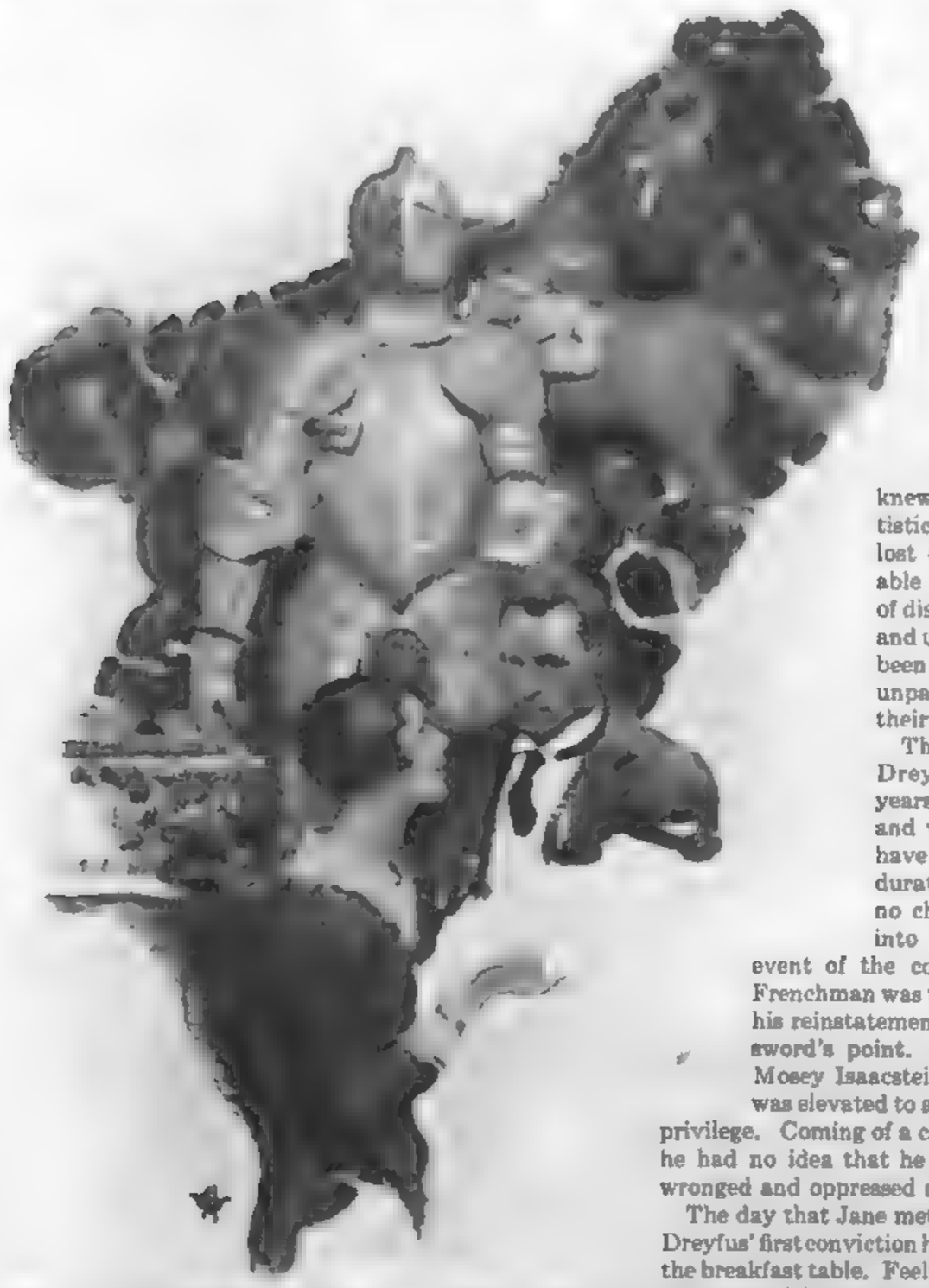
In Those Days the Club's Yearly Week of Horse Races Kept Us in a Fine Flutter of Horses and Gowns, Jockeys and Millinery

AND LADIES PREFER —

By I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON



She Saw This Mature Thomas—and It Was Just a Little Funny, a Little Grotesque, a Little Indecent

JANE CLIVE and Thomas Bradley met in Lord Kilverstone's pantry—by accident—after twelve years. Life is full of these absurd miracles. They can be attributed to destiny or sheer bad luck, according to results. But in any case somebody is bound to say something about the limited circumference of the globe. They can't help themselves. In this case it was Jane who made the opening gambit, she being also the one to locate the occasion when she and this amazingly good-looking young man had first encountered each other.

"Isn't it an absurd little world?" she asked. And Thomas, who was more concerned with a patent sink at that moment and whose memories were vague, agreed.

She took mercy on his perplexity. Perching herself on another patent—a device for plate-drying on a grand scale—she proceeded to remind him of a certain winter morning when they had both been very young; the fact that they were still barely in their twenties did not prevent their feeling more aged and careworn than they would ever feel in their whole lives. The episode harked back to a London suburb and the 90's, and involved historical incidents now almost obliterated.

At the picture thus conjured up they smiled gently and tolerantly. In those days London had been like a Gargantuan village down whose leisurely streets horse busses and hansom cabs bumbled with an amiable obliviousness to their approaching fate. And there still—not twenty minutes from Piccadilly—were green patches of countryside not yet sacrificed on the altar of the jerry-builder's progress. In just such an oasis Jane and Thomas had first met.

Spiritually speaking, the field belonged to Thomas. It was his kingdom. In it and over a horde of neighborhood small fry he reigned as elected leader. He was quicker, stronger than the rest; but there was also, no doubt, the fascination of his looks. Even small boys, traditionally suspicious of clean finger nails, were impressed by them—at any rate, after he had beaten the best among them in single combat. When you unite the appearance of a Botticelli cherub with the capacities of a Fitzsimmons in embryo, even a Greek nose may be forgiven you. Actually, Thomas' nose was not Greek, but short, straight and vigorous. A very delightful nose whichever way you looked at it.

There were things about Thomas of which Jane had necessarily been ignorant. She knew nothing of his family, large, artistic and impecunious, dedicated to lost causes and fired by an unquenchable quixotism. Their home was full of disorder, stray cats, human derelicts and unpaid bills. No Bradley had ever been known to make money, and an unpaid bill should have featured in their quarterings.

Those were the days of the affaire Dreyfus. Young Thomas—twelve years old—prayed for Dreyfus nightly and with an eloquence which should have wrung justice from the most obdurate deity. But Thomas was taking no chances. He formed his followers into an armed brigade which in the event of the condemnation of the unfortunate Frenchman was to embark for France and demand his reinstatement with full military honors at the sword's point. Meantime, a small boy named Mosey Isaacstein, hitherto actively disregarded, was elevated to a position of dazzling and alarming privilege. Coming of a comfortable and respected family, he had no idea that he was serving as the symbol of a wronged and oppressed race.

The day that Jane met Thomas the verdict in affirming Dreyfus' first conviction had been made known to Thomas at the breakfast table. Feeling in the Bradley family ran high. After school, Thomas addressed his followers passionately.

Then an odd thing happened, one of those things that make life such a perplexing business. A new boy had interposed. He was of French extraction and antisemitic by tradition. He announced with a detestable foreign accent that Dreyfus was a traitor. The tribe needed no word of command. Fired by their leader's eloquence and by a sense of a noble and pleasant duty, they fell upon the blasphemer with a whoop of barbaric joy.

That was the situation as Jane saw it—twenty small boys belaboring one small boy, and Thomas to the rescue, fists whirling, the fair, beautiful head serving admirably as a battering ram.

Jane was a plain, gawky child, given to impulse. Uninvited, she laid down her schoolbooks and sailed in with the gusto of womanhood suddenly released from the tiresome conventions of her sex. She hit everybody effectively and indiscriminately with the exception of Thomas and the anti-Dreyfusite, who was by this time weeping and bleeding freely. The mêlée lasted several minutes. Then the disconcerted tribe withdrew. They said bitter things to Thomas, among others that they had no use for a leader who was a turncoat; and Thomas, considerably less beautiful, said nothing. His wrist was broken. But in any case it would have been beyond him to explain that the Bradley family instinctively took sides with the small battalions, right or wrong.

The French boy also retired howling. It was doubtful if he were even grateful. And the lost leader sat down on a pile of stones and looked very white. He knew that he might be sick at any moment, and the sight of the small girl seated opposite him, her arms wound about her long black legs, her dark eyes fixed on him with a wide and unblinking interest, annoyed him extremely. He told her to go away. She had had no business to interfere. Girls didn't fight.

"They do if they get the chance," she told him. "And besides," she added incredibly, "you're such a pretty boy ——"

Thomas turned a shade greener. It was the worst cut of all. He groped blindly for the nearest verbal missile.

"And you," he said chokingly, "are the ugliest little girl I've ever seen."

She seemed quite undisconcerted. "I know," she admitted; "but I'll be all right when I grow up. You'll see."

Thomas had no intention of seeing. He was wrestling with shameful internal troubles and had no wish on earth but that this tiresome, unlovely feminine object should go before they became too much for him.

"You're going to cry," she observed with tactless intuition.

"I'm not!"

"You are! There's a tear running down your nose now."

"It's not me I'm crying about anyhow."

The tears became uncontrovertible. And he was driven to explain about Dreyfus and the impulse which had forced him on the side of Dreyfus' persecutors. He had turned against his friends. They would never trust him again. At this point he had a hard job not to sob out loud. But also he had got to like her better. She was attentive and sympathetic. And when finally he was frankly and awfully sick, he accepted her first aid without resentment. Afterward she walked home with him. He hadn't asked her to. She seemed rather shamelessly fascinated.

"I think you're the beautifulest, nicest person I've ever met," she told him at the gates of his own house, "and when I'm grown up I'll marry you."

But the next day Thomas was in high fever and by the time he was up and about again Jane Clive and her family had moved to other spheres. For which act of Providence young Thomas was devoutly grateful.

"You Have a Right to That Answer. I'm Going—Well, Because I Don't Care to Live With Someone I Don't Know"

Thomas leaned against the patent sink, with the sunlight shining through the pantry window on his casque of thick fair hair, and smiled down at her. "Of course I remember. And, by Jove, you were right!"

"About what?"

"Well, you know—the prophecy."

"Oh, that!" She glanced over herself humorously. "Just clothes, you know. I'm still dreadfully plain at heart. But I do my best. You mustn't take me as I am, but as I appear to be. And you? Are you still keen on lost causes?"

"Well, I was on the side of the Boers and got into an awful lot of trouble. Notice my cauliflower ear."

"I don't see much harm done. Perhaps the other fellow's ear would be more interesting. And now?"

"There's the sink. Most people think that's a lost cause. But Lord Kilverstone is a newfangled gent himself and inclined to agree with me that it will work. It's my patent. I invent things, you know. I'm going to revolutionize labor. I'm going to set humanity free from the curse of Adam."

"The curse of Eve, you mean, don't you? I see—washing dishes."

"Things like that. And now you—what are you doing here? Seeing how a soap king spends his millions?"

"As a matter of fact, I'm freeing humanity, too—from the curse of antimacassarous and machine-made mahogany furniture. I'm a decorator."

"A what?"

"An interior decorator, to be exact. I do so detest ugliness, and finding I'd been able to do so much for myself,

I'm trying to improve other people. Lord Kilverstone saw a house I did for a friend in town and told me I could go ahead here."

"I say, do women do that sort of thing?"

"They don't. But they're going to."

"You're not"—he wrinkled his brows at her—"by any chance a New Woman?"

"Fairly. I'll be twenty-three next March."

"You're shuffling. Do you mean that you want a vote?"

"A vote"—she paused thoughtfully—"and my lunch."

"And are you new enough," he inquired, "to lunch with me? There's quite a decent pub in the village. They give you roast beef and Yorkshire pudding."

She laughed. "I'm new enough and hungry enough for worse than that."

"And besides," he said, holding open the pantry door, "we're collaborators, and I can explain to you the principles of my sink."

That was on the first of June, 1906. On the twenty-second of the same month and the same year, Jane and Thomas were walking down Bond Street in the cool of the evening, with that vague obliviousness which reduces the most congested thoroughfare to a country lane. To them it probably was a country lane. No doubt there were flowers and trees growing where other people saw merely lamp-posts. A policeman stopped the traffic for them. He seemed to feel that it was a pity for two such nice-looking people to die young.

They walked hand in hand. In 1906 these things were not done—and, indeed, have never been done by the right people—but they were of a generation which was learning to regard the right things and the right people with the greatest distrust.

In any case, since they were quite alone in the world, it didn't matter what they did.

"Thomas is such a splendid name for you," Jane said. "It's so exactly wrong that it's almost right. It conjures up visions of a stout gentleman with a bald head, a watch chain and heaps of money."

"I should like the heaps of money," Thomas observed.

"Why?"

"Never mind. Anyhow, I'm going to have it. I'm going to make it—heaps of it."

"I thought you were going to rescue humanity from something or other."

"So I am. But it's only fair that humanity should express its gratitude. And I—I want to give you things."

"What things?"

"Oh, diamonds and pearls and a palace in Park Lane."

"But I don't want them. Besides, it wouldn't be proper."

He held her hand a little tighter. "You make me want to say things—and it wouldn't be fair—which is worse than not being proper."

"How do you know it wouldn't be fair?"

"It wouldn't. Not yet—but perhaps quite soon. Will you wait?"

"I don't know. I don't like waiting. How long?"

"Well, I've got something brewing: a device for accelerating machine-gun fire."

"I say, that's rescuing humanity with a vengeance, isn't it?"

"It's a corking idea. The War Office experts are awfully keen. If it goes through ——"

"Well?"

They crossed Piccadilly at considerable risk. He looked sideways at her and made some absurd comment about her eyelashes, which were in fact unusually thick and dark.

"I brush them," she explained, "and at night I do them in neat little plaits so that they don't get tangled up."

"Don't be frivolous. They're beautiful. They make your eyes look woodsy, like two fauns peering out of a thicket."

"Well, I only hope the fauns don't take it into their heads to run in different directions. Then I suppose I'd have a squint. Besides, you haven't answered my question. Suppose the War Office does take this diabolical device."

"Then I'll tell you—what I want to tell you."

"I've just said I don't like waiting."

"Well, you've got to. You're a very spoiled young woman and I'm a good young man and the soul of honor."

They went on down the gentle incline of St. James' Street and said nothing notable. Just as they were passing the palace, Jane laughed—a gay little laugh that was rich with some deeper emotion than gayety. One might almost have suspected distant tears.

Thomas drew closer to her. "What is it, Jane?"

"I was remembering something."

"What, dear?"

"Oh, I shan't tell you either. I, too, am the soul of honor." But she looked up at him and the hazel eyes twinkled and became at once very bright and warm. "Unfortunately, I am also a weak woman. Do you know what I was thinking?"

"I'm asking."

"Well, that you're still the beautifulest, nicest person that I've ever met, and that being now grown up I shall proceed to marry you."

II

ON THE tenth of August, 1914, Mrs. Thomas Bradley was standing by the window of her drawing-room in her nice little house in Half Moon Street and waiting. The patent sink had been a great success. If it had not revolutionized labor, it had at any rate revolutionized the Bradley fortunes. So the room was beautifully furnished in the best taste and Mrs. Bradley herself had been able to make the best of the 1914 fashions, which suited her distinguished plainness a great deal better than the corseted imbecilities of 1906.

Even the years had worked for her. They had chiseled away at the immaturities so that you began to see, as it

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"Won't You Come In?" He Followed and Stood Looking Doubtfully at the Contents of the Cow Shed

SAILOR, BEWARE!

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

SLAM!

IN ONE of the highest offices of a high building in Boston two men sat at a mahogany desk. One of them talked loudly, with many gestures. The other listened with slight attention. A third man hovered in the background, now sitting on the desk, now standing behind one of the chairs, now crossing to the other side of the desk and sitting there. These three men were claim adjusters of the Eagle Mutual Liability Company. The first was Mr. Colbert, a lightning-quick, go-getter adjuster of P. L.—that is, cases that may have a sequel in courts of law. His companion was a former adjuster, now a salesman in a branch office, home for a brief visit and paying a call on his old friends. The third man—the changer of seat—was named Muldoon. He was slight of build, guileless of countenance, and evidently much younger than the other two.

"Well," continued Colbert, "they put the old boy on the stand. He told a great story. He was out putting ashes on the sidewalk in front of his own house and he noticed that the chain store had none on its sidewalk, and that the ice was quite thick there. Three people fell down while he was putting on his ashes. So he stopped to watch a while and see if any more fell down. He said the manager of the store came out once, and he, witness, called to him to put ashes on the sidewalk. And then, he said, he noticed the plaintiff, Mrs. Schnepplebaum, known to him by sight, coming along. He called to her to look out for the ice, but at that instant she walked out on it, and when in front of the chain-store door, turned as if to go in, and does a loop the loop. Slam! Witness helped pick her up and stayed until the ambulance came."

"H'm. Schnepplebaum," mused the other. "Usual consequences, I suppose."

"Usual consequences. Wherefore the suit. And then what do you suppose? Turner leans over to me and whispers had I took a statement off this old guy! Wouldn't that grind a man! I tell yuh these lawyers never read a file! Never! We win cases in spite of them! 'Here,' I says, 'give me that file!' And I shows him the statement I took off this witness where he said he was down cellar buildin' a fire and his wife called to him, someone was hurt across the street. He helped to put her in the ambulance all right, but he didn't see her do the tail spin, and the statement said so.

"So Turner says, 'Don't step down for a minute yet, please. May I ask if you can write your name?' Witness could. Turner gets him to do it. Asks him if he remembers that someone came out and took a statement. Did he sign it? Yes. Would the clerk please mark signature and statement for identification. . . . You know the rest. Turner asks the old boy on the stand does he recognize me? Well, his eyes hung out a foot. 'Yes,' says the witness, 'I do. I never did like his face from the first time I seen it.' So Mrs. Wienerwurst don't get a cent, and Block, Fieldman and Block are out the costs of the suit."

Mr. Muldoon, who had changed his seat several times during the recital, sighed heavily. A young girl tripped up just then and, touching Mr. Muldoon on the arm, remarked that Mr. MacLusky would like to see him.

"Now what?" muttered Muldoon. "I bet he's run me up the mast for breaking out a butt yesterday before the smoke lamp was lit." He sighed again and followed the young lady.

"Who is that?" gasped the visitor from the branch office, showing the first interest he had for some time.

"Oh, that's Gob Muldoon, the seagoer. Every hair a rope and every finger a boat hook. He put in two years during the war navigatin' a flivver between Commonwealth Pier and the Little Building."

"In P. L., is he?"

"Naw, comp. He couldn't get a release for bruised feelings from a bystander, not if he paid a thousand smackers. He craves to be a P. L. man though. He's always hanging around listening, and I caught him reading our adjusters' instructions one day, and he offered to work Saturday afternoons if they'd let him come in off the street and go to the P. L. men's conferences Saturday morning. Let him wait a few years. He hasn't got the mental equipment yet."

Meanwhile Mr. Muldoon proceeded toward a glass-walled inclosure at the front of the office, with all the joy and eagerness with which a Christian martyr must have gone to the lions. Within this glass-walled den sat a human lion that would make any four-footed one quail. He was the chief adjuster for this company, lord of all he surveyed, a hirer and a firer. His name was MacLusky, and from the many reiterations of the command with which he terminated all missions assigned to his inferiors, he was known as Sign-'Em-Up.

"Come in! Come in!" barked Sign-'Em-Up, as Mr. Muldoon knocked timidly on the door. "You don't need to knock when I send for yuh, an' you know it! This case here—Soriano versus Amalgamated Rubber—whaddyuh mean, liability clear? Who says it's clear? I don't see no investigation here, only an employe's statement."

"Well, he was only out of work three weeks," faltered Muldoon, "and the most we could lose would be fourteen dollars, and a seven dollars doctor's bill. It would take a whole day to go way down there on the marshes ——"

"Sure! There speaks the kind o' help we get nowadays! Only fourteen dollars! Do you birds realize that this company hires you and gives yuh expense money and three weeks' vacation a year just to run down these fourteen-dollar cases? Don't yuh suppose if we just wanted to pay bills we could do it ourselves, without a bunch o' hair greasers to do it for us? No, yuh don't,'cause yuh ain't got that much sense. If you saved fourteen dollars a week—h'm, let's see now." He took a pencil and figured rapidly. "H'm, you'd be worth eighteen thousand dollars to this company. It'd be the same as having that much in the bank. Never looked at it that way, did yuh? Naw. Well, you skate out to the Amalgamated Rubber, even if you have to swim, and find out what a guy that works on a roller is doin' with his foot in the hoistin' apparatus o' the freight elevator. An' the next time you put down liability clear, without no investigation where there's lost time, will be the last. Git out on the street now; you polished enough mahogany for today."

Mr. Muldoon went sadly to the coat room and secured his hat. He gave a long whistle in imitation of the shrilling of a bos'n's pipe. "Uniform of the day," he muttered, "watch caps." Then he went down to the street. His way took him out to Boylston Street, where he paused a minute or two before heading for the Subway on his journey to the marshes of the South Shore. His spirit was bruised, and he wished to let the sting of it subside a little. Was failure always to be his lot? He had enlisted in the Navy at the very outset of the war, but his thin frame and immature appearance had precluded his being assigned to a ship. The Recruits' Handy Book he knew by heart, and more of Knight's Seamanship than the man who wrote it. But theoretical knowledge was not wanted. They wanted thew and sinew to bear down with on squeegee and kiyi, and muscle to make bright work shine. Hope had died a lingering death in his breast. Week after week, month after month went by, and Muldoon had still remained at the pier. A year and a half later he had changed the one stripe of the apprentice on his cuff for the two of the common seaman, but that was all. Never a full-fledged A.B. They had put him to driving a truck finally, but the sea

He Saw Before Him a Huge Blue Car Rocking Like a Boat, With

had claimed him and he was hers, though he had never been out of sight of Bunker Hill Monument.

With the Eagle Mutual Liability Company it had been the same way. He had started his career as an investigator of cases arising under the workman's compensation act. As the law provides that the only question shall be whether or not the injury was received in the course of employment, which ninety-nine out of a hundred such cases are; and this being so, that no payment shall be made the first week of the disability and only two-thirds the injured's weekly wage afterward, with a maximum of fourteen dollars a week, large sums of money are not involved, nor is the comp. adjuster's task one demanding a great deal of initiative or ability. But the ex-gob had ambitions. He had his eye on a public liability adjuster's job—a really truly job.

The P. L. men had mysterious cases on which they worked at night, and the company bought their suppers. They had passes that admitted them to power plants and subway stations, and within the lines at fires. They were frequenters of police stations and knew all the cops by their first names. They went on trips at the company's expense, to court with the attorneys, and had conferences on Saturday mornings, when they exchanged reminiscences and recounted humorous cases of the week. It was said of them that they got fabulous salaries, even as high as forty dollars a week. Moreover, each one was given a hundred and twenty-five dollars to have always with him to settle small claims at once and in cash. That the fear of being some day suddenly called upon to produce this same hundred and twenty-five dollars hung over the P. L. men like the sword of Damocles, Muldoon did not know. Even among themselves they boastfully remarked that they had it always, yet not a one of them had five dollars of it left at the end of the first week. And it had not gone to settle claims either.

The gob sadly opened his brief case and looked at a book lying there among surgeons' reports, witnesses' and employes' statements and yellow investigation sheets. The book was an instruction book for insurance adjusters and he had bought it with his own money. He read it on street cars and while waiting in doctors' offices, and knew it by heart. One day he was going to brace MacLusky for a transfer to P. L., but each time he had screwed up his courage for that purpose he had made some mistake, and had put it off for a more propitious moment—even as had happened that very day.

"Ah," sighed the gob, "I'd rather take a beating than go down to that rubber works today. There's no place to get lunch either." A sudden gust of anger swept him, and reaching quickly into the bag, he seized his instruction book. "I'm going to break this over the side and down the sewer," he muttered.

Boylston Street is a long, wide, well-paved thoroughfare. Near the lower end a street leads off to Park Square, where there are many houses that cater to the automobile trade. A long low red car swung out of this street, its nickel work glittering, and turned into Boylston Street. The hoglike grunting of its motor made Muldoon look up.

"Ah," said he, "that's a Demon. Man, what a bird!" He watched it in admiration. He felt a friendly interest in this make, for the Eagle insured the company that made them, for both comp. and P. L., and Muldoon was a frequent visitor at the plant.

The red car approached, barely moving, its motor grunting happily. Within, in the two narrow seats, sat a demonstrator and a possible buyer.

"You see," observed the demonstrator, "how well she handles. We're only going two miles an hour -not as fast as a man can walk. Now you take out your watch. Hold it in your hand and watch the speedometer. Yep, it's good and clear here for a second or two. You see that big clock up there? Not far, is it? Well, when we pass it which will be in about two seconds -this car will be going eighty miles an hour. Watch the speedometer now!"

The demonstrator thrust down his foot on the accelerator. The motor gave a roar like that of a wild beast unchained, and, seeming to leave the ground, it sped like an arrow from the bow out Boylston Street. Strong men turned pale, mothers clutched their children to their breasts, and the officer on traffic duty nearly swallowed his whistle. There was a dray coming down the street in the opposite direction, drawn by three gray horses harnessed abreast. The driver sat perched on his high seat, the reins held loosely in his hands. These three respectable steeds had observed the slow and harmless approach of the red automobile without interest, but when, with a tremendous roar, it seemed to leap directly at them, their one thought was of flight. They leaped themselves, and such was the suddenness of it that the driver was spilled backward off his perch, and the three horses swinging for some unknown reason into a side street, threw him to the ground. The three steeds, feeling no guiding hand at the reins, headed for the scenery at a lumbering gallop, the dray behind them swinging from side to side.

Crash! The dray removed bodily a mud guard and running board from a taxi. Men ran out into the street to seize them, whereat they swerved and caromed the dray against a light touring car parked at the other curb, which melted instantly into wreckage. They left the mark of a hub the entire length of a shiny limousine that had not time to turn from their path, swerved on and off the sidewalk, shearing off a hydrant that straightway erupted water to the tree tops, and continued their galloping way. A newspaper wagon delivering the late morning editions appeared at an intersecting street. The horse that drew it took one look at the headlong speed with which the three approached and, judging either that sudden death was near, or that now was the time for every honest horse to assert his independence, swung sharply around, threw the driver to the street, crashed off the top against a tree, and departed for the stables, scattering newspapers right and left, effecting a delivery that for speed, if not for accuracy, had never been seen before.

The dray horses arrived with sickening speed at a beautiful blue sport car. Its driver—a woman—about to turn around, had suddenly discovered the approach of the runaway, had stalled the engine, then flooded it in haste to start it again, and finally had taken to the sidewalk to escape death. The three rushed upon the car with a most resounding crash. They attempted to hurdle the wreckage.

Beyond the car stood a peaceful, quiet horse of thirty summers or more, alone and unattended, attached to a milk wagon. He heard the crashes and the galloping, heeding them not. Then directly under his nose there was a sound like a clap of thunder, and on raising his startled head he saw before him a huge blue car rocking like a boat, with three of his fellow creatures rising above it on their hind legs, as those steeds that draw Neptune's car are always represented. He decided that it was time he took measures for his safety. He turned about and started away from this dangerous vicinity at a good stout trot, but the turn was a little wide and brought him facing the line of cars parked on the opposite side of the street. Well, if those gray horses could jump, so could he. Up he reared, evaded a frantic chauffeur who clutched at his bridle, and came down with both forefeet on the roof of a very beautiful town car.

His feet went through and, after a preliminary struggle or two, the milk horse rested motionless, held upright by the body of the car and looking calmly around as if pleased with the novelty of his position. Thirty years of city life had taught him, when in doubt, to remain motionless until the master came.

Gob Muldoon had stood open-mouthed on the corner while this rapid succession of events took place. He watched the crowd all surge away from the path of the dray, then surge back again, as it became apparent that the course of the three gallopers was over.

"I must see this!" declared the gob. He started across Boylston Street, but as he did so, from the corner of his eye he could see the glittering red car, stopped now at the curb, surrounded in its turn by a crowd, including several officers of the law, all producing books and pencils.

"Yoh!" cried the gob. "Reverse engines! Ding-ding! Bos'n, pipe general quarters, and lay aft for bag inspection! Don't we insure these Demon people? Answer yes. Wait now. What's the rules of the road say? Two steamboats crossing:

> *"'But when upon your port is seen*
> *A steamer's starboard light of green,*
> *There's nothing much for you to do,*
> *For green to port keeps clear of you.'"*

But how about horse and automobile? He had by then his instruction book out of the bag, and the pages fluttered while he turned to Runaways.

"'Liability. If the horse was unattended: If untied, liability clear. If hitched, none. Secure piece of broken halter for evidence.'

That's no good; he was being driven.

(Continued on Page 146)

Three of His Fellow Creatures Rising Above It on Their Hind Legs

PAGEANT

By DANA BURNET

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

FAY LANGLEY woke up that bright August morning with the weight of her twenty years heavy upon her. True, it was a pretty morning. Today would be fair and tonight even fairer; a fact worthy of note, for tonight Fay was to dance in the pageant—Mrs. Salter's pageant, of course. There was only one such event on the social calendar of Lord's Harbor, Maine, and Mrs. Salter was its patron saint.

Mrs. Salter was sweet, thought Fay, rolling disconsolately out of bed. There were so many sweet people in the world. Her own dear mother, for instance. And no doubt her father, too, if one could ever get behind that hard worried look in his eyes. But one couldn't. And mamma did complain so audibly at times.

Why Fay should be disconsolate, why she should feel the burden of her years on this lovely summer morning, she herself didn't know. "I suppose I'm bored," she muttered as she thrust her bare feet into embroidered Chinese mules. Sitting on the edge of the bed, with a shaft of sunlight warming her young breast, she reflected idly upon life in a Maine summer resort. She had wanted to go to Europe that summer, but father had said no. "We've got this house in Lord's Harbor"—it was a large house and expensive to maintain—"and you and your mother can jolly well go up there and live in it." That's what father had said, and had added, nervously tugging his grayish pointed beard, something about money.

"Money," improvised Fay, with youthful cynicism, "is the root of all ennui." If only one could get behind father's pointed beard! But it was a disguise, a mask like the one worn by Allan Deering in the pageant. Except that Allan's mask came off at the *dénouement*, revealing him as a prince incognito. Up to that point in the piece, Fay—herself a princess—had mistaken him for a wandering minstrel and, of course, had fallen in love with him, to the villainous rage and ultimate discomfiture of the evil knight—Willy Salter—who had been cast, because of maternal influence and a certain solidity of figure, for the rôle of the heavy.

"And he is, rather," thought Fay, warming herself lazily in the sunlight. She wondered why Mrs. Salter hadn't made Willy the hero. But then he really wasn't the type, and Mrs. Salter was always so artistic about her pageants. Also, that good lady knew well enough that Willy needed no heroic emphasis in the eyes of the elect of Lord's Harbor. The fact that he was her son, and heir to the Salter millions, made such ornamentation unnecessary.

Allan Deering was a nice person. Attractive. Not sweet—he'd been almost rude to her at yesterday's rehearsal, when she'd asked him to embrace her a little more realistically—but nice. Did he like her at all? Because she really liked him quite a lot. Of course, one couldn't marry a man like that, a man who had only two weeks' vacation, who only sort of worked in a New York bond broker's office, at a salary that everyone knew was perfectly ridiculous. But, of course, one wasn't even considering marrying a man like that.

One was considering marrying Willy Salter. It would be, as mamma so often had pointed out, an ideal marriage. Fay and Willy. The Langley name and fortune wedded to the Salter name and super fortune. That was mamma's reason for acceding so readily to father's decision about the summer. Fay understood mamma, and wished sometimes that she didn't. It was quite painful at times to be able to see through one's own mother so clearly.

A cold shower served temporarily to banish Fay's early morning blues. She dressed hastily but effectively, went downstairs and drifted out onto the sun porch, where presently a maid appeared with grapefruit and coffee.

"'Morning, Nellie."

"Good morning, Miss Fay."

"Anybody up?"

"Mr. Langley's walking in the garden."

"Really?" murmured Fay. She was surprised to learn that her father was up and walking in the garden. He had arrived last night from New York to stay the week-end; normally, he would have slept late this morning. And to her knowledge, he cared nothing about flowers.

'Don't Talk to Me! I Can't Bear it! We're Ruined—Ruined!"

Oh, well, she herself had intended to sleep till noon, but the sun had waked her. She sat drinking her coffee and staring dreamily at the sea. It was beautiful here on the sun porch; she loved this uninterrupted view, over the plunging black cliff, of the friendly, sparkling ocean. There was a certain rich pleasure in counting it among one's casual possessions. Yes, Maine was beautiful enough. As a matter of fact, she'd had a very nice summer; but she was twenty years old, and must now begin to think of the really serious things of life—such as marrying Willy Salter.

If only Willy weren't built so solidly! Why couldn't he have been constructed along the lines of—well, Allan Deering, for instance? Tall and spare of figure, with an economical waistline and nicely sloping shoulders. Allan did look so well in a bathing suit. And he was so gay and danced so well, and could say such nice things when he wanted to. But lately he hadn't seemed to want to. And he had been rather silly about yesterday's rehearsal. Heavens! Did the man think she was trying to vamp him?

"Fay?"

She glanced around quickly. "Oh, hello, dad. Up early, aren't you?"

"It's nine o'clock. Your mother hasn't come down yet?"

"Mamma?" queried Fay, with an amused smile.

"I told Nellie to call her. I wanted—I want to speak to you both, Fay. I've got news for you."

"News?"

"Something rather important."

The girl looked at her father, who stood there with his hands hanging loosely at his sides, staring grimly at nothing. The worried expression was quite noticeable in his eyes this morning; but there was a new element in his stillness, in his queer mental preoccupation.

"Bad news, father?"

Mr. Langley nodded; but before Fay could speak again there was a familiar patter of footsteps behind her, and the next moment mamma came fluttering excitedly into the porch. Mamma was beautiful. She wore a pink *peignoir* trimmed with ermine. Mamma was absurdly young, even at nine o'clock in the morning. Her fluffy bobbed hair was almost as blond as Fay's, her figure almost as trimly rounded, her cheeks almost as pink—almost, but not quite.

"James," she demanded shrilly, "what on earth is the matter? Nellie said you wanted to see me at once." There was an aggrieved as well as a startled note in mamma's voice. "And I was sound asleep too!"

"Sit down, Blanche, and have your coffee."

"I've had it. Nellie brought me a cup. How else do you suppose I'd got my eyes open? Oh, James, do tell me! It's nothing awful, is it? Because if it's something awful, I'll die. I'll simply die."

"Mamma!" exclaimed Fay, vaguely but apprehensively.

Mr. Langley raised his head and looked at his wife and daughter.

"It's this, Blanche—Fay, dear: I've failed in business. Langley & Company are bankrupt. The petition in bankruptcy was filed in New York yesterday. I'm sorry, but I—I've done all that I can do."

In the silence that followed this announcement, Fay could think only of one thing—of the fact that her father was human. He had failed, so he must be human. And he had said, quite humbly, that he was sorry. That grim, bearded man standing there facing them, with his back to the sea, had apologized to mamma and to her for his failure.

Impulsively, Fay jumped up and went to him. She put her arms around him and kissed him. "Father, don't apologize! You mustn't! It's all right. We're all alive, and it—it's a nice morning, isn't it?"

But her attempt at cheerfulness fell flat. Her laugh was shaky. It wasn't a nice morning; it just wasn't, and no amount of sentimental bravery could make it so. Dimly, Fay realized that the situation would call for another sort of bravery, something real, something that must be dragged up from the secret places of one's soul.

"My God!" cried Blanche Langley suddenly. "My God! Bankrupt!"

Fay turned back to her mother. She saw that gorgeous creature crumpled forward against the breakfast table, her blond head on her soft powder-bleached arms.

"Mamma!"

"Don't talk to me! I can't bear it! We're ruined—ruined!"

"No," replied James Langley quietly, "we're not ruined. I'll manage to save something out of the wreck. I'm not licked yet—not yet, Blanche! But it'll be hard sledding for a while. We've got to cut down—economize, you know." There was a patient gentleness, a kind of delicacy, in his choice of words; then bluntly he said, "To begin with, we'll have to sell this place."

"Sell this?"

"Yes, among other things."

Mrs. Langley's head came up. She stared at her husband, who had sat down wearily on a pretty wicker couch across the porch.

"I couldn't!" she wailed. "I'd die of shame!"

Fay said sharply, "Oh, don't be silly, mamma! Where's your sporting blood?"

"I haven't any sporting blood. I tell you I'll die!"

"Listen, Blanche!" James Langley's voice had grown cold; it had something of its old hard ring. "There's nothing disgraceful about my failure. I trusted a man I shouldn't have trusted, that's all. That's at the bottom of it. I let myself be persuaded that this man was straight, and he sold me out to his own gang."

"Then you were a fool!"

"Yes, I was a fool. For the first time in my life I went against my own instinct, my own better judgment. I never liked this man, but he was a smooth article, and he looked good. Well, it's over now, and there's no use crying about it. The only question is, What's to be done?"

Blanche Langley rose abruptly. "I'll tell you," she said, "what's to be done! I may not know anything about

business, or saving things from the wreck, as you so horribly put it, James. And thank heaven I haven't a drop of what Fay calls sporting blood in me. But I've got some plain common sense, and that's what'll count now." She turned and looked at Fay. The girl shrank involuntarily from that glittering, appraising stare. It was as though, all at once, she saw herself through her mother's eyes, and what she saw made her angry and ashamed; it made her feel curiously helpless, curiously naked.

"Fay's got to marry Willy Salter."

"Mamma!"

"You've simply got to, my dear." Blanche was calm, quite placid now. "You've been playing around with him for goodness knows how long. You've been thinking of marrying him for the past year. You know you have, Fay! And Mrs. Salter's keen to have you as a daughter-in-law."

"But Willy's never really proposed to me, mamma!"

"My dear!"

"Oh, well, I mean ——"

"You know perfectly well that you could have him any time you ——"

"Blanche," interrupted Mr. Langley sternly, "I won't have you talking to Fay like that. It's despicable. It sounds like—it sounds rotten!"

"Oh, it does, does it? Well, I think it sounds extremely sensible. And Fay'll think so too when she's had time to consider everything. Fay's never been poor. She doesn't know what it means. I do! My father was a failure when I married you, James."

"Perhaps," observed the man on the couch, almost humorously, "that's why you married me, Blanche."

"Perhaps it is," retorted his wife, with a shallow bitterness that somehow wasn't convincing. Fay thought: "Even mother's cruelty is false. It doesn't register. She can't reach father, or touch him, even to hurt him." And suddenly the girl pitied her mother. She went to Blanche, and put her arm around her, but couldn't quite manage the kiss she had meant to bestow on the downy maternal cheek.

"Go upstairs and get your beauty sleep, darling. Dad and I'll settle the affairs of the nation. You know it's bad for you to be out in the early morning air. Now beat it up to bed, and don't stop to look for gray hairs, because really, mamma, there won't be any. I'll see you on the beach at twelve—or 12:30."

"I shan't go down to the beach this morning," announced Blanche, drawing her pink negligee dramatically around her slightly excessive figure. "I shall never go to the beach again. At least not till you tell me you're going to marry Willy Salter."

"Well, maybe I will, mamma. Who knows?" flung out Fay with a laugh.

When Blanche had departed from the porch, Mr. Langley looked steadily at his daughter. His eyes were like hers, gray-blue, with a tiny point of light buried deep in each. But his face now was only a sorry imitation of its usual stern mask.

"You needn't, you know, unless you want to," he said simply.

"I know," returned Fay.

"And don't think too harshly of your mother, my dear. It did sound a bit—well, melodramatic. But she was thinking only of you. Perfectly natural that she should want you to marry well. And Willy's a nice young chap, isn't he? That is, he seems a pretty decent sort."

"Oh, yes, he is. I'm awfully fond of Willy," replied Fay.

"And of course," continued Mr. Langley, "I'd be just as happy as your mother to know that you were going to be well taken care of. But I don't want you to feel ——"

"Dad!"

"Yes?"

"You don't have to say all that stuff to me."

The gray-blue eyes twinkled unexpectedly. "Don't I, kid?"

"No, you don't."

Mr. Langley got up and held out his hand. Fay took it and gave it a funny little shake. He said, "Friends, after all, aren't we?"

"Yes," said Fay, "after all."

Her father turned, absent-mindedly stroking his beard, and looked at the sea. "Nice," he said, "to know you've got a kid who's really fond of you."

II

THE failure of Langley & Company, Wall Street bankers, undoubtedly would become known in Lord's Harbor in a day or two. But no one on the beach that morning knew that Fay Langley was facing, mentally, the horrors of approaching poverty. The beach was a golden stage, flooded by the one and only original spotlight, on which life moved and lounged and paraded in a colorful and indolent pageant of its own; a pageant not so artistic as inevitable, in which everyone, regardless of taste or desire, was a performer, and which came, despite its inevitability, to no conclusion.

"This," thought Fay, lying flat on her back in her boy's bathing suit on the hot sand, "is probably the last summer I'll spend loafing in many a long year. I ought to appreciate it more than I do. I ought to pack it into my mind—remember things—appreciate its beauty. A few weeks from now I'll be cooking cabbage in a flat somewhere in the Bronx, or maybe in Brooklyn, or keeping house for father in a suburb in hither Jersey. Because, of course, mamma won't keep house in Jersey. She won't know how, without Nellie and the other maids. Mamma," reflected Fay, "is going to be very useless and rather a problem. She'll cry a great deal, and end up by having dyspepsia from my cooking."

Oh, but it wasn't funny! It was really dreadful to lie there in the prodigal sunlight and think of her life gone to smash, all the bright little broken pieces to pick up and put together again, somehow. In spite of herself, in spite of a certain superficial resentment against Blanche's common-sense edict, she found herself thinking of Willy Salter, of dear sweet Mrs. Salter and the still dearer Salter millions.

It would be such an easy way out, and not at all—she suddenly realized—an unnatural or an unpleasant way. Searching her own heart, she discovered somewhat to her astonishment that it would be quite possible to marry Willy without being passionately in love with him. Instinctively and from experience, she knew that a great many nice girls—perhaps a majority of nice girls—took unto themselves husbands whom they did not, in the romantic sense of the word, love. And that being the case, why shouldn't she, Fay Langley, go and do likewise?

"I say, what fools we are to ask more of life than this!"

Fay was lying with her arm over her eyes. For a moment she didn't move or speak; she only became, inside herself, a little more alert and still. She had recognized Allan Deering's voice; she knew that he had come and flung himself down beside her on the sand. She imagined him, in his blue bathing suit, lying there beside her.

"Hello," she said finally.

"Hello."

"What did you say about asking more of life?"

"I said that we were fools to want more than this."

"Than this?"

"Oh, I mean —— I was just wondering why people give pageants and work in offices and do all the things they do, when they're so much happier just lying around in the sun. And if you say they aren't, I say they are. But if you don't say anything, I shan't blame you. Because I'm only expressing a personal grouch, and personal grouches aren't interesting as a rule. Or are they?"

"It all depends," said Fay; and added, in a remote murmur, "You were grouchy last night, too, at rehearsal."

"Why, no, I wasn't, was I?"

"Yes—in the love scene."

"Oh, the love scene."

"You said, when we were practicing our final embrace, that you'd be guided by my wishes in the matter."

"But, Fay, I ——"

"Now I ask you," she continued, dropping her arm from her eyes, "was that nice? Was it gentlemanly? As though I had any wishes in the matter!"

The blond young man lounging beside her sat up and took his knees in his lean, bronzed arms. "Fay," he said, "I know you haven't any wishes in the matter, but maybe I have—or might have. And maybe that's one of the reasons for my grouch. Do you realize," he continued, turning and looking at her with a seriousness that seemed anomalous in such a dashing young man, "that I've got to go back to town Monday? Day after tomorrow I'll be back in the office, trying to convince the old boy I work for that I'm a smart bond salesman, a prospective master of finance and indispensable to the firm. Well, I am a smart bond salesman, but am I indispensable? Is this handful of sand indispensable to the geological make-up of this beach?"

"Oh, if you're going to talk geology!" protested Fay.

"I'm not. I was just thinking how much more sane it would be if, instead of trotting meekly back to New York, I got on a ship and headed for the South Sea Islands. Oh, I know it's been done before, but not by me; and that makes rather a difference, doesn't it?"

"I suppose it does," agreed the girl, thinking of boiled cabbage and the Bronx.

"Want to go with me, Fay?" he asked lightly.

"Just like that?"

"Just like that!"

"Thanks," she said, laughing, "for your kind invitation of the twenty-fifth of August, Mr. Deering. But I'm afraid I have a previous engagement."

"An engagement?"

(Continued on Page 74)

"I'll Wait for You in the Rose Garden." "All Right," She Said Hastily

PIECES OF EIGHT

By Crawford Wyman

As Told to Harold L. Van Doren

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

ABOUT twenty years ago a young man stopped in front of a pawnshop window in Boston and cast a casual eye over its display of battered watches, cheap trinkets and paste gems. He was about to move on again when he spied a tray, half hidden by some strings of beads, marked: Nickel Coins. Coins were his particular passion, but he could not quite make out what varieties these were.

Inside, however, a glance was enough to tell him that they were not all made of nickel. His heart skipped a beat; then, making a heroic effort to control his voice, he asked, "How much are they worth?"

The pawnbroker glanced shrewdly at his customer's apparel. "Um-m, fifteen cents apiece."

With elaborate indifference the young man picked out five coins, but his hand trembled as he laid them on the counter. His brain was working furiously. If he should pay the asking price, the pawnbroker, doubtless expecting the usual protest, might become suspicious. Yet on the other hand, haggling over a few cents might give the old fellow a chance to pick up the little disks and observe that three of them were brighter than the others, and heavier.

"All right," he decided. "I'll take them." He put seventy-five cents on the counter, swept the coins into his cupped palm and sauntered out. At home he spread the three bright coins out on a table and gloated. They were three-ruble pieces bearing the two-headed Russian eagle and dates between 1828 and 1835. They were made of pure platinum.

The following day he passed the pawnshop again and saw displayed in the window a sign which had previously escaped his notice. It read:

WE BUY AND SELL OLD GOLD AND PLATINUM

Thus the young man, who is now one of the greatest numismatic authorities in the world, added to his collection three beautiful specimens of the only coins ever minted in that precious metal which is costlier than gold.

Through the Pages of History

COIN collecting is more than a hobby; it is a mania. The man who is stricken with coin fever seldom recovers. What is more, he usually revels in his malady and won't hear of doctors and their cures. Why should he, indeed, when his harmless ailment leads him gently through history and teaches him much about human nature? There is some special series of coins for everybody, whether his interest be in art, literature, religion or just the romance of human relations.

Take the coin minted by Antony in honor of Cleopatra, for instance. There it is, with Antony on one side and the Queen of the Nile on the other, struck while Antony represented the Roman power in Egypt. On Cleopatra's side Antony had caused to be inscribed: "Cleopatra, Queen of Kings and the Descendants of Kings." He styled himself with more apparent modesty as "Antony, Conqueror of the Armenians."

Now in the campaign against the Armenians, Antony was far from being a conquering hero. In fact, he was roundly trounced. But he inscribed the resolve on the coin instead of the accomplishment, which, in as much as Cleopatra had no way of knowing the outcome of the expedition, was as good as a victory.

Then there is the little silver coin of which Christ said, when the spies of the Pharisees tried to trap him, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." It is known as the tribute penny of Tiberius Cæsar, and specimens can be found in many collections. Everyone who has been to Sunday school has heard of the widow's mite, but few realize that it refers to an actual variety of small copper coins issued by the Herods and known as lepta, or that Greece still issues lepta.

When Brutus, as Roman proconsul, issued a silver denarius, or penny, to pay his troops, it bore his portrait on the obverse, and on the reverse a liberty cap flanked by two daggers, symbolizing the assassination of Julius Cæsar and the purpose for which it was done. But as if that bit of arrogance were not pointed enough, he added the inscription EID MAR—"to the Ides of March"—the date when the murder was committed.

For the amateur of Americana, there are Colonial coppers and Pine Tree shillings, all with interesting histories closely interwoven with the early days of American colonization. The supposed disappearance from circulation of the 1804 silver dollar gave rise to romantic stories of pirate tribute to the Barbary Coast, and its fate is still tinged with mystery.

Then there is the famous Confederate half dollar, one of the rarest and most valuable American pieces. The Confederacy minted exactly four coins in New Orleans during the Civil War—four half dollars dated 1861—and then ran out of silver. Two of these rare curiosities have vanished, but who knows when they may turn up?

There was a time when the bulk of the world's supply of silver was mined in Spanish colonies in the Americas, chiefly Mexico and Peru. When the silver was exported it was sent, not in bullion but in the form of coins already minted, of the value of eight reals, which came to be known as "pieces of eight," or "Spanish dollars." Coining processes were slow and costly in those days, and frequently, to save time and money, the country to which they were sent did not remint them, but simply stamped them with some distinguishing sign or countermark and put them straight into circulation. Hence pieces of eight in various forms have at one time or another been an official coinage all over the world, as well as the object of piratical depredations on the Spanish Main.

During the Revolution in America the Continental Congress named these pieces of eight as legitimate currency for redemption of paper issued under its authority. Bills were printed with the words "Payable in Spanish milled dollars," and the silver coins themselves were used as legal tender in all commercial transactions. For fractional currency they were cut in half for half dollars, and into four parts for twenty-five-cent pieces. Further bisection produced an eighth of a dollar, or one real. These small pie-shaped segments were known as "bits," and "two bits" means even today a quarter of a dollar.

Coin collecting is one of the aristocrats of collectors' pastimes, but it is less a rich man's fad than is collecting books or prints or pictures. While the collector of first editions is paying thousands for a rare Shelley, the coin fan buys an exquisite specimen of some Greek die cutter's art for a few dollars. The numismatist may be an aristocrat, but he need not be a plutocrat. The peak price for a coin at public auction is $6200, paid for a Brasher doubloon, although private transactions have brought more.

The Half-Eagle Hunt

FOR the coin collector the excitement of the chase is enough. When he hears of a piece that will just complete a certain series he will spend ten times as much as the coin is worth in railroad fare and telegrams, and still feel the prize well worth the trouble. I know of one individual who wanted a rare United States half eagle, or five-dollar gold piece, to fill out his collection. A man in the Middle West owned one to which he attached no especial importance, but he persistently played dog in the manger and refused to sell. The collector packed up two or three times a year and journeyed halfway across the

continent in an endeavor to persuade the owner to part with it.

After many trips he succeeded and then boasted about the bargain he had struck. But when his traveling expenses were added up it turned out to be one of the costliest pieces in his collection.

For some reason not easy to determine, stamps and coins are usually classed together as objects of the collector's interest. It may be because many commercial dealers in stamps also carry on a minor business in coins. But the marriage of the two does not greatly compliment the experienced numismatist. Almost every child starts a stamp book at a tender age, and with the help of a catalogue and a little spending money he can get together a fairly interesting, if haphazard, collection. Numismatics is more exclusively an adult hobby, one that requires deep study and great patience. It had long tradition and a vast literature before stamps were ever dreamed of. Every community that ever printed stamps has also issued coins. Coins have been in existence since the seventh century, B. C., but the first stamp was printed A. D. 1840, less than a hundred years ago.

In fact, one of the unfortunate difficulties of coin collecting is its vast range. Most people do not know where to start. Any small boy can buy a catalogue for a dollar and a half listing every stamp ever issued. But Cohen's descriptive work on Roman imperial coinage alone, published in France in 1879, fills eight octavo volumes of about 400 pages each. Hundreds of additional varieties have turned up since, and Roman coins form but one small subdivision of numismatics.

When Age Gives No Value

THE wise collector soon confines himself to specialties: French issues of the Napoleonic Era, siege pieces, American Colonials and portrait coins. There are plenty of special branches of numismatics still practically unexplored, and a new collector, if he chose wisely, might easily become an authority. I know of two collectors who bought nothing but coins bearing the effigy of an elephant! It is amazing how many varieties they found.

Coins are everywhere, dropping ceaselessly from millions of hands, trickling over counters in grocery stores and swelling into mighty rivers through the doors of banks. They pass unheeded before unobservant eyes and jingle unnoticed in countless pockets. It is only occasionally that the average person takes an interest in coins—except for their face value, of course. Once in a while, if a coin has an unfamiliar feel and perhaps on closer examination proves to be of some foreign mint, we angrily denounce the man who foisted it on us, and then devise elaborate means of passing it off on someone else.

Take the loose change from your pocket and count the coins. Probably there are between three and fifteen pieces there; let us say an average of five. If there are 80,000,000 people in the United States carrying coins in pockets and pocketbooks, you have 400,000,000 pieces in personal use at any given hour of the day. Add perhaps five times as many reposing in banks and private safes, slot machines and trolley-fare boxes, and you get some notion of the vast number of coins circulating in one country at any one moment. Then remember that coins have been in use for more than 2500 years.

So it must be said in all truth that your chance of finding a valuable coin is about as great as picking up a twenty-dollar bill on the subway platform during rush hours. Tales are sometimes told of rare finds, but they are exceptional. If there are old stamped letters in your grandmother's trunk in the attic you have more chance of discovering something really valuable than of finding a rare coin in your pocket. For one thing, paper is more perishable than copper or silver, and stamps grow rare more rapidly.

Even age is no guaranty of the value of a coin. American soldiers returning from France besieged the American Numismatic Society in New York with handfuls of Roman coins dug up in the trenches. Few of them had any real value. An average of 150 coins a week is brought for identification to Howland Wood, curator of the society's museum, but in fifteen years not more than six have proved to be worth more than twenty-five dollars.

Indeed, the notion that value is proportionate to age is the most persistent popular delusion in regard to coins. A single comparison is enough to show the fallacy of such a belief. One of the earliest known coins, certainly the earliest silver coin, is the silver stater of Ægina, minted about 650 B. C. Good examples can be bought in the open market for a couple of dollars, whereas an 1894 U. S. dime from the S Mint in San Francisco brings several hundred.

Rarity, not age, gives a coin high value. The silver stater exists in large quantities, because the seventh century B. C. was a period of great prosperity for the Greek islands of the Ægean Sea. It was a clumsy, thick coin to begin with, having the design on only one side in high relief. For 2500 years it has staunchly withstood wear and oxidation. But only twenty-four copies of the 1894 S dime were minted.

Furthermore, the old Greek coin is at best a collector's curio. It would hardly pass as legal tender on a trolley car, and consequently would be hard to overlook.

But the 1894 dime, a thin coin in low relief to begin with, might easily visit 1000 cash drawers before anyone had the good fortune to notice that his few cents' worth of silver bore the tiny S on the back and withdraw it from circulation.

A restaurant owner in Hoboken, New Jersey, found one in his cash register a few years ago. It was badly worn and had a small circular cut on one side, indicating that at one time it had come to rest in a dime bank, being the last coin inserted before the screw was tightened on top to force the bottom out and release the coins. Its damaged condition considerably impairs its value.

As far as I know, the restaurant keeper has never sold his copy, but a good specimen might bring as high as $1000.

The reason for the small issue of that particular dime is well-known. When dies were prepared for the San Francisco mint in 1893, the ten-cent piece was included as a matter of course. Then orders came from Washington that the S Mint was to confine its output of silver coinage for that year to other silver denominations. But in the meantime two dozen copies of the dime had already been struck to try out the dies, and since the mint had to account by weight for all silver used, these were put in circulation along with the other silver, except for a few which were melted up in the annual assay. Most specimens of this rare coin are already in captivity, and occasionally come up for sale. The few still at large are doubtless prowling furtively just beyond the horizon of the vigilant army of coin collectors. Some day, perhaps, they will be brought to earth. Meanwhile, look to your dimes, but be absolutely certain you find the small S on the reverse under the wreath. Other 1894 dimes bearing the O for New Orleans, CC for Carson City, Nevada, or no letter at all, indicating they were minted in Philadelphia, are worth—precisely ten cents.

From Abyssinia

AS I HAVE said, rarity makes coins worth more than their face value. But rarity is both actual and relative; actual when there are known to be only a few copies in existence, like the Brasher doubloon; and relative when some particular series is in great demand among collectors and there are proportionately few such coins to fill that demand. If a hundred collectors want a certain issue and a hundred specimens are known to exist, it is worth little more than its face value. But if there are only five in the world, it is rare.

Sometimes even actual rarity fails to boost the price. A few years ago a woman appeared at the office of the American Numismatic Society's museum in New York and showed the curator a dozen coins. Mr. Wood examined them carefully and asked what she proposed doing with them.

Would he like to buy them? she asked. Mr. Wood was dubious, but finally picked out a little brass coin and named a price; the others did not interest him. The price was nominal, and the woman decided to give the piece to the society. This happened at the beginning of my connection with the museum staff, and I overheard the conversation. When she had gone I asked what the coin was.

(Continued on Page 62

THE LAUGHING LOSER

He Walked Slowly Across the Place, the Counterpart of a Well-Set-Up, Light-Hearted Young Englishman

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

A YOUNG man, pleasantly and suitably dressed for the place and season, stood upon the topmost step of the Casino at Monte Carlo, looking down upon the gay scene with eyes which seemed just at first a little vacant, although the remains of a smile still lingered about the corners of his lips. He wore flannel trousers, a gray homespun coat, soft collar and shirt, and the familiar tie of a famous cricket club. His Homburg hat was set at a somewhat jaunty angle, his hands behind his back toyed with a Malacca cane of the usual pattern. He appeared to be about thirty years of age. His complexion was sunburned and slightly freckled, his features good, his eyes of a very attractive shade of blue. He seemed entirely at his ease, in no hurry to move, playing apparently with some fancy, the humor of which appealed to him. His eyes wandered over the amphitheater of hills which surrounded the place, traveled slowly from the ridiculous pink building which crowned the slopes of La Turbie to the Observatoire on the Corniche Road, glanced lightly at the red-roofed, clustering habitations of Beausoleil, rested on the nearer gardens, the green of the trees, the brilliant coloring of the flower beds, swept the inviting front of the Hotel de Paris, followed a pigeon in its flight, and took in the little crowd of people seated in cheerful leisure in front of the Café de Paris, drinking their *apéritifs* and listening to the music of the gypsy band. Suddenly the smile reappeared. His eyes twinkled and he began to laugh softly to himself.

He walked slowly across the Place, the counterpart of a well-set-up, light-hearted young Englishman, sat down at a vacant table, ordered a mixed vermuth and lit a cigarette. With his apparent appetite for life, he seemed, perhaps, a little inattentive to the music, curiously oblivious to the gay crowd by which he was surrounded. Two young ladies, newly arrived from Paris, ventured to return what they might very possibly have regarded as a smile of invitation; a slightly older woman, who was caressing a Pekingese, lifted her really beautiful dark eyes and favored him with a gracious glance; but to all these advances he remained unresponsive. Whatever it was which had brought him, laughing, out to take his place amongst this gay crowd, belonged, without a doubt, not to the kaleidoscopic present but to his own inner consciousness. His detachment in fact was so complete that he even started as one who has received a shock when the occupant of the neighboring table leaned over and addressed him:

"So that's how it makes you feel to win the money of this hard-working and philanthropic institution—the Société de Bains de Mer!"

The young man turned around and looked at his questioner, a middle-aged person with a clean-shaven, sallow face, somewhat incongruously dressed in somber black. His broad-brimmed hat and flowing tie suggested the foreigner, but his voice had been distinctly American.

"Well, really I don't know," he rejoined. "How was I looking?"

"You were laughing."

At the very idea, the young man laughed again, and then he was suddenly very grave. His mouth relapsed into set lines. Something of the light passed from his eyes.

"If you are a shareholder in this very amiable institution," he said, with a wave of his hand toward the Casino, "you can set your mind at rest. I am not one of its despoilers."

"Yet you came out smiling," the other persisted. "You crossed the Place laughing to yourself. It must be a good joke which instigates unshared mirth."

The young man knocked the ash from his cigarette and glanced once more indifferently at his companion. "That depends," he said. "I was laughing because I came here for three weeks, I have been here three hours and I have lost every penny I possess in the world."

The recipient of this somewhat amazing confidence abandoned abruptly his attitude of amused incredulity. His tone, when he spoke again, had lost its faintly disagreeable quality.

"Are you in earnest?" he demanded.

"Absolutely."

There was a brief pause. The loiterer at the café, who had shown so much curiosity in his neighbor, stretched out his hand and drank from a tumbler which stood by his side—a tumbler which contained some dark-green liquid. "I drink to your sense of humor," he observed. "I admire it. I may say that it appeals to me very much."

The young man shrugged his shoulders and looked away. He seemed disinclined to continue the conversation. His neighbor, however, had other ideas.

"Yours is, I presume," the latter remarked, "the language of exaggeration. It would not be easy for anyone to carry about with him, in convertible form, everything he owned in the world."

"Perfectly easy for me," was the casual reply. "I have been tea planting in Assam—out there for two years, and got thoroughly sick of it. Two months ago I sold the whole show, every particle of land, bungalow, furniture and all, except my personal apparel. It realized exactly eleven hundred and fifty pounds beyond what I owed, which meant that I had worked for two years for a profit of fifty pounds."

The listener relapsed into his first Americanism. "Tough luck!" he murmured.

"It cost me a hundred and fifty pounds to get to Marseilles, and I landed here with a draft for a thousand. I cashed it up at Barclay's this morning, directly the bank opened, went into the Casino, meaning to risk a matter of twenty pounds—and lost the lot!"

"And came out laughing!"

"A distorted sense of humor, of course. Somehow or other, my condition appealed to me—the sheer ignominious folly of it, I suppose."

He threw down ten francs upon the table and looked around for a waiter. His companion gazed at the note thoughtfully.

"Every penny you have in the world was a stretch of the imagination, I guess."

The young man felt in his pockets. "There is that ten francs and three franc pieces," he confided

"Say, I want to ask you something. How do you intend to pay for your luncheon?"

The young man crushed out the end of his cigarette in the ash tray and looked once more impatiently around. He had the air of one desiring to finish the conversation. "It is a matter which I have not considered," was his curt admission.

He rose to his feet, having at last succeeded in attracting the attention of a waiter, paid for his mixed vermuth, pocketed the change, less an unexpectedly large gratuity, and was on the point of sauntering off. His neighbor, however, addressed him again, and this time with a distinct access of courtesy in his tone.

"One mixed vermuth," he observed, "seems an insufficient solace for such a misfortune as yours. Will you do me the pleasure of drinking a cocktail with me?"

"You are very kind," was the somewhat hesitating response.

His prospective host rose to his feet and handed a check to a *chasseur*.

"You need not hesitate to accept my hospitality," he remarked. "I am not one of those impossible persons who call themselves philanthropists, and who go about the world offering to help people who should be perfectly well able to look after themselves. I take my morning cocktail on the hill, and I like company. Your laugh pleased me, but I can assure you that you need not be afraid of stepping into any fairy story. Our acquaintance may very well cease with the excellent Martini I am soon about to offer you, unless ——"

"I knew there was a catch in it," the young man interrupted.

His companion shook his head. "You have nothing to fear, or to hope for, from me," he declared.

A very handsome car of a famous make rolled up. An obsequious commissionaire held open the door; one of the wandering maitres d'hôtel also stepped forward to make his bow. The two men seated themselves.

"You observe that I am well-known here," the owner of the limousine remarked as they glided away. "I should be, for I spend more than half my life in these parts. My name is Joseph Harmon Wrey—Crazy Jo, they call me sometimes. And yours?"

"Francis Hill," the young man replied, after a scarcely perceptible pause.

"Francis Hill," his companion observed, "is some sort of a name all right, but I wonder why the initials upon your cigarette case are B. D.?"

The pseudo Francis Hill made no remark. He lifted his eyebrows very slightly and looked out of the window. One might have imagined that the seniority of the man by his side had prevented the obvious retort.

In the picturesque open-air bar where the two men were presently ensconced, the younger became very soon aware of a curious change in his companion's speech and demeanor. At the Café de Paris, Mr. Harmon Wrey had seemed a somewhat mysterious and cynical personage, with almost negligible Anglo-Saxon characteristics. Here he was, from the moment of their entrance, the genial and sociable American. There was scarcely a soul seated at the dozen or so of little tables who did not wave a greeting, scarcely a newcomer entering the place who did not pause to shake hands. Apparently there was no one who did not know Mr. Harmon Wrey, and approve of him.

Yet there was a moment when he distinctly lapsed into his former and less human self, a moment when the Italian proprietor of the place glided silently to his side and whispered a few quick words in his ear. There was conversation then of a very different sort—conducted, too, in fluent Italian, not a word of which the younger man understood. It lasted for a very short time, however; and afterward, while the second cocktail was being poured out, came the real event of the morning. A girl, carrying a rose-pink parasol, who had mounted the steps from the street below, made an unexpected appearance before their table. Both men rose to their feet—the younger transported, almost dizzy. Adventures were crowding in upon him that morning. He had lost every penny he possessed in the world and he was suddenly confronted with the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. Mr. Harmon Wrey turned toward him.

"Rosa," he said, "I should like to present my young friend ——" "—— Bernard Densham," the other suddenly interpolated.

Mr. Wrey smiled, but made no comment. "Mr. Bernard Densham—Miss Rosa Soretti."

The girl—Italian in name, Italian in her exquisite complexion and coloring, her liquid brown eyes, her smoothly brushed hair—was pleasantly Anglo-Saxon in speech.

"How do you do, Mr. Densham?" she said. "Are you a new arrival here? And how long have you known this eccentric uncle of mine?"

His feet were no longer upon the earth. He answered rashly enough. "I arrived this morning," he confided. "I have known your uncle for about half an hour, but I can't help feeling—I am quite sure—I have known you a great deal longer."

She laughed softly and accepted his chair. "Where did you meet my uncle?" she inquired.

"I have never met this young man," Mr. Harmon Wrey declared—"that is to say, I have never been introduced to him in proper form. I saw him coming out of the Casino, and he was laughing. He crossed the square, and he was still laughing. He sat down close to me at the Café de Paris, and when I asked what was amusing him, he told me that he had just lost every penny he had in the world."

"How romantic!" she exclaimed. "And yet how very uncomfortable! You must have an extraordinary sense of humor, Mr. Densham."

"It is failing me just at the moment," he confessed, reflecting ruefully how much he would have liked to ask his new friends to luncheon. Disabilities of various kinds were already crowding into his mind.

"If it brought you out of the Casino smiling, it will revive presently," she assured him. "How I hate that place!"

A party of friends, in flannels and with tennis rackets, waved to her from a distant table. She rose to her feet with some reluctance. "I quite forgot that I am invited for cocktails," she said. "I hope that we shall meet again soon, and that you will have better fortune, Mr. Densham."

Then his sudden romance fluttered away, passing under the sunlit and flower-wreathed arches to the inner room. He looked after her wonderingly. "Your niece!" he murmured.

Mr. Harmon Wrey nodded. He had picked up his hat and stick and risen to his feet. Mechanically, his companion followed his example. They strolled out together toward the car.

"Can I drop you anywhere?" its owner inquired.

"My hotel is just at the bottom of these steps," Densham replied. "Thank you very much for the cocktail."

Mr. Harmon Wrey, with his hand upon the door of the car, looked at his companion quizzically. "Well," he said, "your career during the next few days should be interesting. Still, I am afraid we must say good-by."

The two men shook hands. Densham turned away with a new-found sense of despondency. The other's voice recalled him. "Good-by, unless ——"

"Unless?"

"—— you care to dine with me tonight at eight o'clock on board my yacht, the Flavia."

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"I Think, Mr. Densham, That You Play Roulette Very Badly," a Quiet Voice in His Ear Remarked

Galley Proof

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

"There She Be," He Said Pridefully. "Jake," Said Don, "You're a Printer"

JAKE, the compositor, was distributing type from the few display advertisements from the last issue of the Sugar Hollow Sentinel. He did it ferociously, not to say venomously. His expression was so savage as to terrify infants and throw timid women into hysterics. Horrible, the printer's devil, was oiling the press and polishing its brass; he whistled, but it was no tune, only a succession of enthusiastic blasts. Jake eyed him as if he contemplated immediate homicide and then spoke in his mild voice.

"Horrible," he said, "I wisht you'd learn you a tune—or suthin'."

"That's a tune," said Horrible. "It's one of them hymns"

"It don't put a body in no religious frame of mind," said Jake. "If the Lord had to depend on sich as that to save souls, I cal'late nobody'd git safe past the judgment seat."

"Where's the boss?" Horrible asked.

"Gallivantin'," said Jake.

"He hain't like no editor I ever see before."

"Nor nobuddy else," said Jake with a sigh. "The's times when a man kin almost understand what he's drivin' at."

"Ads is droppin' off."

"But circulation's pickin' up." Jake waggled his head and scowled terribly. "And him traipsin' around the country in that there autymobile."

"He runs a sight of personals."

"Says he's plannin' to git along without patent guts and hire him a linotype operator."

The patent inwards to which Jake referred so inelegantly, and which are also known to the profession as boiler plate, are those portions of a country paper printed from metal furnished by newspaper associations, so called, at so much a week.

"Ye-ah," said Jake, "he lets on he hain't got enough room in the paper now to mention enough folks."

It was true. Don Oakes, the youthful, slender, almost girlish editor and proprietor of the Sentinel, was planning revolutionary things. He recognized two facts—that the financial success of a paper depends upon circulation and that circulation depends upon the liking of the populace for the paper. Given enough subscribers, and advertising comes in meekly, without a halter.

"Jake," Don said, "I want to mention the name of every man, woman, child, cat, dog and pet sheep in the county at least twice a year. The chief weakness of mankind is to see its name in print."

The major news, he knew, would take care of itself. The paper was a weekly, so the people were generally fully informed of real news as soon or sooner than the editor. Therefore he must build on something else. So he set out to build with a dilapidated automobile and a sufficiency of labor.

Three days a week he drove about the country, and never did he see a farmer in a field or a farmer's wife in a dooryard that he did not stop to chat. And every chat turned into an interview or a personal; everything from shingling the woodshed to the hatching of a batch of Plymouth Rocks was grist for Don's mill. Also Don made vocal a great mass of hitherto mute public opinion. Men and women were flattered to perceive what weight their opinions carried—an importance they never had suspected. Old Man Green raved incoherently about farm relief; he was astounded to see in the next issue of the Sentinel a quarter of a column of cogent utterance upon that subject in quotation marks, with a lead which informed all and sundry that William Green, prosperous and public-spirited farmer of east of town, whose enterprise had recently moved him to paint his house white, had valuable suggestions to offer on the subject of Federal farm relief.

The opinions were Mr. Green's, but he was astonished to discover how smartly he had phrased them. His neighbors called it to his attention, for he was not a subscriber, and somehow treated him a bit more respectfully than they had done a week ago. Therefore Mr. Green sent in his two dollars and became a subscriber.

Deftly Don led men of standing to become outspoken on local conditions, upon shipping facilities, telephone service, county politics and what not. Petty news was interlarded with opinions in a page which was rapidly becoming of extreme local interest—so much so, indeed, that Sheriff Fox and the courthouse crowd went into more than one executive session to discuss it.

Supervisor Mather was inclined to belittle Don's achievement. "'Tain't nothin'," he said, "but jest a lot of men that don't amount to anythin' a-sayin' things that don't make no difference."

Prosecutor Ellsworth, youngest of the coterie, and unquestionably the most intelligent, eyed the supervisor with a sidewise glance. "Think so, do you? Well, let me tell you something, Mather: I don't care how unimportant a man is, nor how silly his opinions, if he can be quoted often enough in a newspaper, both he and his opinions take on consequence. This young fellow is building up some old mossbacks into solid citizens."

"And gittin' circulation by it," added Sheriff Fox sourly.

"The most dangerous thing, from our standpoint," said Ellsworth, "is that he's collecting a following. He tickles their vanity, and so they swear by him."

"Buy him out," said the supervisor.

"Tried it," said the sheriff. "He won't sell"

"Scare him away like we did the last one."

Ellsworth smiled and let his eyes rest for a moment on the sheriff. "He doesn't scare," he said. "For a baby-faced kid five feet six inches high, he carries a lot of sand in his craw."

"Bust him then," said the supervisor. "I guess we swing a big enough oar to stop merchants from advertisin'. He can't git on if he can't make money."

"We'll do jest that," said the sheriff, and his mouth was open to say more, when somebody knocked on the door. "Who's there?" he bellowed.

Big-Foot Mosher, deputy sheriff and official bodyguard to the chief executive officer of the county, thrust in his unprepossessing face. "That editor feller's here," he said.

"Send him in," said Ellsworth before anyone else could speak, and Don Oakes appeared in the doorway. Beside the gigantic Big-Foot, he appeared a dwarf. Six inches over five feet he stood with his shoes on, and one would have guessed his age at eighteen. That was not his age. His face was rather that of a poet or a musician than a newspaper man; he seemed frail, not to say delicate; and an unprejudiced beholder would have guessed his weight at a hundred and ten pounds. Actually, he was much heavier; he weighed a hundred and twenty-five! He bowed and smiled.

"The name," he said, "is Ali Baba."

"The name he give me was Oakes," said Big-Foot.

"But," said Don, "there aren't forty of you. I said 'Sesame' to Big-Foot here, but it fell on deaf ears."

"Come into the cave," Ellsworth said, his eyes twinkling as he noted the bewilderment of the sheriff and supervisor.

"What kind of talk's this here?" growled the sheriff. "What you want?"

"Now that you ask so graciously," Don said amiably, "I'll tell you. I did think of making you guess."

"This hain't my day fer guessin' games," said the sheriff.

"What's he mean by Ali Baba?" demanded Supervisor Mather.

"It's a character in the Old Testament," said Don. "He rushed in where angels fear to tread. You never received a delegation of angels, did you, sheriff?"

"He allus talks like that," Fox said *sotto voce* to the supervisor. "No head nor tail to it. . . . We're busy. Come to the p'int."

"Association of ideas," said Don, with a nod to Ellsworth. "Ancient philosophical argument: How many angels can stand on the point of a needle? What I came about, however, was needles' eyes. I'm tired of being able to pass through one."

"Say," demanded the sheriff, "what in tunket be you gittin' at?"

"Quotation," said Don: "It's as easy for a rich man to pass through a camel's eye as for a needle to enter—you remember learning that at your mother's knee. Now what I'm after is to become wealthy so needles' eyes will be closed to me."

"You want us to make you wealthy?" asked Ellsworth.

"Comparatively—only comparatively. By the way, did you ever estimate that the county advertising is worth close to ten thousand dollars to the newspaper that gets it?"

"We did."

"And if the courts designate a paper as official for legal notices there is another few thousand?"

"We knew it well."

"The Sugar Hollow Sentinel has never had either. So I thought I'd drop in."

"And now," said the sheriff, "you kin drop out ag'in. You got as much chance of grabbin' off the county printin' as—as ——"

"He's not quick at similes, is he?" Don asked Ellsworth. "But he shouldn't be discouraged. A sheriff doesn't really need to be. . . . I'd like to have all the county advertising and the legal notices, to start with a week from Thursday issue. You can't say I haven't asked for them pretty."

"You've asked and I've answered. Now clear out, bub."

"Well," said Don with a sigh, "you can't ever say now I didn't give you a chance to hand it to me. . . . Good afternoon, gentlemen." He walked to the door, where stood Big-Foot, scowling and malevolent. The deputy felt he had ample reason to dislike the young editor. His fists were clenched. Don smiled up at him and then quite flabbergasted the big man by lifting one of his clenched fists and patting it.

"Isn't it remarkable," he said with an air of lively interest, "that a man with a weapon like that attached to him should be just a leetle bit timid to use it on me—when he wants to so badly? How do you account for it, Big-Foot?"

With that he dropped Mosher's knuckles and closed the door behind him. The big deputy uttered a fragment of language; Ellsworth chuckled; the two other men, thinking of nothing better to do, scowled.

Ellsworth turned. "Sheriff," he said, "if I were you I'd make friends with that boy. In your place, I'd tie him to me if I had to give him my pet rooster."

"Young spriggins!" said the sheriff.

"I," said Ellsworth, "would hand him all the county can give."

"Different with me," said the sheriff. "Mather, you git busy with what merchants you can swing. I'll see the rest. We'll starve him out."

II

DON was just entering the door of Porter's Cash Grocery to discuss advertising with its proprietor, when Iris Noble came out. Both seemed to be in haste; both stopped with unexpected suddenness, and a paper bag dropped from the girl's arm. It fell upon the floor with a squashing crunch.

"Oh!" said Iris, and her eyes accused Don.

"It sounded," said the editor, "like eggs."

"It was eggs," said Iris.

"'All the king's horses and all the king's men,'" said Don, "'couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again.'"

"People rush about so!" Iris said.

"The Book of Etiquette," said Don, "tells us we must not scold a man we've not been introduced to. But we can get around that obstacle. Just hold in a moment, please, and I'll get Porter to present me."

"I don't know that I care to meet a man who goes around breaking people's eggs," said Iris.

"I'll get you a new egg," said Don, "and a much superior egg. Please wait right there"—he designated a spot—"until I return with the court chamberlain."

With which command he walked to the rear of the store, where Mr. Porter was scooping crackers from a barrel, and seized that gentleman by the arm. "You are wanted in front on important business," he said; but when Porter straightened up and they turned toward the door, Iris was no longer there. Don made a rueful face. "We've lost our customer," he said.

"I cal'late to look after my customers without gittin' help from anybody," said Porter cantankerously.

"You might have been," said Don reproachfully, "a *deus ex machina*. But you've lost your chance."

"Never wanted to be nothin' but a groceryman," said Porter; "and I was comin' over to see you."

"You would have been welcome," said Don gravely.

"To tell you," said Porter, "I was goin' to quit advertisin'. Don't pay."

"Once," said Don, "there was a man who made a mistake."

"'Twan't me," said Porter. "G'-by. I'm busy."

"Was it Fox or Mather?" Don asked, without rancor.

"None o' your business," said Mr. Porter.

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," said Don. "Well, this closes our afternoon's performance. I hope a good time has been had by all."

Porter frowned after him as he retreated toward the door, and then shook his head at the cracker barrel. "Seems to me," he said, "like he was about a pint short to the gallon."

Don walked across the road to his office, where he sat down to consider. He recognized the withdrawal of Porter's advertising as a forerunner of graver things to happen. The courthouse crowd had moved. He did not sit long, but arose to cross the square to the Big White Store. This emporium, occupying a three-story wooden structure, was one in which a customer might buy anything from wall paper to farm machinery; from a tenpenny nail to a suit of clothes; from a barrel of flour to a capsule of quinine. Its proprietor was young Pliny Adams, son of old Pliny Adams, recently deceased. This individual—a tall, stooping, lean, long-faced man in his early thirties—stood eying the confusion of his first floor with something like vexation. Boxes of prunes jostled women's dresses; a rack of brooms shouldered a cookstove. Anything you wanted was there some place, but nobody could find it.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Adams," said Don.

"Dog-gone it," said Pliny, "I know it's here some'eres. It come in from the wholesale house a spell back. She's been in fer it three times, but I jest can't lay hands on it."

"On what?"

"Package of sewing-machine needles," said Pliny.

Don visualized the hopeless position of a packet of needles lost in this wilderness and remained silent.

"Pa wan't methodical," said Pliny. "He jest put anythin' anywheres. If folks come in to buy suthin' and he couldn't find it, why, he talked 'em into buyin' suthin' he could find. But I hain't much of a talker."

"How, may I ask, do you find business?"

"Middlin'. I bet I could sell twice as much if I could locate it the right time." He shook his head gravely and eyed Don. "You can't expect a body to sell what he can't find, now kin you?"

"No, indeed," said Don. "By the way, are you thinking of stopping your advertising in the paper?"

"That i-dentical ad's been in the paper upwards of thutty year. Don't see no reason for stoppin' it. It never done no harm."

"May I ask how much business you do a year?"

"It figgers to about forty thousand, year in and year out."

"Would you like to double it?"

"Dunno how I'd manage. Keeps me busy now."

"You could," said Don, "hire another clerk."

"He wouldn't be no good. He couldn't locate things."

"He could," said Don, "if you arranged this stock in departments and put it away systematically."

"Um—you come here with some sort of an idee, didn't you?"

"I did," said Don. "How do you stand with the courthouse crowd?"

"The' can't nobody tell me what I got to do," said Pliny belligerently.

The answer was sufficient for Don. It told him Pliny had been approached and was not to be bulldozed.

(Continued on Page 126)

"It Sounded," Said the Editor, "Like Eggs." "It Was Eggs," Said Iris

CROOKED

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

VI

THERE was no confusion in her mind. There was not any of the dismay, either, that under the circumstances any woman, a wife, might have felt. Determined now, Bertha Maddox knew to the last word the letter of what she meant to say, and if it hurt, what of it? After all, it was the one way, she felt, by which she might pierce that armor of his conceit, his satisfaction, the maddening complacency of a clerk. Sink or swim, she cared little.

As he came out of the bedroom his eyes were murky. She never had seen him like that before.

The evening's guests had gone. Together the Gershons had edged out at the door, their appreciation of the vulgar outbreak evident in their smirking, sidelong glances; and waiting while their footfalls receded on the stairway, Bertha busied herself putting away the card table and the chairs. On the sofa, where she had put it, lay the dress box. It was yet unopened. She had lost all interest in the dress itself.

"Well?" he growled.

"Well, what?" she countered.

"Pay to the Order of Charles Maddox Sixteen Thousand Dollars"

He indicated the pasteboard box. "You gave that man the check then?" She nodded, "Yes, Charley," her air quiet; and with a manifest effort he controlled his rising emotions. "Perhaps you'll tell me how you expect to pay it. You said you'd tell me, you know."

Bertha shook her head. "No, I didn't say that. I said paying for it was your lookout."

"Mine?—when I've lost my job?" He laughed harshly. "I want to know now what you're up to."

She didn't tell him yet. She peered at him curiously. "Why did they discharge you?" she asked.

His jaw set itself as he heard her question. Into his eyes crept a hint of suspicion. "Me?—that's what I want to know. I mean to find out too. You tell me now why you bought that dress!"

"Because I wanted to," she answered.

His jaw tightened. "That's no answer. You tell me why!"

"Charley," she returned quietly, "there's no need to talk of that. I've something I have to say to you, and if you'll quiet yourself and listen ——"

Quiet himself? It was like oil poured on a flame. "Answer me!" he ordered.

She answered him: "I bought it because I'd been affronted—grossly so. It was that woman this afternoon."

"What woman?" A swift surmise leaped into his look. "Mrs. Hodge?"

"Mrs. Hodge, Charley."

A thick sound, a rumble of repressed feeling, came from him. "So that was it, was it? You went and had a row with her! I suppose you didn't stop to think she was Hodge's wife."

Bertha still retained her calm. "I can't help that. It makes no difference whether she is your employer's wife or not. No woman can treat me as she did."

"I want to know what happened," he returned. "Are you going to tell me?"

Bertha shrugged. "What does it matter? Mrs. Hodge is of no importance, Charley. I don't care to talk of her."

"But I do!" he retorted.

She looked at him for a moment. Her plans had included no acrimonious dispute; instead, she had wished to talk to him quietly, without stress or heat. As he seemed determined to hear, though, she let him have it. "It was because of you, if you care to know. She taunted me with that."

"With that? I? What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Just what I say, Charley—that you were nothing but one of her husband's men."

He was unable to get it yet. "One of Hodge's men? So I was. What of it?"

"A clerk—a hired man."

He could only stare. "What did you think I was—one of the firm?" Bewildered, filled with wrath, he threw up both hands helplessly. "And because she said that, you insulted her—cost me my job?"

"Your job?" In spite of herself, the scorn she let creep into her voice was devastating.

He stared at her again. "What? You mean you were ashamed of it?"

She didn't bother to reply, and after another stare he laughed harshly. "I wish I had the job back again!" Charley Maddox said.

There was no doubt of that. Agony was in his eyes, the despair of a man without work or money, and for an instant she was torn with pity. It was only for an instant though. That he had lost his position meant little. He could get another place, a job, if that was all he sought. The main point was that he still would be satisfied with it.

Not if she had anything to say about it though! And she turned on him, flashing. "You're not going to get it back. You're not going to take another job like it either. Yes, if you care to know, I was ashamed of it! I've never admitted it—admitted it to you or, much less, any other one—but I'm ashamed and I've been ashamed for months—years—longer than I can tell. But that's nothing now. I could stand the same—nerve myself to it, anyway; I could go on drudging and scrimping, too, the way I've drudged and scrimped, if there was anything in it; but for seven years, all the time we've been married, I've done all that, and where have we got? What has it brought us? And you're satisfied!"

It had come out of her in a flood—all her resentment, her rancor and revolt. The petty, sordid futility of it rose up before her like an affront. "I wouldn't care, Charley—at any rate I'd try to bear it—if you were what that vulgar woman termed it, a boob. If you were that, if you'd done and were doing as well as it was in you to do, I would have gone on forever, drudging and scrimping, putting on a face, making the best of it. But you're not like that; I never would have married you if you were. The trouble with you is that you're easy—too easy. You've slid, and you've gone on sliding. You've been too afraid, besides; afraid, like so many of your sort, the clerks, hired men, that might become something else besides hired men, only that they lack the nerve. You've been afraid you'd lose your job; I've seen it. You've been afraid of your bosses; afraid they'd discharge you, afraid that on Saturday night you wouldn't have those few petty dollars you've brought home in an envelope. You might as well be a car horse!" said Bertha savagely.

Perhaps. Aghast, though, he stood there gaping.

"Look at this house—this flat!" she said, her contempt evident.

Stupidly Charley looked at it. He saw nothing wrong with it. "It satisfies me," he said.

Bertha laughed. She was quivering. "That's the trouble! What about me though? Have you seen those women when they came in here? Have you seen their husbands, too, when they looked around? Don't you suppose I have any feeling? There have been times when I could have died of it!"

He still was gazing at her blankly. "You? Died of what?"

"Just what I say," she answered—"shame—the fact that they saw too. If it had been written in print on the walls it couldn't have been clearer!" She flung out her hand in a gesture of implacable resentment and contempt. "Look at those chairs! Look at that rug! Look at those bargain-basement curtains! Oh, it was all well enough when we were beginning, when I could make a joke of it. I can't laugh off any more what this pill box of a walk-up flat and its chairs and curtains give away. It's as plain from them as the nose on your face, and all those people see it, know it!"

His face colored slowly. A new pain crept into his eyes. "You mean, I suppose, that I haven't money."

She shook her head. "That you and I are where we started; that you haven't got on."

"In other words, that I'm a failure?" he inquired.

It was much like that, though she didn't say so. "Look it in the face, Charley," she answered.

He wet his lips. "What makes you think I haven't got on?"

It hardly was worth going into. If the flat, its furnishings, the way they lived, were not enough, there was the sum total of that weekly wage he brought home in its envelope each Saturday night—a clerk's pay, a pittance. Added to that was the fact he and his job were so insignificant that the job could be taken from him because of the whim of a commonplace, irate woman.

Charley wet his lips again. "Tebo got fired today, too, Bertha."

She had been about to say something else. The sudden change of topic, though, momentarily confused her. "The bookkeeper—what?"

"He was arrested too. They took him to jail."

Bertha gave an exclamation: "Charley! Why, we had dinner at their place! Arrested?"

"He took some of the firm's money," Charley said slowly; "they caught him. It was to pay expenses—the way he was living," he added deliberately.

Bertha caught her breath. Then the suggestive implication of what he'd said rather than the facts of Tebo's downfall struck her, and she drew back, her look queer. "I see what you mean, Charley. You think I'm at you just to get money. Is that it?" She was not angered. It occurred to her that it was merely another evidence of his obtuseness, the stupidity into which he had fallen. Her lip curved "I'd better be plain with you," she said quietly; "it isn't the money—the lack of it, rather—that shames me. It's because you're what you are. You're my husband, and that's why I'm ashamed."

If she had struck him he could not have shown it more. He stood and looked at her for a long moment. His face all at once was lined and haggard, and she saw his mouth twitch painfully. "All right," he said slowly, "if that's the case there's nothing more to be said. I might as well quit, I suppose."

"Quit?" She was startled.

"You said as much, didn't you?" returned Charley. "As you're finished with me, it'll do no good for me to hang around."

Bertha caught her breath again. What a boy he was! As if she ever would leave him! Then irritation again got her. "Don't be ridiculous, Charley! I'm merely telling you facts. As I've said once, I'm ready to make any sacrifices, stand anything, so long as it gets us somewhere, but I'm not willing to go on like this. You may be satisfied. Well, I'm not!"

"Yes, I see that," he said. He studied her for a moment, his look lugubrious. "If I'm not getting on, as you say, what makes you think I can? How do you know, Bertha, I'm not doing as well as I can?"

She already had thought of that. "Other men get on, don't they? The trouble with you is you're satisfied to stay what you are."

"Yes, perhaps," he returned; "only that doesn't answer my question. It may be, you know, that I'm only fitted to become—well, a hired man."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Bertha. Again vexation got the better of her. "Don't talk to me like that! If you can't think of yourself, at least consider me. No man stays a hired man unless he's willing to stay so," she was saying, when he smiled ashily.

"I'm not so sure of that. How about Tebo?"

"Him?" Bertha shrugged. "What has Tebo to do with it? He got himself arrested, you said."

"Precisely! It was because he couldn't stand the gait, stand being a clerk. Tebo, you know, wasn't willing."

Bertha looked at him vaguely. What was he trying to say now? "A man doesn't have to become a crook to succeed," she remarked, and Charley nodded.

"I know that. I was wondering, though, whether it wasn't worth while in the long run for a man to be contented with what he was and what he had. A fellow's a lot happier if he's on the level with himself—with others too."

No doubt of it. She had said nothing, however, of being on the level or otherwise. What was irritating, though, was to hear him return to that one thing—his satisfaction. It was like a barrier, a wall. It was as if the wall reared itself in the way, the obstruction that kept them from going on. And why? Other men got on; why shouldn't he?

"What men, Bertha?"

She could name a dozen. All were men of his age, all had started in, too, at the same time he had started. Harnett was one, Jud Gershon was another. Why ——

"Those grafters?" he interrupted.

He laughed—the laugh short, contemptuous—and Bertha stopped short. What did he mean—grafters? "Are you accusing them of dishonesty?" she inquired.

"I'm not saying," growled Charley. No, of course not. He merely was uttering insinuations. As she said this Charley shrugged. "What's the use of talking?" he mumbled.

Bertha, however, meant to talk. Besides Gershon and Harnett, there were others she knew—and were they crooks too? But then that was to be supposed. Clerks, men who didn't get on, always felt that about those who had succeeded. It was part of their make-up—the clerks. Anyone that made good was a crook—clerks' employers especially. What?

While she spoke, the words, in her scorn, rattling from her, Charley's face alternately flushed and paled. "Please!" he begged.

Bertha, however, was not to be placated now.

"Of course Hodge & Peters are crooks, aren't they? Hodge especially is one, isn't he?" she mocked.

Charley still flushed painfully. "I suppose you'd like me to be like that fellow then?"

Hodge? Why not? At least Hodge had raised himself. He no longer was anyone's hireling, a mere salaried employe who could lose his place, if not his living, through someone's whim. And there was Hodge's wife. She was not affronted at every turn. She wasn't forced to become a common drudge besides. Maybe Hodge, her husband, had made his start through a trick. Maybe he had, as Charley often said, got his first money through putting one over on his old employers. How did Charley know Hodge hadn't done right? . . . No, it was as she'd said. He, Charley, had the usual hired man's complex, the belief that no one succeeded, had anything, got anywhere, unless it was dishonestly. The only one on the level was, of course, the clerk himself!

Charley's face turned as white as the wall paper. "You think so, Bertha?" What else was there to think? "Very well then, Bertha," said Charley, "there's nothing more to be said."

(Continued on Page 114)

"You Never C'n Tell, Dearie," She Drawled Laconically. "Anythin's Better f'r a Girl, Though, Than Hustlin' on a Job"

IOWA'S DEBITS AND CREDITS

By Garet Garrett

EIGHTY-SIX years ago three Indian tribes settled a quarrel by fighting a battle on the site of what now is the capital of Iowa. Four years later white people built some log houses there and said that was Fort Des Moines. Less than sixty years ago the first railroad crossed the state. Today Iowa has the richest type of agricultural civilization in the world. Every farm has an automobile. The average value of farm real estate—deflated—is $155 an acre. In all the state you cannot find a place more than twelve miles from a railroad.

The political importance of Iowa now lies in three facts, namely: First, she exhibits the agricultural problem in extremes of contrast, contradiction and fact; second, she is the sorest of the agricultural states; third, her ideas, right or wrong, are always plausible.

It is her character to be most or least in many things. That is because she is so fertile in ideas. When she is prosperous she is the most prosperous. When she is blue there is none so blue. Wherein she is favored she is the most favored.

Take it, for example, that the Lord has never failed Iowa. Such a thing as the loss of a crop is unknown in the state. Seven-tenths of the annual rain falls in the growing season. All the land is arable. Maybe you don't know.

In the first place, who are you? If you are a buyer, or one who means business, these things are true:

Iowa among the states is first in per capita wealth.

Iowa among the states is first in value of farm products.

Iowa among the states is first in the value of farm property.

Iowa is first in the number of farm-owned automobiles.

Iowa's corn crop is worth more than the annual output of all the gold mines in the United States.

Iowa is first in hogs. The Iowa hog is the hog of hogs.

Iowa is first in the value of livestock, breeding more Percheron horses than France and more Belgian horses than Belgium.

"The farms of Pottawattamie County," says the Greater Des Moines Committee, "are worth as much as all the farms of Massachusetts." They thought so, and then looked it up in the Census book.

Two Sides to the Question

IOWA is first also in rank of intelligence, having the lowest percentage of illiteracy; she is probably first in tribal cohesiveness, more than seven-tenths of her people having been born in the state; and she is certainly first in the number of citizens who retire to the orange groves of California. It is proper to mention the last fact for two reasons. The population of Iowa shows a declining rate of increase, tending to become nil; but most of those who are missing from her book of vital statistics will be found in California, where their annual picnic is like the reunion of a race, stretching up and down the Pacific Coast for miles. And it is owing to the presence of Iowa people in California that Iowa land is no longer the dearest in the United States. It was until 1921; now in that particular—the average value of farm real estate per acre—Iowa is second. California is first. Wouldn't you think there was nothing the matter with Iowa?

But Iowa is first also in Mcnaryhaugenism. And if you are not a buyer, not one meaning business—if you are one who may be interested in political controversies, you will receive the facts in that case. You cannot help receiving them. Those who possess them will stalk you, wake you in the night, kidnap you, if necessary, but you shall know them.

The wealth these others have been telling you about is a deception. Be not misled even by your own senses. The corn you may have seen in overflowing cribs—that is not wealth. It is loss. The cost of producing it is more than the stuff is worth. The farmer has to go on producing it because he has nothing else to do. What you do not see when you see him riding about in an automobile is that he is burning up his farm as gas. What you do not see is that in his kitchen he is eating his farm, the hogs in the field are eating it, the people in the East who eat the hogs are eating it. And unless something is done for his relief he will rise and smash the economic furniture, beginning with the protective tariff that makes everything he buys so dear; next, the Wall Street money ring that got control of the country's banking system and ruined the value of land by causing it to be rejected as the basis of credit.

An Iowa Corn Harvest

Say to them: "It seems very strange that after so many bank failures in Iowa—an average of nearly two a week for four years—here in Des Moines people should be standing in long lines at the banks, not to get money out—to put more money in!"

They will look a little surprised and say: "But it's Saturday afternoon. That's when people take their money to the savings bank. What else could they do with it?"

The other side, maybe the Greater Des Moines Committee itself, will have you out to lunch the next day and tell you why Iowa is great. They will tell you again all the things in which she is first. You will know, won't you, how to discount the sayings of a brooding few who always, anywhere, prefer discontent?

Say to them: "They couldn't have been so few to elect Brookhart to the United States Senate."

"Talk!" they answer promptly. "Don't take that seriously at all. Brookhart is talk."

Then say: "Is it only talk that so many Iowa bankers have supported the McNary-Haugen idea?"

At that the company becomes visibly embarrassed. There is no definite answer. Afterward you will receive many explanations, all to the effect, simply, that a banker may be for the McNary-Haugen idea and at the same time be not for it. In theory, in principle, in fact, he may be against it; in the circumstances he may be for it, on the ground of hope. What he hopes for is that such legislation may give things a lift. That is the delicate position also of the Northwestern Banker of Des Moines, saying editorially in July, 1926: "We have been favorable to the McNary-Haugen Bill because we believe that it would give the farmer at least temporary relief. We do not believe, however, that legislation in very many cases can or should be used as a panacea or cure-all for economic difficulties."

Here is strangeness. Bankers, farmers, demagogues, moneyphobes, and the economic fantast, all coming to one point on the McNary-Haugen idea, which is the idea that the Government shall buy the surplus of farm products, dump it in foreign markets until there is just enough left to satisfy American wants, and then raise prices within the country to a point that will make agriculture profitable.

Well, it was just such a motley of interests, all bearing one way for different reasons, that did at length move the McNary-Haugen Bill through Congress, to be vetoed by the President; and it was not until the bankers of the agricultural regions were persuaded to it that any such bill could pass. What persuaded the bankers?

Repetitions in Farm History

WHAT the bankers have wanted was anything to increase the price of land again, even though it should be legislation which as legislation they might believe to be unsound. It was unwise banking that had involved them in the postwar land panic, just as clearly as it had been unwise borrowing that involved the farmer in it. Of the two, the banker was generally much more to blame; so, in the sequel, demanding to be saved by legislation from the consequences of his unwisdom, he has much less to plead than the farmer.

"It may be well to point out," said the Secretary of Agriculture to the President in 1924, "that farmers were not the cause, but the victims of the land speculation which carried land values in some regions up to impossible heights in 1919 and 1920. The land boom was nourished mainly by business men and bankers in the country towns."

That is the wide story. Bad banking, inflation of land values, speculation, panic, deflation, distress of agriculture, and then the demand for relief by legislation named always farm relief, and meaning in analysis, relief first of the distressed landholders.

What happened in Iowa was what happened generally in the agricultural regions of the South, Southwest, West and Northwest. The picture is framed in Iowa. So it might be in any one of a number of states, with only this difference: That in Iowa all the extensions are plus, all the details are self-magnified. Moreover, it is Iowa—the farmers, the business people, the bankers and the politicians of Iowa—who shaped the ingenious and subtle idea of relief now tormenting national politics.

The lessons of history, of course, are for the undertaker. They fit beautifully after the fact and so clothe the corpse of another experience. And yet, knowing Iowa, wouldn't you think she might have remembered the Civil War and what it did to her agriculture? At that time her crop was wheat. Making wheat on the virgin prairie to sell for three dollars a bushel was bonanza. Said the Prairie Farmer in 1864: "There must be something radically wrong with the farmer who does not now free himself from debt. Every cultivated product bears a remunerative price."

But instead of freeing themselves from debt, the farmers of Iowa, like farmers generally, went more heavily into debt, mainly for the purpose of acquiring more land. For two years after the war prices continued very high. In 1867 wheat sold at $3.50 a bushel. Three years later it

was worth only eighty cents. Then panic, bankruptcy, foreclosure and widespread distress. All this has been repeated, history for history.

But there is history also that cannot be repeated. From the fall that occurred in 1870 there was no recovery. For thirty years it seemed impossible for agricultural prices to rise again. The reason was that the breaking open of free land farther and farther West was causing to be produced a continuous and uncontrollable surplus of agricultural commodities—especially wheat, which is the first crop from virgin soil. Iowa joined in the clamor for relief by legislation, sometimes led it, thinking the distress of agriculture was owing to such things as dear money, high freight rates and board-of-trade gambling. All the same, whatever she thought, she did radically change the character of her farming. She went out of wheat into corn, hogs and cattle; and that was what gave her the great foundation.

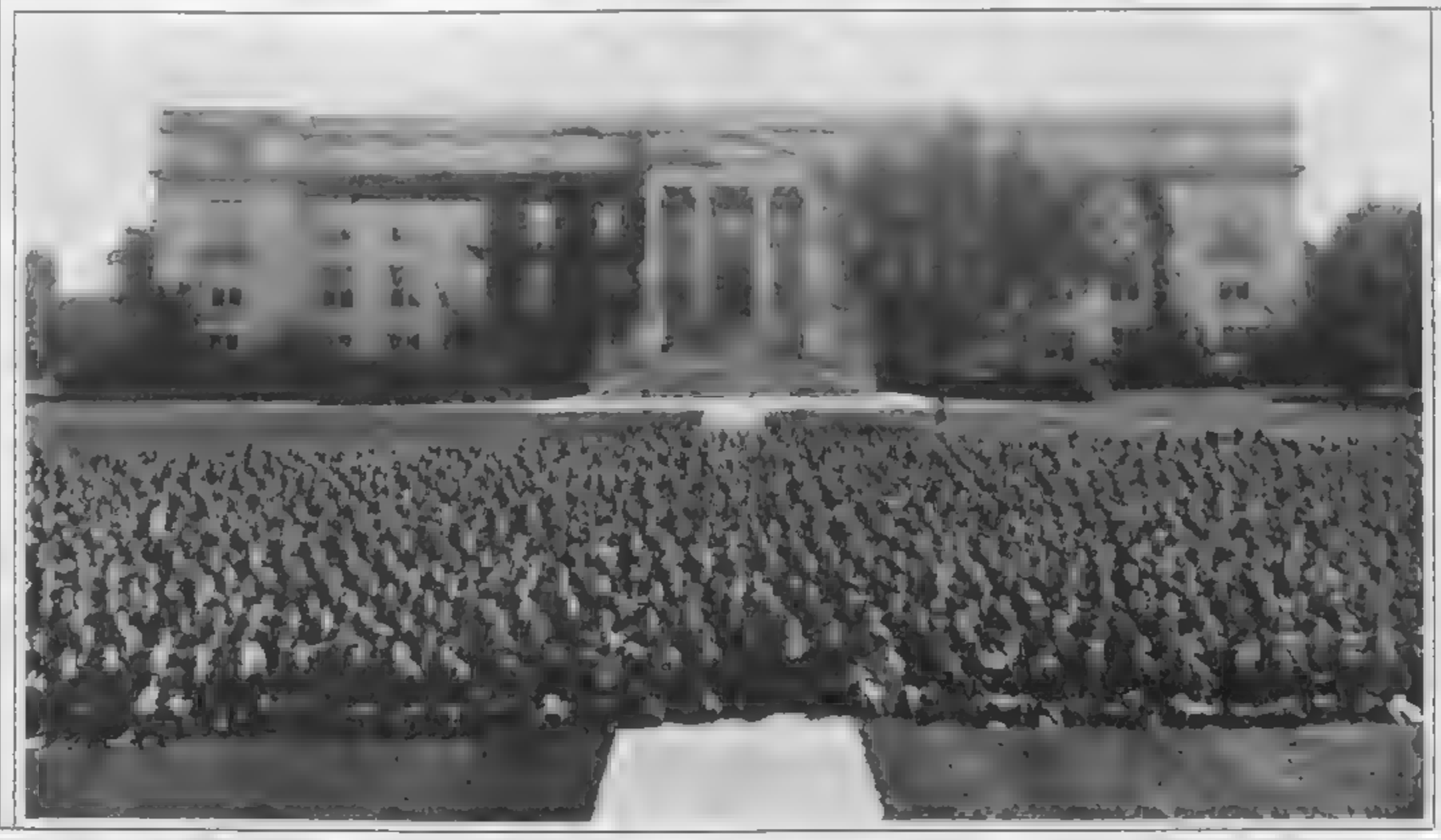
Acreage Increases in Spite of Surplus

EACH fresh impulse of westward railroad building affected agriculture in an unfortunate manner—especially older agriculture—by tapping new sources of surplus production. You might think the Western farmers for whom the railroads were making outlets to market had prospered. It was not so. Their additions to the surplus caused prices to go lower until wheat was worth less than fifty cents a bushel and there was no profit for anybody. These effects became acute about 1890. In that year the governor of Iowa said it had been proved by official investigation in his state that for five years the price of corn had been less than the cost of producing it.

There was the same way of thinking then as now—that agriculture ought to be profitable as such, that the price of farm products ought to be higher than the cost of production, and that the Government ought to see to it. The controlling fact was all the time so big and clear that almost nobody could see it. That was the fact that farm acreage and, therefore, farm production increased faster than the population.

Why did farm acreage increase though there was no profit in farming? Because the land was free. Possession of the land was the farmer's compensation. If he could hold it, though he farmed it for a while at a loss, in the end he would win; and he did.

Hogs, a Product of Iowa



The Agricultural Division of the Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa

As the last of the free arable land came into view the urge to possess it became very great, so that even as late as in the decade 1890 1900 the acreage of farm land per capita—that is, the total farm acreage divided by the total population continued to increase. That was the end. It has been falling ever since; and never again can it increase faster than the population. Regard the figures. The area of farm land per capita in 1900 was 11 acres, in 1910 it was 9.5 acres, in 1920 it was 9 acres, in 1925 it was 8 acres.

Fundamentally the farm problem is solved. Population will go on increasing; the increase of farm land will be less and less—and progressively more expensive—until it is nil. Never again such a thing as adding 215,000,000 acres of land to the farm area in ten years. That was what occurred between 1890 and 1900. After 1900 the growth of population began to be faster than the increase of farms. Then the land began to rise

The Rise in Iowa Farm Values

WHILE 215,000,000 acres of land were adding to the farm area of the country from 1890 to 1900, the average value of farm real estate declined from $21.31 an acre to $19.81. The rise thereafter was like this:

YEAR	AVERAGE VALUE OF FARM REAL ESTATE PER ACRE
1900	$19.81
1910	[illegible]
1920	[illegible]
1925	53.57

From the low value of 1900 to the high value of 1920 was an increase of 250 per cent. And the deflated post-panic value of $53.57 an acre in 1925 was still an increase of 170 per cent over the value as of 1900.

But in Iowa, still according to the census, the value of land went like this

YEAR	AVERAGE VALUE OF IOWA FARM LAND PER ACRE
1900	$36.35
1910	[illegible]
1920	[illegible]
1925	111.47

A Modern Iowa Dairy Barn

(Continued on Page 181

LOST ECSTASY

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Kay Would Urge the Horses Ahead, and Once More on the Crown of the Road the Wagon Would Jolt Along

XXVII

IT IS probable that Henry Dowling would have accepted Kay's death with submission and Christian fortitude, would have pictured her, or tried to do so, among the blessed company of the saints, and—having been thus assured of the impeccable nature of her surroundings—have settled down to tender memories and a cherished grief. But she had left him no such solace. By sheer violence, alternating with cold contempt, he bore down Katherine's feeble arguments.

"All we have! Of course she's all we have! You don't think that helps matters, do you? She knew that, and yet she chose this circus clown, this farm yokel, this ——"

Or again, in a more temperate mood:

"She'll come back; don't worry about that. I only hope to God she doesn't come back pregnant and expect us to raise the fellow's child. That's what usually happens."

He faced his world with suspicion and distrust. Not that he had ever been too sanguine about it; it had a way of enjoying the discomfiture of others. And who should know that better than Henry himself? But he carried it rather far, even for him, held his head very high and took to watching the faces of the men he met on the streets, in business, at his clubs. One or two of them, absently passing him by at that time, were bewildered to find that they had somehow incurred his enmity.

He had made a new will. "Not a dollar of my money to my daughter's husband," he said, setting his jaw. "If she leaves him and divorces him, all right; if not ——"

The estate was to go in trust to his wife and later to his old university.

"I know those fellows," he said grimly. "If she tries to break the will they'll fight her to kingdom come. Charities are different; they can't very well bid too hard; and, anyhow, they haven't the guts." He had got that word from Bessie.

Immediately Bessie Osborne made a will of her own, and having done so wandered into his office and told him about it. After which she proceeded to inspect herself in a small mirror and waited for the storm to break with her usual placidity. It did break, and in the midst of it he looked up to find her making the most hideous grimaces at him. He was startled into silence.

"Sorry," she said, smiling at him. "I'd forgotten my facial exercises for today. Toning the muscles, you know. Well, go on."

He never quite recovered his former speed after that. When she got up to go she might have been listening to a rather stupid lecture for all the effect it had had on her. She drew her wrap about her and picked up her bag.

"How splendid it must be always to know you are right!" she said brightly. "You and God Almighty—like old What's-his-Name, the Kaiser." She surveyed him. "It's rather a pity I got all father's humor and his wickedness, isn't it?—and you only got his virtues. A little sin would have helped you, Henry." Then she wandered out.

But if she had her father's humor and what she called his wickedness, she also had a bit of that clear hard brain of his which had mixed up men, their actions and reactions, to the making of his fortune. She knew that her check had not been cashed and that Kay had been right about her cowboy. Then the fellow must have more than a handsome face. He certainly had the intestinal investiture Henry had referred to.

But Bessie's sympathies at that time were divided. Herbert had come out of the affair with a dignity she had hardly expected. He had neither withdrawn himself nor assumed an attitude of artificial indifference. Now and then she saw him on the golf links, apparently intent on his game, or even once in a while at a club dance. If he added little to the gayety at such times, he never had done so. He was as carefully dressed as ever, as temperate, as courteous. She knew her brother had carried out his promise and that he had been moved up in the business somewhere, and she sometimes wondered if Herbert was finding consolation in that.

Then one night she had a talk with him, and liked him better than she ever had, as a result. She found him alone on the terrace of the club, lighting a cigarette, and promptly appropriated both it and him.

"I haven't seen you for ever so long. Why don't you stop in?"

He lighted another cigarette for himself before he answered: "I couldn't come whining for sympathy, and I was afraid that's what I would do."

"Nonsense! It's better to talk these things out. That's good modern psychology."

But with the door opened in that fashion, he seemed to have little to say.

"I haven't anything buried, I think. I've tried to believe that I want her to be happy, but I can't. I suppose what I really want is for the whole thing to go smash, so that she'll come back again. Then I wonder what my own reactions would be if she did come back. You can't tell, you know." His voice trailed off vaguely, as though he was reviewing some old and painful train of thought. "It isn't only because she's been married, or not entirely. It's because she stood us up, McNair and me, side by side, and—he was the better man; for her, anyhow."

"It wasn't so deliberate as that, Herbert."

"Perhaps not; but that doesn't help, does it? He had some attraction for her that I didn't have. Not just looks, probably. She's too intelligent for that. Something fundamental, like—like a chemical affinity. That sounds queer, but you know what I mean."

Bessie nodded. "Cause of all the trouble in the world," she said succinctly. "Cyrano, for instance."

"Cyrano had a mind."

"Don't be too sure McNair hasn't. He's nobody's fool, I imagine."

"A man who spends his life among cattle!"

"Well, it takes brains to raise cattle," she said shrewdly. "My father did it, you know."

He had no answer to that, and she left him there lighting a fresh cigarette. The match flare showed him white and absorbed.

Perhaps had Katherine been in better health she would have asserted herself more, but she was overborne by her husband's anger and too weak to combat it. She was a sick woman, more ill than even Henry knew, or perhaps he would not have kept Kay's letter from her or forbidden her to write. She had accepted this pronunciamento as she had accepted others during all her married life, but her obedience this time was helped by her ignorance. She did not know where Kay was; before Bessie's visit she had known none of the details of Tom's injury; and even Bessie could only say that they meant to go West, that they had apparently no plans. At night, sleepless in her bed, she composed touching little epistles full of the things she had always been too shy to say, but with the morning her courage and her strength departed, and there was Henry, grimly insistent on her silence and even watching her with furtive, suspicious eyes.

There had been a terrible day when Nora, red-eyed and smelling of moth preventive, came into her bedroom and handed a bunch of keys to Henry.

"That's all, is it?" he inquired. "You haven't left anything out?"

"You can come and look," said Nora with a sort of suppressed savagery. "And here's the list."

That had been Kay's clothes. The presents had been sent back long ago.

Life went on for Katherine. People came and went. Sometimes she went downstairs and served tea, and it was quite like old times—without Kay, of course. The Sargent painting of Kay in her presentation clothes still hung on the wall; Henry had thought it would be conspicuous to remove it: but when he was in the room, Katherine did not look at it. Little things like that upset him those days.

Now and then she was ill—terribly ill. A pain began in her chest and ran down her left arm, her heart beat like a fluttering bird and a cold sweat broke out all over her. It terrified her. She could stand the pain better than the terror. Then it would pass, and there would be Henry, strangely gentle and very pale. That would have been the time to talk to him about Kay, but she was always too weak to speak. And when she tried to he would bend over her, still white and shaken, and say, "Hush now. Don't talk. Just close your eyes and rest."

The terror was that she would die before she had said to Kay the things she had been too shy to say all those years.

Then one day Henry opened his copy of the Ursula paper—his subscription had not yet run out—and read that Tom McNair had come back, bringing a wife with him—"the late Miss Katherine Dowling." He rang for Rutherford and ordered the paper taken out and destroyed, and that night in his library he wrote a letter by hand and marked it personal and confidential.

My dear Tulloss: Probably long before this you have learned what has occurred in my family. I need not enlarge on it. You will know what a shock and disappointment we have had. Scandal, too, I regret to say, but that is comparatively unimportant.

Before I make the request which is the purpose of this letter, let me make my position clear. I do not regard my daughter's marriage to this cowboy as a permanent thing. I know her. It is the result of a brief infatuation, of romantic nonsense picked up God knows how last summer, and of her own imagination. I fancy, too, that the stimulation of the altitude —— But that is not pertinent. As I say, I know her. She has always had everything, and more. She is both fastidious and luxurious. If this fellow has not already destroyed her illusions about him, he soon will. Her pride will carry her on for a time after that, but not long.

It is with this conviction that I am writing you. I want you to be cruel to be kind. She may come to you, or he may, for help of some kind. I am asking you to refuse any such application if it is made. Believe me, I have given this careful thought. I am fully convinced that her entire future life will depend on the position we take now

I understand that McNair has been injured and is not likely to be able to go back to his old employment. He may have had a little money when they started back to Ursula, but probably not much. When this is exhausted the real test will come, and it is of that time that I am writing you now. I beg you to stand by me.

My regards to Mrs. Tulloss. I am sorry to say that my wife is far from well. It looks like angina pectoris, and we are gravely concerned.

Sincerely yours,
HENRY DOWLING.

XXVIII

LITTLE DOG had not yet come back to the reservation, although shortly after he had shot Tom he had left the show. And little by little Tom's thoughts of revenge died before the situation in which he found himself. Once he came back with the news that he could get work at the new filling station near the railroad, but he found Kay opposed to it and oddly anxious to get out of town.

"You're a good cowman, Tom. All these men say that. Then why ——"

"You can't run cattle unless you've got cattle to run, girl. I've tried every outfit in the country."

He went on doggedly, borrowed cars and made his long trips into the back country, over roads now deep in dust; coming back at night or the next day, disheartened and weary, from a region drying up and desolate, and from ranchers as discouraged as himself. The streams were low and getting lower, the pastures were baked as hard as brick, and the grass—the life of the cow country—had ceased to grow and lay brown and burned in the fields.

He was bitter sometimes. Bill, coming to call on them and relaxing after a time, told some railroad stories of old Lucius Dowling and the billion-dollar crowd he had brought with him one summer.

"Sure was a great old man, your grandfather," he said to Kay. "Why, say, it wasn't anything for those fellows to bet a thousand dollars on the turn of a card!"

(Continued on Page 50

There Were Evenings When the Sun Had Gone Down They Sat Hand in Hand on the Step of the Narrow Porch, and Sometimes Talked and Sometimes Were Silent

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 28, 1927

Our Changing Country

ONE of the most agreeable pastimes these days is to enumerate the causes of existing prosperity. Two related factors rather commonly overlooked are the greatly increased variety of industries and their wider geographical distribution. Factories are of more kinds than before, and they are found in more places. Prosperity has more sides to it than formerly.

Agriculture is associated in the public mind with depression, and industry with profits and good fortune. But the manufacturing of the by-products of agriculture is on the increase. Chemistry and invention find new processes for foodstuffs. Culls are not thrown away so much as in earlier days, but are carted to the by-product plant. The cooperative fruit growers' associations have their research departments discovering new uses for various crops, and usually a new use means another process which is essentially industrial rather than agricultural.

We think of Iowa as solely a farming state. But its approximately thirty-five hundred factories turned out a product of eight hundred million dollars in 1926. The South, so long given over to cotton, is being industrialized by leaps and bounds. This is reflected in the growth of its cities—Atlanta, Birmingham, Louisville, Chattanooga, Memphis, New Orleans, and others. Thus a great new market is being created for the rest of the country.

To some extent textile mills have left New England for the South. But New England has a wealth of activities. It will always excel in many lines. Surely the gain to the country as a whole from the modernization of the South far exceeds the relatively small loss involved in the partial textile shift from the Northeast.

As manufacturing becomes more evenly distributed throughout the land let us hope that it may abate sectional lines. With industries developing alongside agriculture it can hardly be said that the Central West and the South are the victims of industry. Nor is agriculture a dead issue in the Northeastern seaboard states. A wholesome rural life in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and Connecticut is a needed balancing factor in those commonwealths.

It is a commonplace to say that the East depends upon the West and the West upon the East. The mutuality of interest has not always been easy to trace. But the fact is that common interests are increasing, for the obvious reason that all sections are getting their share of industry, with its miraculous wealth-creating powers.

The Price of Good Health

WITH all the notable advances in medical science, there is still a sneaking suspicion on the part of the laity that physicians fail to do enough for their patients. "Doctors never do anything," is a complaint so often heard. Methods of diagnosis and treatment are improving, but much yet lies in the realm of the unknown.

In considering this broad general question of health and disease, the fact is commonly overlooked that treatment and diagnosis depend to a large extent upon the intelligence of the patient. In the consulting room character or its absence is revealed: and no physician yet pretends to treat for lack of character.

Rich foundations are appropriating large sums to study the common cold. We do not pretend to know anything about its cause, but we can make a suggestion for its control, a suggestion that will not cost a penny, and if adopted might save years of research: If people who have colds would stay home and refrain from attending meetings, dinners, teas and gatherings in general, the harm done by the common cold would be decidedly less.

Scarlet fever and other children's diseases are said to lead to heart disease in middle life. If all children with a suspicious cold, and later on a rash, were kept at home and away from playmates, the dread toll of death would be less. There are many automobilists who inveigh loudly against road hogs in other cars, but are quite complacent when they themselves take more than their share of the road. In the same way many a mother cannot understand why other mothers allow children with a rash to go to school, but when their own children are ailing—why, that's another story.

In no small measure the conquest of disease and the spread of health depend upon the spread of unselfishness, which is slow. Also it is partly a question of values. There are people who will not spend enough money to be well. There are women who would spend fifty dollars for a new dress and balk at half that amount for a new pair of glasses. There are many men as well as women who would rather look well than feel well. In any case the prevention of disease and the maintenance of health are more than functions of the doctor. They require more than medical science can ever provide.

Wastebasket Government

IN ITS century and a half of expansion the executive branch of the Federal Government has become a jumbled mass, as one student of the subject has said, with "competent executives and administrators striving in a maze to carry out the law." From time to time a few improvements and simplifications are effected in the general scheme, but with extreme slowness and caution.

Haste in making changes for the mere sake of change would be fatal. Yet a little more vigor in the work of reorganization need be feared by no one. At the very least a small part of the mountain of red tape is fairly certain to be eliminated. The general direction which reorganization should take is clear enough, although details are involved in considerable controversy. The Department of the Interior is a curious hodgepodge of bureaus which apparently have fitted in nowhere else. In addition to having charge of Alaska, of the unreserved public domain, of all Indian reservations, of national parks and of reclamation projects, this department also includes the Bureaus of Pensions and of Education.

Likewise the Department of Agriculture has grown to extraordinary proportions, although more logically. Besides a great number of bureaus which quite naturally belong to such a department, we find that the Bureau of Public Roads comes under Agriculture. Another bureau of extreme importance bears the name of the Forest Service. Forestry, it is true, must become a form of agriculture, but the question arises whether it does not fit more suitably under a slightly different classification—that of conservation of the natural resources.

But this is not all the jumble. Public buildings come under the Treasury Department; and a vast amount of government engineering work which the engineers of the country regard as of primarily a civil nature, such as river and harbor improvement, is done by the War Department.

It is entirely logical therefore that various engineering bodies should suggest a new department—that of Public Works. It would take over public buildings, river and harbor improvements and public roads, which activities are now separated in three different departments.

But should this new department have added to its title the word "Domain," thus absorbing from the Interior and Agricultural departments the public lands and such bureaus as the Geological Survey, Reclamation, National Parks and National Forests? Or should another department, that of Conservation, be created to care for all the forest, park, wild life and land resources which still on such a large scale belong to the Federal Government?

The public works, or engineering, and the conservation viewpoints are not identical. Each is a valuable contribution to national growth and welfare. But to unload on one new department all the bureaus which are now extraneous to the work of or constitute a jumble in the Treasury, War, Agricultural and Interior departments would be merely to repeat the present error, and for less excusable reasons.

There is quite enough in the way of public works to keep the engineers busy without combining therewith the entire stewardship for conservation policies. We believe that the forests, parks and unreserved public lands, with their oil and mineral resources, require in their handling a different point of view from that which is suited to the construction of public buildings, highways and harbor improvements.

There are authorities on Indian affairs who believe that inside another generation the Indian Bureau, which belongs to the Interior Department, will not be needed. This department has been used and quite generally looked upon as a receiver of government property and activities which could not be allocated elsewhere. That the department has had able administrators does not alter the fact. It takes ability to fuse any sense of function and consistency into unrelated services. Perhaps the time will come when receivership activities can be wound up and others turned over to departments with more organic unity.

The efficiency of the Interior Department and of its bureaus is not in question. Historically, it has been used as a wastebasket—a fact which no one can describe more humorously than at least one of its recent heads. But government should follow the line of function wherever possible. Other things being equal, we assume the best government is that with a natural, simple and logical organization.

Step Up to the Captain's Office

THE American Red Cross is staggering gallantly along under the tremendous burden suddenly thrust upon it by the Mississippi floods. The great populations affected and the vast areas over which they are spread have made the work of relief a gigantic undertaking. Financial assistance has come from every state in the Union, and substantial sums have been raised; but more money is needed. If there are still any Americans in even moderately easy circumstances who have not stepped up to the captain's office with a proper contribution for the handling of this national calamity, they should do so without delay. Checks may be sent to local branches or to the main office in Washington, D. C. The more distant from the scene of disaster the home of the giver, the more loudly his contribution will proclaim his sense of our national brotherhood.

It is to be earnestly hoped that the devastating lesson now thrust upon the country will make a sufficiently deep impression to cause the early adoption of some great and comprehensive program for flood control. Even with favoring legislation and ample funds, the problem has no easy solution. Engineering authorities should get together and outline a definite plan which they are all ready to back to the limit.

HOW PROSPEROUS ARE WE?

By Chester T. Crowell

LIVING in the richest country on earth offers a puzzling spectacle, replete with contradictions, to the ordinary man or woman whose normal activities do not call for daily perusal of the financial pages of a big-city newspaper. Of course if he or she is interested in the larger financial operations there recorded the evidence that this really is the richest country on earth becomes overwhelming. Our gold reserve alone would prove the fact. But most persons have no such interest. Neither do the majority of our population receive such news daily. They do not live in the greater cities; they live in small towns and in the country. When Mr. Smith, whose comfortable but modest home is on the outer edge of a municipality of 5000 population, walks downtown he does not see any of the neighbors lighting their cigars with five-dollar bills; nor one-dollar bills either. On the contrary, he probably knows of one or two of them who are out of work and perhaps another whose note at the bank is overdue. In other words, life seems to be going on just about as usual. If his living is dependent upon the sale of some commodity he knows that the market for it is still confined by certain economic barriers: People can't buy if they haven't got the money. And no matter how rich the country may be according to statistics, those barriers remain. They may move; they probably have moved within the past ten years, but they haven't disappeared. There are still many people who haven't got the money to buy. And, moreover, he expected ten years ago that those barriers would move outward as time passed, so he isn't overwhelmed by the fact that they have done so.

I live in a little town of about 5000 population, a very pretty town, and somewhat beyond what I should estimate as average wealth. It is only about thirty miles from New York City, and such towns tend to become suburbs of the metropolis. There are quite a number of beautiful homes round about that do not represent the investment of money acquired in that town. But there are also prosperous local industries, the larger ones quite old and well established. The town itself is old and well established. One sees that at a glance. It looks substantial. There is no tenement district, nor any section made up of row after row of small houses of identical lines and dimensions. On the whole, it is about the last place I should ever think of going if I were looking for the poor. And yet, they are here in quite amazing numbers. Amazing, that is, when one considers appearances. Our local school nurse is a woman of keen understanding and she has a way of finding out things that do not obtrude themselves upon the rest of us; every year she manages to get word out where it will do the most good that donations of children's clothing, not too badly worn, will be acceptable. The donations come in generously; children outgrow their clothing as well as outwear it. She can dispose of more than she receives. It is really urgently needed, and yet I don't believe anyone driving through the town would ever think so.

Several months ago a clinic for children was opened. It seemed to many persons a rather doubtful undertaking, probably unnecessary, possibly inadvisable. But babies were brought there by the dozens. Naturally some of the mothers who came ought to have made appointments with doctors in the regular way and at the regular rates. That always happens. Nevertheless, this clinic disclosed the fact that there really were many babies in need of medical attention who had not been getting it because their parents either couldn't afford, or thought they couldn't afford, the cost. It was all rather puzzling to at least one casually interested onlooker. One inevitably tries to balance such facts against the visible evidences of mounting prosperity and reach some sort of answer. A few years ago we had only one barber shop in the town and now we have three—or is it four? And all of them are larger than the original one and very much busier. Also there are beauty parlors, another recent growth. The motion-picture theater is crowded nearly every night. A few years ago there was only one drug store; now there are three, and all doing well. No commensurate growth of population accounts for all this. The drug stores, for example, deal mostly in articles classed as luxuries. If they tried to exist on the profits accruing from remedies for measles and rheumatism all three of them would soon be out of business. These represent new ways of spending money, and why should people invent new ways of spending money unless they have more to spend?

(Continued on Page 170)

LEFT-OVERS

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Notes of a Traveler

IN MY opinion
Our fair dominion
Is quite as good as it seems:
The trees are blowing,
The men are sowing,
The boys are fishing the streams.

The mountains steeple;
The folk that people
The plains and valleys below
Are ten times nicer
Than Lewis, Dreiser,
And Sherwood Anderson know.

—Arthur Guiterman.

The Boys Grow Older

THE boy who used to charge his mother eleven cents for a loaf of bread—one cent for running to the store—became a renowned banker.

The boy who tied cans to the tails of every dog and cat in the neighborhood became an officer in The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The boy who always flunked penmanship and spelling in school became the country's best-known sky writer.

The boy whose pockets contained a miscellaneous assortment of stamps, picture cards, tops, marbles, pieces of string and rusted knives became a famous collector of antiques.

But the boy who always liked to hear himself speak and who never could be silenced—he grew up and became a prominent radio announcer. *—Arthur L. Lippmann.*

Sightseer From Mars in the Year 3000: "They Must Have Been Thoroughly Stupid People to Have Destroyed the Only Institutions Through Which They Could Have Survived"

Waste

I WONDER if promoters do have souls.
They take a sleepy little seashore town,
Destroy the quiet of its drowsy charm
By advertising, "Come to Redwood Gables,
The paradise of your vacation dreams!"
They level off the dunes and holly groves,
Fell noble cedars, veterans of storm,
Lay waste the thickets where the birds abound,
From rubythroat to flashing cardinal;
They mask the meadow's green and gold and silver
With dull gray channel mud and sand and slime,
Till there is neither dream nor paradise,
But ruin, futile waste and commonplace.
They scatter flimsy shacks in ugly rows,
Incongruous, as though a giant hand
Had wearied of its toys and dropped them there;
Then, round the tawdry houses, for a lure,
They plant hydrangeas, cultivated flowers,
Neat little privet hedges. Are they blind
To any sense of Nature's harmony,
Or are their lives forever circumscribed
By hedges and by lines of picket fence?
I wonder if promoters do have souls!

—John R. Swain.

There Goes the Bride

THE ardent young suitor who had proposed and been accepted wanted to have the wedding very soon.

"Don't you think we had better wait until bridesmaids are cheaper, dear? I've always longed for a big church wedding," said the lady of his choice.

"That may be years," he protested. "They're going up steadily. They now get a diamond bracelet, clothes and found."

"I can remember when the whole miserable system began," the girl sighed. "Bridesmaids in London started demanding fees. They said they had to buy their own dresses and hats and only got some trifling trinket out of the affair. Their strongest kick was that continued service spoiled their own chances. 'Often a bridesmaid, never a bride.'"

"They certainly are independent now, and rich in their own right," the prospective bridegroom answered. "Did you read the bids on bridesmaids over there at the last auction at Christie's?"

"They brought huge prices," the girl admitted sadly. "I'm afraid father could not afford more than two for me, with possibly a bargain matron of honor."

"Even that would probably stagger him. And think of my side of it," the young man pleaded. "Ushers Preferred were quoted on the New York Curb Exchange this morning at three bottles of Scotch and two quarts of champagne. Ushers Common were a little lower, but cutaway hire runs the price up there."

"Oh, dear," the bride moaned. "I can remember when flower girls were satisfied with a picture of the wedding party showing them in the front rank. And now the grasping little things have to be subsidized with big presents."

"And the ring bearer!" her fiancé exclaimed. "Those lads ask and get a ten-tube radio set for about fifteen minutes' light labor."

"I'm afraid it can't be done," the bride-to-be conceded, dropping a tear for one of the big moments in a young girl's life.

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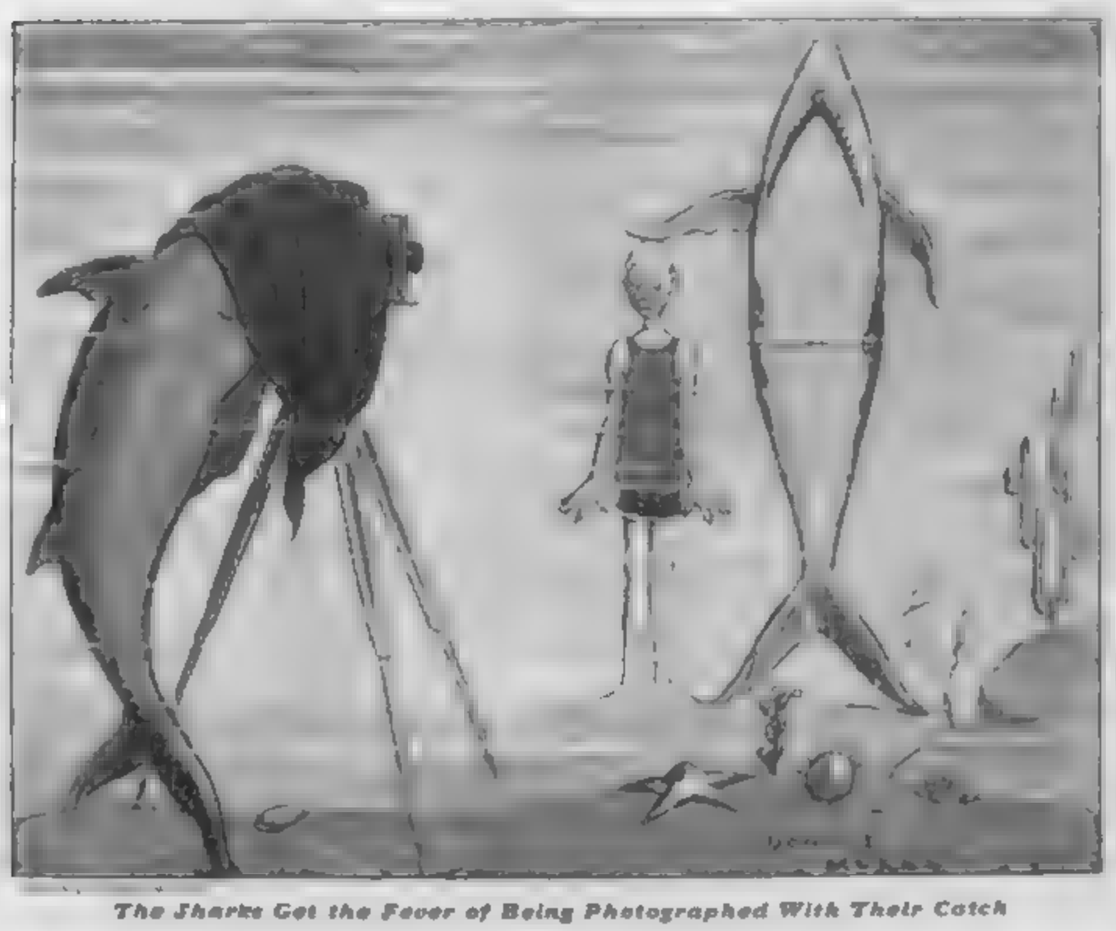

The Sharks Get the Fever of Being Photographed With Their Catch

The Group Picture. Alt: "Awfully Good of You—But Isn't It Terrible of Me?"

The beans for your outings
They're slow-cooked!

Just the beans you want to take along in your kit. So thoroughly cooked that every bean is tender, appetizing, delicious. All the rich bean "meat" made wholesome and digestible to satisfy that outdoor appetite.

Here is convenient, compact, already-cooked food. Yet the quality is so tempting that Campbell's Beans are selected for the most exacting home tables.

And such a sparkling tomato sauce! Extra relish and flavor that make Campbell's Beans the best you ever tasted—indoors and outdoors.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

SERVE HOT SERVE COLD

Campbells' BEANS

SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

OUT-OF-DOORS

Advice to Timid Tenderfeet

AN EASTERN greenhorn who knew much of suburban time-tables, elevated roads and traffic cops, but very little of the Rocky Mountains, started out for an afternoon hike. He followed an easy, winding trail that crossed a shelvy ledge on the face of Amphitheatre Mountain. It invited him to go exploring. Following the beckoning of adventure, he finally climbed and scrambled around the face of the mountain for perhaps most of a mile. Then came night, swooping down on the canyon in which Ouray, Colorado, nestles, and with it came visions to the tenderfoot of sleeping in the open, of wild catamounts that prey on weary travelers, of predacious bears that might yield to the demands of their curiosity and rip him to pieces to see what sort of sawdust had been used to stuff his hide.

PHOTO BY U. S. FOREST SERVICE

No Place for a Greenhorn!

Not two thousand feet away lay the edge of the little town of Ouray, but below him for at least eight hundred feet dropped benchy cliffs. Like the desperate dude that he was, this tourist became stampeded. The whole canyon echoed with his cries for help. He was in no actual danger, except as he might have tried to do things as he would have back in the Loop District or on Manhattan Island.

Somewhere he had read that the old rule of "Tell your troubles to a policeman," in the West was changed to "Tell your troubles to a forest ranger." Whereupon he started crying lustily for the aid of a forest man.

Answering the call and the urging of his fellow townsmen, Tom Watkins, United States forest ranger, climbed up the cliff almost directly toward the stranded tourist and in a matter of fifteen or twenty minutes after he reached him, set him safe back in Ouray.

This, of course, is an extreme case of a dude stampeded. Usually they manage to get themselves in a jackpot at some point beyond where their shouts can be heard in the main street of a town, but this one incident well illustrates what happens to the tourist who comes into the Rockies and does not adequately recognize the fact that he is no longer in the city where city rules, city habits, city instinct can guide him in his steps and actions.

Where Men are Fashion Plates

WITHIN the past few days my attention has been called to an article in the form of letters from a woman to one of her relatives, describing the terrifying experience that she and three companions had when they attempted to follow a mountain trail which probably never should have been traveled except under the leadership of a really capable old-time mountaineer. No matter how much previous experience a city dweller may have, no matter how much self-confidence, when he starts out to show the world how he can rough it he is very often headed for trouble of some sort which will give him not only mental anguish but very often definite body discomforts. It is almost always rash actions that put people in the position described in these letters. Ten to one the real danger was their state of mind rather than actual physical conditions surrounding them.

I was a greenhorn myself not more than a decade ago. I started my career with the United States Forest Service in a state of extreme verdancy. I thought a pack rat's cache was a form of currency. For four consecutive years I rode the high-country trails six months out of each year. In that time, through association with the men who know better than anyone how to live out-of-doors, a little sense was hammered into my own head.

After reading the story of the party marooned on the glacier, after recalling the experience of Tom Watkins, forest ranger, after thinking of the toll Long's Peak takes from the ranks of amateur and even professional mountain climbers, I am persuaded that there may be some value in solemnly warning city dwellers who look forward to getting into the Western open spaces during the coming season.

The first fool thing that you can do is to get yourself up like the cover to a Wild West magazine. When a rider on the trails in the Western hills sees someone in a cerise shirt, orange chaps, a six-gallon hat, and with a brace of high-powered baby cannon strapped on his hip, he knows that this spectacle is one of two things: He is either a professional performer at some rodeo far from home, or a dude roughing it.

One of the most picturesque cowboys I ever met was a dude wrangler at a Wyoming dude ranch. Ress Phillips and I were out on the range above Soldier Park and stopped at a dude ranch. This young fellow came riding in with his clinking spurs, flaring chaps with clubs, diamonds, hearts and spades worked on them in silver, and a tremendous hat that might have served as a tent for a dog-and-pony show in an emergency. It didn't take a second look to see that he was not the genuine Westerner. His whole rig-up shouted the fact. He was too good to be true.

"Where are you from?" asked Ress.

"I'm a dude wrangler and cow-puncher at the X Ranch," said the boy.

"Yah, but where from—what part of the East originally?" asked Ress.

The Green Leading the Greener

THE boy looked at the forest supervisor for a moment and saw that a bluff would not carry—that he had been spotted as a rank dude.

"From Iowa," he replied. "Been out here about two weeks."

Ress grinned at me. "Thought so," he remarked.

That fellow was actually guiding greener dudes than he over back country trails—a case of the blind leading the blind!

Another dude stands out in my recollection as typifying this sort of freak dress outfit. He was a youngster from Ohio, who displayed a six-inch bowie knife, a broad cartridge belt with a heavy automatic in the holster, and all the rest of the hardware usually carried by the bad man in the movies. He could be spotted for a wild tourist as far as the eye could see.

Most of the Western men who ride the back-country trails dress in clothes that best serve them in their daily life. Jumper, flannel shirt, leather vest, slicker, a moderately wide-brimmed hat, but not a rodeo style, copper-riveted overalls and riding boots are their usual dress. If you are coming West to go on a pack trip or live at a dude ranch, you are going to be spotted as a dude in spite of anything that you do, and the quickest way to proclaim yourself is to try to dress up according to Wild West magazines and the movies. Leave your artillery at home. The only use it serves in the hills is to signal in case you get lost. If you yearn to be a gunman, go back to Chicago. We're peaceable out here.

An ordinary old business suit, or a pair of O. D. army breeches with flannel shirt and laced boots that are not too high, is a sensible outfit to start with. Sweater coat, leather vest, a moderately broad-brimmed hat, lightweight underwear with long sleeves and legs, and light wool socks are other parts of the clothes equipment of the person who wishes to live out-of-doors in the Western hills. Don't worry about your regular camp equipment if you are going out with a good guide, for he should have the gumption to attend to that properly. If you are going out on your own hook—don't. Or at least get the advice of the United States Forest Service man or the National Park Service authorities as to what should be taken on a camp trip. And don't put your trust in any guide or his say-so, unless you know he is qualified. *(Continued on Page 134)*

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A He-Man Sport, This Mountain Climbing

S W I F T

Women who understand the art of combining flavors, especially value the rich, distinctive taste of Premium Ham. Many unusual and tempting dishes can be easily prepared by simple variations of these usual methods of cooking: baking the butt, frying or broiling the center slices, boiling the shank. That is why so many women buy the *whole* Premium Ham cut three ways as shown above.

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Swift & Company

THE ZEPPELINS

By ERNST A. LEHMANN AND HOWARD MINGOS

Count Zeppelin's First Ship, the LZ-1, 1900

BECAUSE of the high altitudes at which they were compelled to operate while attacking enemy centers, it was difficult for the Zeppelin observers to bring back an accurate estimate of the havoc wrought by their bombs. Clouds and mist more often than not lay between the raiders and the surface. All hands were invariably so occupied, each with his own individual task, that the critical moments passed without much thought being given to the results. A bomb, once sent spinning down through space, was gone; its course could not be changed. Nothing could alter the situation after the bombing officer had pushed his finger against the button which snapped open a catch and released the aerial explosive. But once in a while certain conditions afforded plenty of opportunities to view the cataclysm below.

It was on a blustering wintry night early in March, 1916, that a lookout, shivering at his lonely post on a British patrol ship, heard the droning of engines and propellers approaching over the North Sea. Other vessels near by caught the sound simultaneously. A score of searchlights flashed out over the water and up for a mile and a half, where their beams broke against the cloud banks scurrying below a freezing northwest wind. Some went through the clouds where they were thinnest. There above the sea of heavy mist three Zeppelins were fighting their way headlong against the upper gale which was striving mightily to push them back to Germany. Guns barked on all the surface craft. Shrapnel went whining into the clouds, only to fall short of the targets. The Zeppelins continued on toward England.

Near Flamborough Head one, the L-11, turned northward along the coast line, which was easily followed, because the earth lay under a heavy white blanket of snow and its border marked the dark waters which beat against the shore. It was a bitter night even on the surface. The highways were impassable. Wires were down. The sudden storm had brought not only snow but hail and sleet. None would have suspected the Germans of taking their Zeppelins out on such a night. The truth was that the Germans themselves would not have gone out had they known the sort of weather they were to encounter.

Guided by Bomb Flashes

IN THE air the varying temperatures, now thawing, now freezing, had soon cloaked the L-11 in an icy mantle which weighted her down, and with her heavy load of bombs, made it almost impossible to keep the ship at a safe height above the hostile land. It was all her crew could do to remain a mile up, and this was rather low if they were spotted by the surface batteries. Still the L-11 cruised on. All the water ballast was dropped. The men in the engine cars kept close watch on their motors. They might be called upon at any moment to run full throttle in order to dart out of enemy range. The wind was giving considerable trouble. Captain Schuetze had set out to attack the naval establishments at Rosyth, Scotland. Finding the wind against him, he had decided to change his program and strike at the munitions works in Middlesbrough, England. But the wind was then blowing at fifty-four miles an hour. It practically equaled the strength of the Zeppelin. Thick, heavy snow commenced falling. It drifted into the engine cars and filled the observation nest on top. For an hour or more Schuetze nosed against the wind and worked to keep his craft up despite the ice and snow.

At one o'clock that morning the clouds rolled past and the air cleared. Schuetze took his bearings and found that he had made no progress for hours. Again he changed his plans. The River Humber lay to the south. In the clear night air he could see it running inland like a narrow black ribbon. The great and important city of Hull lay only a few miles distant, as Schuetze knew. It was darkened to the point of invisibility, but ——

At that moment he saw a series of flashes, as if firecrackers were exploding on the very spot he had been scanning. They were bursting bombs. The L-14, which had formed one of the trio of Zeppelins on the oversea flight, was raiding Hull. Schuetze, from his cabin window on the L-11, could see the city lighted momentarily by the bursts. They gave him a clear view of the new objective. Before he could turn round and dash over Hull, however, he had more weather to combat. Mountainous banks of snow clouds drifted underneath the ship, so that he had to circle aimlessly about waiting for another lull in the storm. But let him tell the story in his official report:

"Having time enough, I remained an hour on the spot, until the clouds cleared away again; and shortly after two o'clock sent the L-11 running up for the attack. I first threw a few bombs near the city to attract the searchlights and batteries, thus leading them to disclose their exact positions. I knew that in case I missed my targets on the first run across Hull, I could not come back for another because of the velocity of the north wind. Just then the clouds parted entirely, and below I saw this picture:

"City and environs lay still and dark, completely snowed under. Straight below me everything was clearly discernible in the light shed by the stars. Streets, docks, harbor basins, warehouses and blocks of houses showed as plainly as if on a tracing. A few lights now appeared in the streets. I sent the L-11 at full speed ahead. For twenty minutes, without being molested, the bombs were placed at my direction—at first on the water front and docks.

"The first explosive shell struck a dock and knocked a big chunk out of it. The second hit and exploded on the middle of a lock in the harbor basin, and near-by buildings collapsed as if they had been made of pasteboard. From the first I saw whole structures toppling into ruins, until that section took on the appearance of an immense black crater in the snowy landscape.

"I noted another section which had been similarly treated, evidently by the bombs of the L-14. One of our bombs produced a whole series of explosions. It had struck a munitions-storage plant. Through my glasses I could see people running to and fro in the glare of the fires. The ships in the basin, the lock of which we had destroyed, were beginning to get under way. A few weak searchlights were now playing about in the sky, but they were as feeble as the stray gunfire, which was haphazard, to say the most for it.

"Upon releasing our bombs we had risen to 8000 feet, so with this advantage I saved five bombs for the near-by town of Tmmingham, where I had observed the L-14 receiving a terrific fire from the forts. Four wickedly strong searchlights greeted us above the forts, but they could not spot us, so were of no service to their big guns, which were now spurting savagely. The beams always illumined a thin layer of clouds and then left off for another search, whereas had they continued fingering past the clouds they might have struck us. At least fifty fiery incendiary projectiles came up on all sides of our ship, climbing nearly two miles. But at the dropping of our first big explosive bomb the nearest searchlight went out and all the others followed in quick succession."

April Fool's Day in the Air

"LEAVING England forty minutes after we had started the bombing, we ran into another heavy snow squall, and the wind became a hurricane. At one time it gripped the L-11 and bore her straight up 3000 feet above our mile-and-a-half cruising level. When she settled back again, the tail steering fins were jammed. Before we could balance the craft she again was tossed up for more than half a mile. Finally we got our ship on an even keel by shifting the crew back and forth, and held her there until the damage was repaired. Then one of the engines stopped. The oil and water leads had frozen. Though it remained dead, we made our home port, where we found the ship in excellent condition and ready for patrol duty immediately."

That is an instance of a twenty-six-hour flight and a successful oversea raid on enemy positions made in a winter gale eleven years ago.

A few weeks later—April first, to be exact—that same Zeppelin, L-11, was again bound for England, with London as her main objective. Over the North Sea, Captain Schuetze found himself nosing against a stiff head wind, so he steered for the shipyards on the Tyne. Warned by the radio activity from the fishing fleet over which he had passed that he might expect a warm reception, Schuetze tried his best to climb into high altitudes, but the L-11 could not be pushed above 6500 feet, despite the jettisoning of two tanks full of gasoline. This was not unusual, of course, for the temperature of the air often handicapped the airships with their heavy loads, but it was particularly dangerous for Schuetze and his crew.

Great batteries lurked along that coast, flanking the mouth of the Tyne on both sides. As the L-11 approached, all the big guns went into action at once, creating a vicious barrage which even Schuetze, for all his past success and daring, did not desire to penetrate. His altitude was too low.

The wind was blowing thirty miles an hour. In order to reach the windward position necessary for an attack, he would have to spend hours in clear atmosphere at reduced speed, and low enough to be shot full of holes by any gunner possessing fair eyesight.

Schuetze was out to play an April-fool joke on the enemy, however. He would not give up without an effort. At Sunderland there was shipping rivaling in importance that at the mouth of the Tyne. Near Sunderland were the big foundries and blast furnaces operating day and

(Continued on Page 39)

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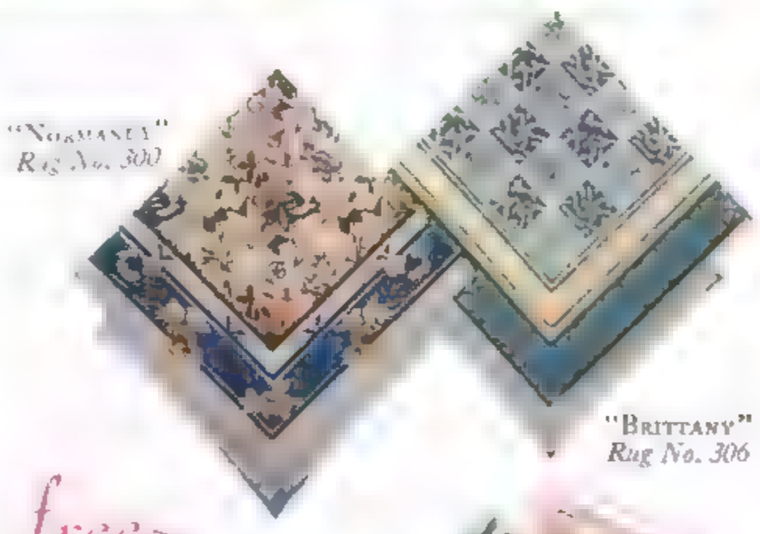

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(Continued from Page 36)

night—munitions which the Allies could hardly spare. The L-11 sped over Sunderland.

One, two, three high-explosive bombs went into the largest of the shops. Blast furnace and all split apart. As the detonation died out like the rumble of distant thunder the entire region was lighted by flames, clouded here and there by dense black smoke. But that illumination was not necessary. A whole string of factories, their lighted windowpanes indicating the night work on rush war orders, invited their own destruction. The L-11 laid her eggs as rapidly as they could be released. The buildings toppled. Streets were blown up and filled with shell craters and débris. One of the bombs sent sparks flying beyond the pall of a huge smoke cloud. Another shell was dropped immediately and it had the same volcanic effect. From the location Schuetze concluded that it must be a railway concentration point, and the peculiar results of the explosions indicated that rails, trains, engines, shops and many tons of war supplies had been demolished.

The English tried hard to reach the L-11. Their gun crews stuck to their posts knowing that each flash from the muzzles betrayed their exact position. Likewise the men on the searchlights. Experience had taught them that a Zeppelin invariably tried to obliterate both searchlights and batteries before continuing her attack. I know that some of the most remarkable heroism of the war was displayed by those British defenders who were kept on their home soil, but were nevertheless on the firing line as much as their fellows at the Front, and subject to a surprise attack whenever the Zeppelins could negotiate the aerial passage from the Continent. All told, the naval Zeppelins, of which there was an average of seventeen in commission during the year 1916, made 107 raids on the British Isles.

On that raid over Sunderland the L-11 was not touched by the enemy fire, though one big shell exploded so close to her hull that the shock felt like a direct hit. Those of you who have never participated in an aerial battle would naturally assume that the L-11 sped back to Germany after escaping the heavy fire over Sunderland, but she did not. Dodging searchlight beams all the way, the Zeppelin cruised over Middlesbrough, where two other blast furnaces received her remaining explosives, putting an end to their activities for the rest of the war.

Hurling Caution and Shrapnel to the Winds

THE L-11 arrived back at her station near Nordholz on the morning of April second. There, after an hour and a half of helping the ground force service the ship, her crew tumbled into their bunks for a good, long sleep. And the very next day they were up and out again, westward bound. Anticipating adverse temperatures, Schuetze had reduced the number of engineers, spare parts and machine guns. Even a landing rope was left behind. The fuel supply was closely calculated. Forty-five bombs were placed aboard. The L-11, leaving Germany at two o'clock in the afternoon, should have arrived over the English coast not later than 10:30 that night, but a thick haze and unfavorable winds held her up until nearly three o'clock the next morning. That made it impossible for her to reach London.

Schuetze tried to locate Norwich and failed. Though he knew the location from his maps, the town was so completely darkened that he could not see it or tell when he was passing over it. He next tried to find either Yarmouth or Lowestoft. The former seaport had been raided by Zeppelins on their first attack in January, 1915, and Schuetze thought it was time again to awaken the garrison and other inhabitants. But he could not find his target. It was only after he had started homeward and was over the sea once more that the English foolishly tried to shoot him down by firing aimlessly into the haze. Though the English gunners could not see the Zeppelin, her crew easily made out the flashes far back in the rear. The L-11 was turned about. Just as dawn was breaking she arrived directly over the batteries. Three full salvos were dropped on the defenders.

It was the same old story. Generations of artillerymen had been taught to strike first at the enemy, without regard to the subtle strategy involved. Those surface gunners paid the penalty for clinging to tradition. It required a year or two of further and often bitter experience before the Allies learned that it is best to lie quietly while a raiding airship passes overhead. It may be that she will miss her quarry. Surely there is nothing to be gained by drawing her fire unless she is low enough to assure successful firing at the outset. But then, just as we were learning to fight in the air, so were the surface forces gaining experience in dealing with the new menace.

Once more the L-11 returned to Nordholz unscathed. Again she went over England three days later. North of Hull four searchlights struck her and held on, giving the batteries a fine target in exceptionally clear air. Shrapnel burst above and below and on all sides, shaking the framework as no gale had ever done. A bomb blinded the nearest searchlight. Then L-11 turned aside to lie quietly until the bright moon went down. A rear motor went dead when a crank-shaft bearing melted. The L-11 swerved in her course to ride with the wind. Near Hartlepool the forward engine stopped.

Schuetze avoided the city and guided the ship over toward Whitby, where he had seen a big foundry running full blast. It was the famous Skinningrove works, with numerous buildings and melting shops, well lighted and covering a wide area. Schuetze placed his bombs with careful aim. The result was a scene of utter devastation. The Zeppelin did not leave until it was agreed that the entire works had been destroyed. On his return to Nordholz, Schuetze closed his report with the following paragraph:

"Returning at 10:30 A.M. the L-11 ran into thick fog and steered farther inland to facilitate the navigation. Our position could be made out and the course followed only at 150 feet altitude, until, upon the clearing of the fog, a landing was made at three P.M. at Nordholz."

That is a remarkably brief and dry account of a very frequent occurrence; one of the chief difficulties which beset the naval Zeppelins—*fog* on their return during the early morning hours. It meant hours of strenuous work, navigating and handling the ship just above the surface, with the fuel supply rapidly approaching the zero mark and the ships, on top of that, very often nearly unmanageable because of damage to their engines or gas cells. They virtually had to feel their way through the impenetrable mist, meanwhile gambling with fate, which might meet them in almost any guise.

The naval Zeppelins had not been doing all the work during those early months of 1916. The army had started the new year with seven ships, including my new LZ-90. In design it differed from its predecessors in many ways. It was of wider girth, had a finer stern and more effective rudders. We carried eight machine guns, two in each engine car, three on the fighting platform at the top of the hull and one in the stern. We also had a newly developed radio set—one of the first modern types.

A Surprise With French Compliments

IT TOOK us two months to break in the four new engines, which were calculated to give an aggregate of 960 horse power. At first the lubrication system was inadequate. Evidently the manufacturer, under the urgent demand, had released the motors prematurely. In the vernacular, he had not taken out the "bugs." We had to do it ourselves. On one flight from Hanover to Spich, a station near Cologne, all engines got out of order and for half an hour we were forced to operate our huge craft as we would have handled a free balloon.

By the end of February we had the engines running in fair condition and made an extra-long test flight. This was especially interesting, because we purposely navigated on nothing else save radio-direction findings—a common enough method today, but a rather radical innovation in 1916. A complete radio compass set had been installed in my LZ-90 and it was understood that we were to carry on a variety of experiments. The idea was to eliminate, if possible, some of the dangers attached to war operations. Until then the risk had not been so great. Even against the very violent and accurate fire of the artillery the chance of having one's ship blown to pieces or fired by a full hit was remote. There was no record of a Zeppelin having been destroyed by an explosive shell. Invariably the projectile would go through the hull, making two clean holes, possibly two in each of two gas cells. That had been all. The chief damage was caused by shrapnel, but in most cases it was confined to a few cells; therefore the ship could remain aloft and return safely.

Sometimes, however, the fragments ripped open many cells, so the ship could not be kept afloat long enough to reach home, or she made a bad emergency landing somewhere else. In such cases, though she might not be past repairing, the Zeppelin was usually condemned as obsolete. That was the year before the United States entered the war, yet improvements in design and construction were so rapid that a rigid airship was obsolescent a few months after going into commission. Still, we had been successful enough in operating our old ships, despite every kind of defense which the enemy had to offer, and we felt fairly safe in any type.

Imagine then the complete surprise awaiting us when we made our initial sally against the French during the first siege of Verdun. Only a few days before—while we were still busy getting our new engines into shape—the LZ-77 had been shot down a blazing, twisted wreck. She had attacked a railway junction close to our objective, which was Bar-le-Duc, southwest of Verdun. We had not attached any

L-71, The Last Naval Zeppelin, 1918

(Continued on Page 41)

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(Continued from Page 39)

especial significance to the accident. The surface artillery always has an excellent chance to hit an airship while it is attacking a single objective such as a railway yard, because the target is so small and the range, therefore, is easily secured.

The Zeppelin must get into a vertical line above its target in order to bomb it, in which event two of the three elements required to determine her exact position from below are known, only the altitude remaining to be learned. That is obtained quite easily by placing barrages into different levels. No, the tragedy of the flaming Zeppelin was attributed to a number of direct hits made possible by her position directly over a small target, or so we thought.

On the last day of February, 1916, I reported the LZ-90 ready for active service, and that evening we started for Verdun. One hour out an engine crank shaft broke. Soon another showed trouble with the oil. We returned to our idyllic station at Treves. Two days later, with different engines in place of the two trouble makers, we tried it again. This time we went up against our old enemy, the weather. It rained bucketfuls in the ship, hail, snow. Eight hours were spent battling the elements, and then we found ourselves back in the hangar again, glad that our engines had not played out on us, and some of us no doubt doubly pleased that we would not be able to go out, for another ten hours, at least, against the French and the weather combined. We did not get away again until three days later; but then we made it.

Pursued by Fire

We started late in the evening for Bar-le-Duc and her railway yards, which held one key to the reënforcement of the Verdun defense. Our LZ-90 carried nearly 7000 pounds of bombs. As a precaution against artillery, we crossed the lines at 10,000 feet, using the clouds as a shield and slowing down the motors to prevent them from making too much noise. I do not know whether we were detected or not, but Bar-le-Duc, as we approached it, apparently had not been warned. As we made for the railway yards the first time we were greeted only by the usual explosives. Bar-le-Duc proved to be a very small station, withal important, and as it was well darkened we had considerable trouble finding it in spite of the moonlight. We had hardly commenced bombing when we had to cease because the LZ-90 had overrun the target. Yet we dropped the larger part of our bomb load on that first run and saw fire and smoke rising from the yards.

Again we circled for a second attack, and were almost through it when we saw coming at us several objects not unlike big yellow skyrockets. They were moving rather slowly, but continued rising until they had passed our ship, continuing to a great height, far beyond our altitude of nearly two miles. Incendiary shells! The ideal thing for setting fire to a hydrogen-filled Zeppelin. The mammoth hull would burn in the air. Nothing could prevent it burning if struck by those fire shells. The enemy had certainly prepared a hot reception for us. We were flying rather low. Why they did not hit the LZ-90 I cannot understand.

Signaling for full speed ahead, I sent the ship up as high as possible and made off. The shells had come from a point near the railway station and we expected to be out of range soon. But they continued, many of them coming uncomfortably close to our stern. Then we saw that the guns were mounted on motor trucks following our course. That accounted for the unceasing fire, which did not abate until we had changed course off and away from the motor highways and cruised out of sight. The knowledge that there were new weapons to encounter was most valuable, and it influenced future tactics. Crossing the lines on the return, we found a cloud bank and used it as shelter until well over friendly country.

From the experience of that flight we concluded that though the LZ-77 had been shot down by the new flaming shells, the fault really lay in a recent order directing moonlight raids. Some months before there had been an official test near Cologne, seeking to determine the exact degree of visibility from the surface during the full-moon period, four to six days before and after the full-moon date. The general staff once again desired to learn whether it was really necessary to confine the raids to the dark nights.

I had participated in an earlier test of the same character and found the airship to be clearly visible for long distances either as a black silhouette against the moon and the bright half of the sky or as a shimmering silver streak on the other half. Since then the Zeppelins had increased their altitude range considerably, and so I had accepted the later report, which held that there was no longer undue risk. Later events proved that an error in judgment had been made. The LZ-77 had made the more recent flight for the test, and the observers had been located too close to the large industrial centers, which were, of course, densely populated. The haze which is invariably found hanging above such districts at night had obscured their vision and the noises of the city negatived the normal recording properties of the listening and sound-measuring devices employed. So the conclusions resulting from that test had been altogether wrong.

Based on that report, several army Zeppelins had been sent over the lines in the moonlight. One, the L-74, was lucky. She ran into a snowstorm and a heavy head wind which compelled her to return. The LZ-95, under Captain George, went out from another direction and was better favored, or less fortunate, as you like it. The bright moon guided him straight to the Front. There it betrayed him to the French artillery. George had taken a heavy cargo—more than four tons of bombs—so could not get up quite 10,000 feet. When he got within range of the French guns they received him with such devastating fire that some of the Zeppelin's gas cells were torn almost to shreds. George managed to turn aside, however, and get beyond range. But he was through for that night. He stranded just outside the airship harbor at Namur and the LZ-95 passed into history.

The Defense Improves

Captain Horn, with his LZ-77, penetrated the French defenses successfully but did not return. We learned afterward that the ship had been sighted and slightly damaged while crossing the lines, and the French had traced his course by direct observation, or at least by his radio signals, which were heard by another Zeppelin. At any rate the enemy got him with their incendiary rocket shells, and LZ-77 tumbled into a charred mass at Brabant-le-Roi quite near her objective, which had been Revigny.

Immediately the Zeppelin Company took measures designed to prevent the new ships from falling prey to the flaming projectiles too easily. Every effort was made to give them a higher climbing range, that they might keep far enough above the surface to make accurate firing difficult. This was especially essential in raiding London, where the defense was improving, slowly, it must be admitted, but by degrees which promised untold difficulties in future, even after the moonlight operations were discontinued.

The English were developing more powerful searchlights, airplanes and anti-aircraft weapons. Their airplane industry, which had been unimportant before the war, was now, in the spring of 1916, improving at an astonishing rate. Planes were produced in larger quantities, and they could be flown to higher altitudes than anything seen during the previous year. Some types could ascend above the highest altitudes possible for our Zeppelins. That was not because the airship was necessarily limited to the lower levels. Prior to that time the Germans had not found it necessary. The entire defense of the enemy had theretofore been relatively ineffectual, the great majority of airship losses being due to inexperienced handling or accidents caused by weather conditions. Now, however, it required only more reliable engines to make the airplane a real menace to its swelled-up competitor.

On the English raids it was not unusual for the army and navy Zeppelins to work together, the joint actions making it possible to send out quite a fleet, often as many as ten. Of course, such a raid was not carried out like the maneuvers of a battleship fleet. The surface ships steam closely together, holding exact positions through all evolutions. With the Zeppelins this was not at all desirable. They maintained greater distances in the attack, invariably arriving over London or some other objective from different directions and at varying intervals. In that manner they wore out the defenders and created more confusion. And, too, had the Zeppelins arrived in a cluster, each ship would have been exposed not only to the fire directed at it individually but would have risked being hit by shells intended for another raider. Therefore the commanders only informed one another of the approximate time, the direction and altitude they would take and the objects they would try to bomb after arriving over the English capital.

Riding the Wind

There were also many instances—indeed, I believe in the majority of raids—where places like the Bank of England were not directly visible. Their position in relation to the raiding airship had to be determined from our maps and hasty bearings on other landmarks, such as the bends of the Thames, positions of batteries or searchlights—facts procured on previous occasions. The special map of London which we used at that time had been made up of data culled from all flights. It looked like a map of the heavens full of stars, the Thames representing the Milky Way and the stars indicating searchlights, batteries and just about everything else that we were either to avoid or attempt to destroy.

Arriving at a decision as to which direction we should take in attacking London presented another problem. The Zeppelins had to go over the capital from different angles of approach. Had they followed one single path it would have been too easy for British airplanes to find them or the guns to shoot them down. Indeed, many of the Zeppelins brought to earth there, or which were so badly damaged that they fell by the way while trying to escape, had met misfortune through that cause. They had followed too closely in the wake of their predecessors.

Generally the easiest of the possible courses was to go directly with the wind. That would add to the speed—actually increasing it by the velocity of the wind itself—thereby taking the raider over the defenses and out again on the other side in the shortest possible time. Crossing that great area against the wind would have been foolish. The ship would be slowed down by just that much, and it would be exposed to the artillery fire for too long a period. It was an important task for us to determine just how the wind would blow over London in a certain altitude at a given hour. We had to calculate it at least two hours in advance of our arrival. That really meant that it should be done before we left our stations on the Continent, for the navigator could never be sure of sighting landmarks on the surface which would enable him to check his calculations en route.

We had to consider the constellations of the moon and the period of most intense darkness between the setting of the moon and the rising sun, in order to pass the coast and outside defenses under tolerable conditions and still arrive near London at the most favorable moment, and away before dawn. Available weather data were sparse for a forecast. As I have explained before, we could receive no observations from the

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

LAURA LA PLANTE in *"Beware of Widows"*

How often we like to get away from the serious things of life and laugh at sheer nonsense, frothy, light, bubbling entertainment. This sort of picture chases dull care far, far away.

So it is with ***"Beware of Widows,"*** starring LAURA LA PLANTE, assisted by BRYANT WASHBURN, PAULETTE DUVAL, TULLY MARSHALL, WALTER HIERS and CATHARINE CARVER. It is worthy of note that the three young women in the cast are noted for their beauty. And this adds a lot to any picture.

The picture is adapted from a story by Owen Davis, the well-known Broadway playwright. It is a breezy, full-of-action comedy in which a society girl is engaged to a young physician and becomes wildly jealous of his patients. He in a measure is the victim of professional circumstantial evidence which he finds hard to explain.

But when "Adorable Laura" finds she is in danger of losing Bryant to a designing widow she goes into action with speed and a vengeance. From then on it is just one bit of laughing nonsense after another, and I don't know of anything better to watch after a day of life's ordinary cares than farce that aims principally at laughs without any worry about "problems." "Beware of Widows" ends in a ridiculous whirlwind of excitement aboard a houseboat adrift in a storm that I am sure will send you out of the theater feeling that the world is a happier place after all.

Wesley Ruggles directed this picture, and his forte has always been for the light romances of youth and beauty. Don't you think the cast mentioned above is an ideal one for this sort of entertainment?

COMING—***"Viennese Lovers,"*** with Mary Philbin and Jean Hersholt. Watch for it. It contains many elements of surprise. What Universals have you seen lately, and what do you think of them?

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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enemy countries, which usually received the bad weather before it struck our section of the Continent. Altogether the whole problem required much thinking and considerable guesswork, details of which had no little influence in sometimes causing the raiding Zeppelins to plunge into trouble without warning.

A fleet of ten naval Zeppelins went out against England on the night of September 23, 1916. Seven—all older-type ships—were no longer sent to Southern England, but the types of 2,000,000 cubic-feet gas capacity were then considered modern enough to strike at London. There were three of them in the fleet—the L-31, L-32 and L-33. Each of the trio carried about 4000 pounds of explosive and fire bombs—in all, six tons. Though this was not a heavy dose compared to those given the capital in previous raids, it was calculated to keep the defenders of London on edge and compel the British to continue diverting increasing numbers of troops and still greater energy to the protection of their chief city.

The Zeppelin fleet passed the Dutch islands, twenty miles offshore, and headed due west into the sun. The thick golden-yellow ball became their landmark, beckoning them full on. When the sky took on gala colors and became streaked with red and yellow, far distant yet plainly discernible a dark strip of land lay silhouetted under the splash of color. "Land ahead!" The report was phoned down into every control car by the petty officers standing watch on the upper platform of each Zeppelin. Binoculars appeared in the hands of the navigators. Yarmouth lay before the invaders in the last rays of the setting sun.

A City in Disguise

That was the signal for them to separate in order to avoid colliding farther on. As the light disappeared the Zeppelins passed over the English coast. An hour later they were cruising through the darkness, the larger group northward, the three modern ships southward along the coast on a course which would take them over the district south of London.

The thermometer registered twenty degrees above zero—rather cold for the occupants of fighting Zeppelins, which lacked all luxurious equipment and many of the conveniences that make for creature comfort.

But the cold was welcome nevertheless, for it would give the ships greater lifting power. A ship could make sixty feet more altitude for each degree that the temperature dropped, and the raiders desired every inch that they could secure.

Before passing the English coast the gun crews took their stations, on the alert to sight from their aeries on top of the hull any attacking airplane. In the darkness the three ships lost sight of one another. Each Zeppelin was on its own and scheduled to act as a single unit. To assure the commander that everything was ready, the chief engineer had all parts of the ship thoroughly inspected. He reported all in perfect order. The minutes passed into hours. All hands were told from time to time just which places they were passing. Everybody carried a map of England on which he traced the course when he had an opportunity.

The watch officer of one ship reported a searchlight astern, apparently newly established. This was marked on the map in the control car and the fact noted in the log. The radio officer then picked up a message intercepted from an English station, warning of the approaching raid on London. The message was being repeated by many stations. The effect was instantaneous. No light could be seen below. The English had been quick to devise a system whereby a town could be darkened almost immediately. The rays of a big searchlight shot skyward seeking the invaders. Another farther on caught a Zeppelin and clung to it. A number of sharp flashes quite close to it testified to the presence of an anti-aircraft battery. The Zeppelin turned in her tracks and nosed up at a sharp angle. The rays of the searchlight slipped off her silvery hull. The battery continued to fire, but the prey had sped into the night again. It was about midnight when the three raiders reached the vicinity of London from different sides.

They might darken their great city as much as they liked, but the English never could disguise the river. They even put up false street lights in Hyde Park but the Thames betrayed them. The first Zeppelin was advancing to the attack. All her remaining water ballast was dropped, permitting her ascension to the maximum height. The watch officer carefully checked the apparatus which would release the bombs. By means of a wire leading from the control cabin, he opened the shutters along the belly of the ship, unlocked the safety catches holding the eggs secure, and reported to the captain that all was in readiness. The engines were set going full speed ahead. It had long since been discovered that there was nothing to the idea that an airship might hover over the enemy and drop bombs. It was far easier to find the target and escape the searchlights while the ship was under perfect control, and that could be accomplished only with engine power.

There were so many brilliant, fingering rays leaping into the sky above London that night that it seemed as if the Germans could not possibly go through. The L-31, under Captain Mathy, was the most successful in dodging the lights. This was his fifth raid on the capital. He had noted on former occasions that the defense appeared to be much weaker in the southern part than in the north and northeast, where most of the raids had been staged, so this time he had made a wide detour—wider than the other airships—so that he might enter from the south and depart by way of the north.

On entering the circle of defenses, about 12:30 A.M., near Croydon, now London's great civilian airport, his ship was at first caught in the pitiless glare of a searchlight, but he tricked the English. He dropped a number of parachute flares. Their brilliancy between the ship and the surface made it temporarily impossible for the searchlight crews to see the Zeppelin, and it undoubtedly confused the batteries, which might conceivably have mistaken the flares for signals from a British airplane. At any rate, Mathy was soon in the dark once more.

He received no fire until he commenced bombing the city. Even then the searchlights found him no more. He laid a straight line of explosive and incendiary bombs right across the middle of London from south to north, and was not damaged at all, possibly because the two other ships were then attracting all the attention.

A German Comet

Suddenly the sky itself burst into brilliance, as if rent by a lightning bolt. The L-32, captained by Peterson, had been caught. He had made a shorter detour than Mathy, crossing the Thames farther east, where the defenses were much stronger, especially near Woolwich. The Zeppelin could be seen falling—a fiery comet with a tail of whirling flame. Mathy, in the L-31, was near by and saw the L-32 catch fire, first in front and then throughout from bow to stern. At first she seemed not to be falling at all, but then she tore earthward, gathering momentum until she crashed near Billericay, east of London.

Mathy was the only one of the three commanders to bring his ship back to port. That night the L-33, under Boeker, was forced down with punctured gas cells near Little Wigborough. She had taken a different course from the others. Boeker had sprung at London straight from the east, following a course just north of and parallel to the Thames. There it appeared that he had not the slightest chance to escape the shrapnel hurled at him from hundreds of guns. Those in the other Zeppelins, which then were still outside the glare of light, saw Boeker's craft utterly surrounded by bursting shells. Still he carried on.

His own bombs were now bursting. Great fires were springing up under his course, carpeting the city with smoke which curled dismally up against the beams of the searchlights. Up over the Thames came the other Zeppelins.

"Drop!"

One bomb after another went plunging earthward. Explosions jolted the airship, but they created a hell below—a continuous hell, for they were followed by many others. Each explosion grew into a dozen, twenty or more, some of them from incendiary shells.

Just then another big light picked up the L-33. The interior of her control car became as light as day. Flaming rockets hurtled past on all sides and shells burst close at hand in rapid succession.

But the L-33 sped on at a mile a minute. Directly over the city's eastern industrial section, which literally bristles with factories, she dropped her remaining bombs. Flames leaped up to rival the flash of bursting shells. The raider darted into a thin layer of clouds and the defenders could see her no more. A narrow band of fire lay streaked across the city—her work. As she cruised on through the night the glare in the sky indicated to her crew the scene of the action.

They had escaped from a fire as hellish as that which they themselves had created, and were temporarily safe under the cover of darkness. But they were not permitted even a brief respite—hardly time to recover their breath—for sinister reports of damage to their gas cells came pouring into the control car. They sent every available man up into the big hull to effect as many repairs as possible, and to jettison all dispensable weight.

Safe in Enemy Country

Still dangerously near the British guns, Captain Boeker could not afford to maintain a much lower altitude, even though it meant saving some of the precious gas that held his craft in the air. But he tried to keep afloat, and for a brief period it appeared that by all kinds of effort he would succeed. He set the course for home and left the English coast at about half-past one. Soon he saw that he could not even reach Holland. Rather than chance a fate like that of the L-19, he decided to turn back and land his ship somewhere in England. He made it.

A few miles south of Colchester the L-33 settled into a field without hurting any of the crew. Everybody jumped out and tried immediately to set their crippled ship afire. But the loss of her gas prevented the L-33 from burning much. In fact, all the important parts were practically undamaged, and the British were not slow in taking advantage of this.

They, too, had been experimenting with rigid airships, aroused by the growing popularity of the Zeppelins even among the enemies who had every reason to hate them most. They built two exact copies of the L-33, using vital parts of her either directly or as models.

Those British counterparts were the R-33 and the R-34—both completed in 1918. It speaks well for the thoroughness of their work, and incidentally the quality of the prototype, that the R-34 was able to cross and recross the Atlantic in 1919 and that, as late as 1925, the R-38 could return safely in a sixty-mile gale from a mooring-mast escapade similar to that in which the American Shenandoah indulged in January, 1924.

If I remember rightly it was Boeker who figured in the only spy story that I have heard concerning our Zeppelin operations. After he had been escorted to a British prison camp, Boeker, so the story goes, was visited by a friendly captain of the Royal Air Force. This officer explained that he

(Continued on Page 44)

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Rugged health, built on a balanced diet, with plenty of rich, bottled milk, had enabled Lucy to participate in every college activity and to excel in all. Thus, success and honors had, as usual, gone to the one mentally and physically fit.

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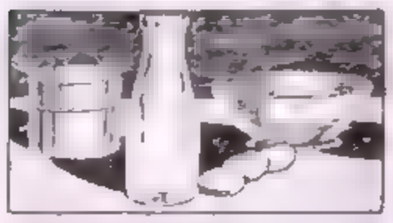

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(Continued from Page 42)

had been at Friedrichshafen during the period when Boeker's ship was nearing completion, and had collected much information about the design and performance qualities of the new Super-Zeppelins, as the English termed our 2,000,000-cubic-feet types.

There was no doubt about the truth of the Englishman's assertions. He told Boeker where that Zeppelin commander had been at various times during his stay at Friedrichshafen, mentioning, for example, that on a certain afternoon from 3:15 to 4 o'clock Boeker had been sitting at a table with his first officer in the Bayerischer Hof at Lindau, Bavaria. They were discussing a new automatic airship cannon and the Englishman was listening at an adjoining table.

Captain Mathy, who alone had returned his ship to her hangar after that London raid, attacked Portsmouth the next night, and a week later participated in another raid on London—his last.

He it was who once fought a lone battle against a group of British submarines, destroying one and forcing the others beneath the surface. Steering a northwest course half a mile off the Doggerbank, he saw a submarine far out in the distance. Immediately he sent his Zeppelin into a cloud bank, meanwhile making for the quarry to see if it was an enemy. About five miles from it he came cautiously out of ambush, to find not one but four submersibles, all English, and evidently waiting for a German vessel. Back into the clouds went Mathy and his ship. When he emerged again he was nearly over the submarines. At that instant they spotted the Zeppelin. Their guns commenced spitting. Shells and shrapnel burst all about the ship.

A push on the button in the control car released Mathy's first bomb, designed solely to get the range, for a submarine is a very small target from a height of half a mile. The logical method is to observe the hits on the water as three or four bombs are dropped short. Mathy's first bomb was about 400 feet too short. The second fell within half that distance, the third less than 100 feet. A fourth would do the trick. And, indeed, it struck full, just forward of the conning tower. The explosion rocked the airship. As the black cloud of the burst cleared away the victors saw the stern of the submarine sticking up in the air, her screws twirling. A few seconds later only an oil slick remained on the surface.

One Flight Too Many

Mathy meanwhile had gone back into the clouds to get into position above a second sub. When he emerged they had disappeared. But he was now confronted with another problem. The Zeppelin was sinking by the stern. Evidently one of the aft gas cells had been hit. In fact two cells were leaking badly. Water ballast was dropped immediately, and the crew commenced transferring from the stern to the nose, oil tanks, guns, bombs, even their leather and fur coats—everything that would take the weight off the weak end. Gradually the ship gained an even keel and the homeward trip was made safely. In her hangar the Zeppelin showed three full hits—two shells having passed clear through a cell, while fragments of shrapnel had punctured another. One shell had gone through the tail. Had it been a foot higher it would have wrecked the rudder and elevator controls. As it was, Mathy was able to repair the Zeppelin and have her ready for service within six hours after landing. No, the Zeppelins did not always require long and extensive repairs after an encounter with the enemy.

One week to a day after he had cleverly outwitted the defenders of London by dropping parachute flares and thereby shutting off their view of his ship, Mathy again cruised back to England. With his L-31 were nine or ten other ships. The weather was far from being the best. The visibility was poor and storms common to those latitudes in October could be expected to strike across the path of the Zeppelins without much warning. For that reason all the commanders save Mathy contented themselves with raiding places in Middle England, wherever they could find objectives for their bombs. Mathy went on to London.

I do not know the full details of his last fight, but apparently his L-31, alone over the city, attracted the undivided attention of the defense. After dropping his bombs over the northern part of London, Mathy was overwhelmed by the concentration of artillery, so that his ship was seriously damaged.

In that condition he was attacked by an airplane which sent the craft down in flames.

Running Through Chance Shots

My own experiences had provided me with intimate knowledge of what the Zeppelin commanders were up against in 1916. As far back as March, I had begun to get an inkling of the new problems. We had set out for England on the last day of the month. The weather was promising. Occasional squalls were dodged quite easily all the way from our station at Treves on the Moselle to Ostend and thence across the North Sea. The Naze, just south of Harwich on the English coast, was identified in the darkness by its familiar lagoon-like formations. Then, shortly after nine o'clock, the men reported that two engines must be stopped.

With only two motors functioning I could not take the LZ-90 over London, so, while the mechanics worked to make repairs, we kept the ship hovering over a line between Colchester and Ipswich.

Far in the distance we could see reflections of the London searchlights against the sky. I knew that five naval airships were scheduled to make an attack, and therefore expected that in the excitement we would be sighted and bombarded. In the cold weather we kept the LZ-90 at about 8000 feet, with only the two engines running, and I suppose they made very little noise, thereby failing to reach the ears of the lookouts below, and because of that we were unmolested. I could not find a landmark or a light, so thoroughly had the British darkened the countryside. When, after some two hours, the chief engineer reported that he could not fix one of the motors without certain parts which we did not have on board, I turned homeward. Thereupon a battery commenced firing at the ship. Checking our position from it, we then knew that Norwich lay below, and there we dropped our bombs.

Two days later we were again cruising westward, accompanied by the LZ-88 and LZ-93. Several naval Zeppelins were also out, trying to raid Scotland. We had again planned to attack London from the north. Over Ghent we waited almost an hour for darkness to let us pass out to sea over Ostend. I wanted to hit England near the mouth of the Blackwater River, so that we would not be sighted. Discovery would force us to climb higher than the 3000 feet which, for our type of ship and load, was the right level to maintain for the time being if we were to conserve our buoyant gas and fuel supply. Rising into higher altitudes prematurely saps the staying powers of an airship. Ballast must be dropped, and it is always wise to economize on ballast, for there is no telling when it will be needed in an emergency. Besides, on this flight we expected stronger head winds higher up.

We were crossing the Thames estuary when a number of surface vessels fired at the LZ-90, while immediately searchlights commenced their relentless search. But we did not reply. Instead, I ordered the men at the controls to turn my big ship aside; and shooting off at a right angle, we went up until the altimeter registered 6000 feet. Then we came back on the course, with a bright moon striking through the panes of the control-car windows. But it would soon set and I had scheduled our arrival over London for that darkest hour. A close check of the route ahead confirmed my earlier conclusions. Within a few minutes after the moon had disappeared the LZ-90 had crossed the coast and was approaching the northeast corner of the capital. And the night was very dark. I have never laid claim to any extraordinary sensitiveness, but I tell you that one experiences a peculiar sensation riding high through the sky over enemy land, knowing that every human being down there on the earth has scanned the heavens before going to bed, hoping that it will be no fit weather for Zeppelins, but if they do come, that they may be shot out of existence before they start their work.

Peering from the window nearest me, I could see few clouds and little haze. But straight ahead and quite close to the surface the mist was thicker and I knew it would be difficult to locate us with searchlights. Several of them were in action as we sped over the outlying districts some thirty miles from the heart of the metropolis. There the horizon was brightly lighted by unusually powerful beams, but we could see that they did not penetrate to a great altitude, evidently cut off at about 6000 feet by a thin layer of clouds. I was carrying a heavy load of bombs for my ship—in all about two and a half tons—and had been prepared to sacrifice some of it as ballast in case of unfavorable temperatures or clear weather, which would have necessitated a higher altitude of attack. But when I saw that the searchlights were stopped at 6000 feet, I decided to take in my entire load, and we entered the fire zone at 8000 feet, heading straight for the Victoria and Albert Docks.

Immediately the artillery came at us, apparently guided only by the noise from our engines. The searchlights played about in the mist below, transforming it into an opalescent, milky fluid. The air was filled with bursting shells fired in our general direction from all sides. They made a continuous racket, but I know they would have been more nerve-racking had the marksmen below been able to see our ship. It was some satisfaction to know that they were only groping about, trying to knock us out of the air with a chance hit. The haze now began to give us trouble as well as the enemy. To my disappointment, I could not make out any of the objects on the surface. Still, the haze prevented detection by the enemy, so there we were.

Joking While Death Waits

Presently we neared a cluster of searchlights and a nest of batteries which were firing with particular fury, and then we prepared to drop our bombs. A series of small bombs was let down to get the range and correct the sighting instruments. At that moment my watchful friend, Baron Gemmingen, noted the first of a new kind of English incendiary shell. Simultaneously the rays of a giant searchlight broke through the haze and landed squarely on the LZ-90.

It was a ticklish position. At any moment the fire shells might hit us. The defenders now knew exactly where we were. They had a perfect weapon. There would be no chance if our hydrogen gas caught fire. We should probably be burned to cinders during that awful plunge from a mile and a half in the air. But every member of my crew carried on as if it were a practice flight. The fire shells were new to us. We had not heard of them before. They were different from those of the French, appearing as small blue and phosphorescent sparks which came hissing at us with incredible speed. They filled the air. Some of them came so close that it seemed as if we could catch them by extending our hands outside the windows of the control car.

As an especially brilliant incendiary shell passed the LZ-90 in that fashion, one of the men shouted: "Attention!"

It was comical enough in itself, but another man who had just climbed down into

(Continued on Page 47)

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(Continued from Page 44)

the car in time to hear the familiar word, pulled himself up stiffly and held that military pose as if he were on a drill ground. All of us laughed heartily.

But it was hardly a time for jokes. The brightly lighted haze made it impossible for us to see below it. Fortunately a cloud lay in our path, and as the LZ-90 entered it the searchlight left us for good and all. Emerging again, we caught sight of the dear old Thames, misty and indistinct, 'tis true, but outlined sufficiently to betray its course. Using the big searchlight for a point of departure, we took our bearings from the river and gradually dumped our bombs where the docks and eastern part of the city must have been. As we discharged the load the LZ-90 rose to a point nearly 12,000 feet above the city. Then I headed with the west wind. Three or four times the searchlights caught us, but the batteries were now underestimating our altitude and we were out of the glare before they could come nearer with their fire.

The Hard Road for Inventors

We had been only thirty minutes over London, but it seemed much longer. As we left the city on a course paralleling the Thames, the LZ-90 was inspected thoroughly. She had received not the slightest scratch. We left England near the mouth of the river, escaping severe fire from both forts and ships, crossed to Holland, skirted that country, and after cruising around her borders, went down the valleys of the Rhine and the Moselle, reaching Treves exactly nineteen hours after our departure. My return flights from England were not always so peaceful.

A few days later I received orders to turn over the LZ-90 to another crew and take on a new Zeppelin, the LZ-98, at Friedrichshafen. It was of the same general design, though slightly larger than the former, carrying 1,300,000 cubic feet of gas, which gave it greater lifting capacity. At Friedrichshafen, Gemmingen and I were much interested in the first of the so-called Super-Zeppelin type which was then under construction. Count Zeppelin was extremely kind to Gemmingen, his nephew, and myself, often having us at his home as guests.

His interest still lay in the commercial possibilities of the airships, and he saw in the new 2,000,000-cubic-feet type the forerunner of still larger ships. In fact, at the outbreak of the war he had been working on a design for a Zeppelin 2,500,000 cubic feet in capacity, with which he intended to make a transatlantic flight to America in 1915. With the Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, he had projected a flight over the North Pole, and their plans had progressed to such a point that the site for a hangar had been picked at Spitzbergen in approximately the same spot used by the Amundsen-Ellsworth-Nobile Expedition on its polar flight with the Norge in 1926.

Count Zeppelin's living quarters in the Kurgarten Hotel at Friedrichshafen occupied an entire wing of the building. It was there that he preferred to spend most of his time when not at the factory. Occasionally he would visit his country seat, Ober-Günzberg, only a few miles distant, but practically all his attention was devoted to the mammoth creatures of the air which he had created. When not traveling, his hours were about equally divided between the study in the hotel and the workshop in the great plant, which was growing constantly. To find him one had to search the buildings. If he could not be found in one of the hangars, he might be in the workshops; if not there, then in the research laboratories. There was always something going on which he desired to direct or wanted to observe personally. Indeed, despite his advanced years—he was then seventy-eight—he was invariably walking about, so that it was difficult to locate him in any spot.

If one's own living room reflects his personal tastes and hobbies, then Zeppelin's can be described in a word or two. It contained simple modern furniture. Pictures of his airships adorned the walls. A large cabinet held many of the medals, cups, decorations and similar objects of distinction which had come to him from the government and nearly all the larger cities, universities and clubs in the country. It was rather difficult to see in this grand old man of Germany the careworn Count Zeppelin who, in 1894, then at the age of fifty-six, completed his first design for a rigid airship.

It was hard to realize that the famous inventor, whom any scientific body would have been pleased to honor with its highest reward, had then listened silently while a special committee of leading scientists had failed to find his plan reasonably possible. Though they could not condemn it in detail, they had refused to say that such an airship could be built. But by 1898 Zeppelin had financed his own company by selling shares. The capital was only $238,000, but it produced the first Zeppelin, which, in July, 1900, made a series of flights at a maximum speed of about seventeen and a half miles an hour. Then it had to be dismantled for lack of funds. Neither the government nor private capital would have anything to do with airships in spite of the first promising results. For five years the count traveled the length and breadth of the land trying to win converts to lighter-than-air. He failed.

Finally King William of Würtemberg supplied funds and an aluminum manufacturer lent him sufficient materials for a frame. Zeppelin started work on his ship. A winter storm wrecked it after several flights. People then agreed that he was through with his dream. But he built another, this time using every bit of money that he possessed. In October, 1907, he piloted it on an eight hours' flight of more than 218 miles. The government thereupon agreed to buy a ship if it could stay up twenty-four hours; so Zeppelin built another—the LZ-4. On July 1, 1908, he startled the world by flying it over the Swiss Alps to Lucerne and back again to Friedrichshafen. The next month he went out again and landed in a field near Stuttgart. A wind storm came up without warning and tore this fourth Zeppelin away from its anchorage. As it leaped into the air unoccupied and struck a tree, the ship was suddenly enveloped in flames. Hours later curious visitors saw an old man poking his cane about the blackened skeleton. They shuddered and turned away, leaving the inventor still trying to discover something of value, some new truth which would help prevent a similar accident in the future.

"Zeppelin is through!"

The National Awakening

As a matter of fact, he was finished financially, but he was not through with building Zeppelins. One of those great national awakenings which occur so rarely, and are therefore so remarkable because of that very fact, resulted from the catastrophe.

Through various channels word spread that Zeppelin was out of funds. A popular subscription campaign was started. The money poured in and a few weeks later Zeppelin received 6,000,000 marks, approximately $1,500,000—all contributed by private persons, some who lived in palaces and others whose hut was their only castle. The inventor of Lake Constance was given complete charge of the money. He could use it as he pleased. And he spent it on another Zeppelin, enlarged shops and increased laboratory facilities. But he no longer looked upon the venture as his own. He established the Zeppelin Endowment for the Propagation of Air Navigation, and that remains today the holding company of all the Zeppelin subsidiaries and enterprises. The inventor took from the business only sufficient money to provide for his personal needs.

Remembering that bit of history, it was not so difficult for me to understand, though I cannot adequately convey the idea, the perfect simplicity and genuine dignity which surrounded him on those evenings when Gemmingen and I shared with him a simple meal in his rooms. Perhaps I can best express it by attempting to quote him, translating his words as he spoke of his future work after the war should end.

"I may not live to see my ships coming ultimately into their own," he said, "but I am not concerned at all about the future. Airships are the predestined means for the peaceful communication between the peoples of the earth. The scientists, therefore, will take care of our needs. The engineers will bring about the necessary technical improvements. The industrialists and financiers will cause to be developed what I visualized years ago, before my first ship was built—large fleets of airships plying between distant countries and bringing humanity into closer relationship and mutual understanding.

"As only a tool of Providence, I have been content to do my share. It will be up to you"—bowing gracefully toward Gemmingen and myself—"to do yours. This is no longer the work of an individual. My invention belongs to the people, and even today many capable men are working to further its development. We still have far to go, but I know that they will eventually be joined by the best brains all over the world. That is why I feel perfectly assured that my idea will live."

Turntables for Zeppelins

Zeppelin accompanied us as a guest on our first long flight with the new LZ-98, which was to bring us to our new station at Hanover. En route we made a detour over the little village of Zeppelin on the Baltic coast, the inventor's ancestral home, which he himself had never seen before.

From Hanover we made a flight to Nordholz, where the chief naval airship station was located. The details of that station are interesting, if only to show what will develop in this country when the United States enters thoroughly into a program of aerial expansion. We found half a dozen large double airship hangars, nearly as large in size as the American naval shed at Lakehurst, New Jersey, and another great double rotating hangar. Each double hangar would accommodate two Zeppelins, and this rotating shed was unique in that it could be turned around in any direction, exactly like a locomotive turntable. Just as the locomotive is swung round so that it may be run off on any of numerous tracks, so could a Zeppelin be turned within its own shed until it faced a direction which would make it possible to leave without being endangered by cross winds. I say it was unique. Not exactly, for others were being built by the army, in addition to a small revolving shed which had been erected near Berlin before the war.

The Zeppelins often cruised through the heart of severe storms. The L-11, under Butlar, for instance, was turning homeward at full speed after a midnight raid on the great industrial centers of Middle England when she ran into a thunderstorm which was apparently moving out over the North Sea from the vicinity of Amsterdam. The officers noted that there were several thunderstorms brewing. They seemed to be converging toward a point which would bring them directly in the path of the Zeppelin.

The commander tried to outrun the dark clouds and lightning flashes, encouraged in his attempt by a friendly west wind which promised to drive him at record speed toward Germany.

Just as the ship nosed toward a dense cloud bank the breeze fell off, and to avoid the clouds, Butlar changed her course slightly. Soon she was making no progress over the water, for the wind had suddenly shifted and was now against her. But the storms began moving. They gained in both speed and intensity. They fell upon the Zeppelin from the southeast, battering her with the fury of a blast. Her radio was

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rendered useless by the electrical disturbance.

Lightning flashes, which had been quite distant until then, commenced playing about the craft floating in the air a mile above a storm-lashed sea. The majority of the crew were inside the hull, only a few of the officers and men remaining at the controls and navigation instruments in the control car. The engineers, of course, were at their stations in the engine gondolas. But inside the hull the men were compelled to climb about on girders and cat walks, their most secure footing being a narrow fifteen-inch metal keel that extended the length of the ship, which, as the opposing gusts assailed her, commenced pitching madly.

Captain Butlar knew that he might turn and run before the storm, but that would take him back over England; and he had no desire to risk a tussle with the elements over enemy territory, where their guns might aid in bringing him down a wreck. He decided to go through, thereby picking out for his crew the most thrilling experience of their lives. The men on the platform at the top of the hull sent down word that it was raining torrents. Mountainous clouds swept up to block the path ahead. They finally became so high that the airship could no longer climb above them. She had to plunge nose first into the welter of rain, murk and lightning, and that at night. Hail, snow and terrific blasts beat upon the Zeppelin, which quivered like a thing alive, as if it were being lashed with a mighty whip. At times she was lifted more than 300 feet above her normal course, then plunged nearly 1000 feet toward the sea before she could be steadied. The lightning flashed in solid sheets. One ear-splitting, awful crash filled the interior of the hull and control car with blinding light. A bolt had gone earthward in close proximity to the craft.

St. Elmo's Fire

The lookout above phoned down to the control car that his machine guns were spitting sparks at the muzzles. The watch officer climbed up to investigate. To his astonishment, he found the platform illuminated. There sat the lookout, drenched to the skin and wearing a veritable halo about his head. It was the so-called St. Elmo's fire. The metal framework of the hull was fully charged with electricity and sparkling at all points, corners and sharp edges. Those in the control car underneath saw electricity being sprayed from all exposed metal objects. The wires and cables were glowing with a beautiful violet-blue tinge—a wonderful sight, had they been in a position to enjoy it. Instead, they were riding madly through space dependent solely upon inflammable hydrogen, with a flash of lightning close at hand every two seconds.

It was their first experience, else they would have flown as close to the surface as possible, thereby avoiding most of the fury of the storm and much of the terrifying lightning. Instead, they remained between a mile and a half and two miles high, enduring the lightning and the rain, and occasional hail and snow, meanwhile laboriously keeping their craft under reasonable control for three hours. With the approach of dawn they slipped slowly out of the danger zone. As the sun came up it dried off their sodden ship, and soon they were cruising swiftly on the homeward course with everybody safe and happy.

The first few days after we had settled with the LZ-98 at our station in Hanover a series of severe storms made it inadvisable to cross the North Sea because there were stiff westerly winds near the surface and gales in the upper altitudes. The naval Zeppelins managed to continue with their patrol duties, though they did not go so far out to sea as was their custom. As soon as the weather showed the first signs of improving I scheduled a raid against London, and that night all hands went to bed early in anticipation of a flight beginning the next day at noon.

In the morning we found that another storm was reported approaching England, following in the wake of the one which had kept us at home so long. These reports were so vague, however, that I concluded there was only one way to determine the state of the weather, and that was to go out and see for ourselves. We had to hurry. There was no time to wait for further information. We had to leave during the lull and hope it would last sufficiently long for us to reach the British Isles. I telephoned to the naval station at Nordholz. They had arrived at the same conclusion—five of their Zeppelins were going out against England.

Our course took us south over Cologne, thence more than 200 miles on a detour about Holland. Not long after leaving our hangar we saw two naval Zeppelins start up from Ahlhorn, but soon lost sight of them astern. They flew higher and apparently had more head winds. We found our low altitude of perhaps a mile very uncomfortable and bumpy. The air was damp and warm. A thick haze hung low over the earth. The sky gradually filled up with all sorts of undesirable clouds.

Reaching Belgium, we found the sky much worse, and threatening, so we alighted on the German airship field at Namur to obtain all available weather reports. As was often the case, the reports were incomplete. We phoned Ostend to have a special wind observation made. While waiting for it night came on and the sky became filled with leaden clouds tumbling about into bizarre and sinister shapes. At 8:30 we had received no word from Ostend, so I decided to take off anyway, trusting that Namur would wireless us all reports possible.

We struck out on a straight course from Ostend to Dover. Seventy miles from the goal we discovered that a bad storm was heading from the southwest in the same general direction, and it now became a race to see which would reach there first. I figured that if we could make Dover we might do some good work with the bombs at the mouth of the Thames, or at Harwich, farther along the coast, dashing along with the wind before the rain, and then we would soon be out of the storm area and riding comfortably homeward across the North Sea. But luck was against us. The storm overtook us. I had just stepped out of the chart room into the control cabin when the machine gunner called from the observation platform that it was raining hard.

The Race Lost

Peering out of the window into the darkness, I told Gemmingen that we might still be able to make it if this were only an advance squall. Surely we would not require much altitude that night, because nobody in England would be expecting us. We came down to 3000 feet. At that moment it commenced raining torrents. Lightning flashed in the distance.

"Altitude 2000 feet, course northwest," I ordered.

And then, bang! A lightning bolt tore open the skies above us, followed instantly by a deafening thunderclap.

Presently the lookout spoke through the speaking tube: "Strong rain mixed with hail, lightning straight ahead."

The storm had won the race.

"Course east!" As the ship was swinging around, the wireless operator stepped out of his cabin and handed me a report from Namur. It read: "Stiff south winds, strongly increasing, later southwest and west gale. Navy ordered return of ships."

Satisfied that our efforts were futile, we continued our easterly course toward home.

We had a more thrilling experience with lightning. Returning from an attempt on the English east coast, where we had intended bombing the shipping town of Hull, we found the island wrapped in its traditional mist, warm and protecting to the inhabitants, but ugly and secretive to us. We spent hours trying to find a worthwhile target. Six other Zeppelins were also over England, and I learned later that they had been compelled to abandon their attacks in the north as I had to do in the south.

Struck by Lightning

Steering the shortest possible course homeward, I ran right into the middle of a storm and got the worst of it halfway across the North Sea. The southeast wind had been increasing steadily. Knowing that the warm currents from the Continent, meeting the cooler air over the sea, were likely to cause thunderstorms, I kept my eyes peeled for trouble. In the pitch-black darkness I could not study the clouds, and so had no warning. We were then so close to the Dutch coast that I dared not risk flying low. We were right up against a cloud when I saw a flash of lightning straight ahead.

I turned to order a lower altitude, when there was a blinding flash. Our control car was light as day. The noise sounded as if we were standing at the muzzle of a big gun. The heavens seemed to be pouring water, while the wind swept in from all sides. As we put both rudders hard over and started in a long dive toward a safer level, my first thought was of the man on top of the ship. Just then he shouted down through the tube that lightning had struck the LZ-98 at a point on its nose about thirty feet from where he had been standing. He said that he had been watching the flash of little flames of radiant electricity playing like tongues of fire at the muzzles of his machine guns, about his head and on his outstretched finger tips, and that he had been about to report this phenomenon when he was almost knocked off his feet by the lightning.

The LZ-98 meanwhile had dropped down from a mile to only a few hundred feet over the surface and we were soon on the course again. But as if the lightning flash had been a signal for a general bombardment, the flashes commenced coming in from all quarters. It seemed as though a quick match had been laid out and the spark and fire were running along the line. Our business now was to maintain a close lookout for dark spots on the horizon which might indicate a hole through which we might slip out of the storm area. But for the rest of that night there was no hole. We dodged single squalls and thunderstorms constantly. The lightning flashed without interruption. Often we would make for a spot where there was apparently no lightning, only to meet it a few moments later. Rain continued to fall with tropical intensity. Now and then the wind would blow a howling gale. Dodging here and there, we found the barrier which Nature had set up against our return at least fifty miles wide. Still, we picked our way with deliberation and success and we did not receive any further direct hit from our formidable adversary, the thunder god.

Finally at daybreak we got through, tired and worn, but all safe and sound. Once in the hangar at Hanover, we made a careful inspection of the ship. I found three small spots in the bow covering where the lightning bolt had struck. The largest was about the size of a very small pea. The metal girder underneath the spot had been melted, but that was all. We would not have known that we had been struck by lightning had there been no lookout up there to see it.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Lehmann and Mr. Mingos. The next will appear in an early issue.

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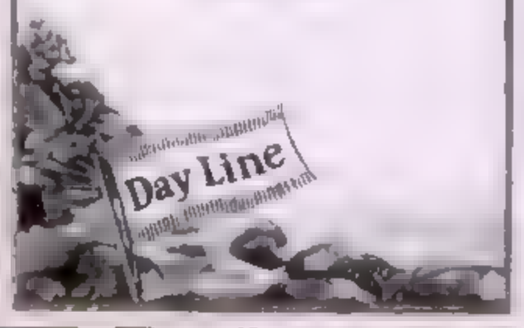

LOST ECSTASY

Continued from Page 29)

Tom had been lounging on the bed, a habit which set Kay's nerves on edge. Now he sat up suddenly.

"Huh!" he said. "And where'd they get it? How'd they get it? Where'd they get money to throw around like that?"

"Don't ask me," said Bill good-humoredly.

"Well, I'm telling you. You're a cowman, Bill. What happens to cattle if before you sell them you feed them a lot of salt and then fill them up with water? That's what those fellows did, and still do. Watering stock's the name for it."

"If you're speaking of my grandfather, Tom ——"

"You've named him," he said, and relapsed into sulky silence.

But if he sang and whistled less around the room, he still had his moments of boyish passionate love for Kay. He would come in, weary and lamer than usual, to draw her down into his arms and sit for long periods of quiet, content just to hold her and rest his head against her.

"You still loving me, Kay?"

"I'll never stop. I can't. You know that."

Her personal daintiness never ceased to surprise and delight him, her fragrant bath powder and soap, the care she gave to her short sleek hair, the ribbons in her undergarments, laboriously inserted after each laundering.

"Say, I believe you'd put ruffles on a bunk-house towel!"

"You see them, don't you—and like them?"

"I like everything about you," he would tell her solemnly. "You're prouder'n a wildcat, and you can be right ornery at times too. But I'm for you."

But sometimes he picked up and looked at her delicate, fastidiously cared-for hands. "You brought them to the wrong market," he told her once. "I can just remember my old lady's hands; they sure felt like shoe leather."

She suspected him of inarticulate depths of sentiment about his mother.

He tried to please her, too, those early days when each was painfully learning the other. Put on his coat to go down to meals, with only a protest now and then. "Making a regular dude out of me, aren't you?" Shaved carefully and often, even blacked his boots!

"What pains me," he told her once, surveying himself in the mirror, "I can't go out and hire a hall to show myself off in!"

Clare seldom entered his mind at all. So lightly had the engagement weighed on him that he was astounded when he found that she took his marriage as an injury. What had she lost? He had never pretended to care for her. It was she who had put that fool announcement in the paper. And perhaps, with that queer intuition of his where girls and women were concerned, he was not far wrong when he suspected her of secretly enjoying her grievance, of dramatizing herself, publicly and privately, and so indirectly injuring him.

But he underrated one thing. Dramatize herself she could and did, going about with a sad smile that made Sarah Cain long to slap her. But he underrated her passion for him. She had never given him up. What did that dead-alive girl over there in the window of the Martin House know about Tom McNair or his kind? When to relax control and when to tighten it up? How to give and then withhold, so as to keep him guessing?

"I'll give her three months," she said to Sarah Cain.

"Yes, and you'd give her poison if you had the chance!" said Sarah Cain.

And so things were with all of them when one hot day Tom, standing on a street corner, saw Little Dog passing by in a car.

Carrying weapons was as much against the law in Ursula as in any other civilized town, and it was twenty years since the six-gun on the hip had been a part of the cowboy's outfit, like his chaps and spurs. So Tom's revolver was safely back at the hotel. That fact, and that only, saved him from committing murder that day.

But he did the next best thing—leaped onto the running board and jerked the Indian out, and was in process of choking him to death when the crowd intervened. As it was, he went to jail for ten days.

Kay was bewildered and shocked, her severance from her old world of polite amenities and amiable hypocrisies practically complete. She had a letter from Bessie at that time—Bessie, who loathed writing letters—but she did not reply. What could she say? "We are both well, although Tom is not working yet. Just now he is in jail."

Never!

It was Mrs. Mallory who softened the blow for her. "What he should have done was to kill that Indian," she said bloodthirstily. "First he shot Tom's horse—and he set a lot of store by that horse—and then he shot Tom. Don't tell me different! I know!"

Kay got permission to visit Tom in the jail. He looked sheepish and wretched, and he had little to say about the trouble. He had it coming to him, he told her grimly.

After that she sat around and waited. There was nothing in particular to wait for except Tom. They seemed to be in a hopeless eddy, each still clinging to the other but both slowly drowning. But she did some thinking, too, with that brain that she had inherited from old Lucius.

She knew nothing of money. The unfitness of the feminine mind to comprehend even the A B C's of finance had been one of her father's basic principles, a part of the tradition of his type. Never in all his married life had he so much as told Katherine the amount of his income or the extent of his holdings. It was not so much that he distrusted her intelligence; it was, as with most men of his type and training, an obstinate holding to the string of domestic power and sovereignty. By that and that only was he overlord, and this dominion of his was even carefully planned by will to extend beyond the grave.

To Kay, then, banks heretofore had been places where the silver and jewels were deposited on emergency, and where as to money one first put it and then drew it out again. But by that time she had learned that they had another function; they loaned money. Sometimes on a ranch; sometimes on cattle; even, more rarely, on a man's character.

Tom was still in jail when she visited Mr. Tulloss. Mostly, Tom rolled and smoked cigarettes. He had no regrets, except that he had not killed Little Dog, but he had a great deal of time to think. Most of his thinking was extremely bitter, thus: He could not support Kay. Then she'd better go back to her people. If it was a matter between his pride and her comfort, better swallow his pride. Anyhow what reason for pride had he? He was crippled. He could still work, but nobody believed it. And how long would she keep on caring, the way things were? A corner loafer, a ——

When that got too bitter for him he had devised a series of tortures for his bad ankle, as if by main force to make a joint where no joint existed. And he would keep on until the bars of his cell retreated into a gray and misty distance and, faint with pain, he would have to sit down.

It was when things had reached that point that Kay had set her mouth one day, placed Bessie's check in her purse and gone to the bank.

XXIX

MR. TULLOSS was at his desk. He could see from where he sat out into the tile-floored, neat-caged banking room, where tidy clerks handled money like merchandise. His bank was the heart of the community. It pumped, and life-giving blood went out, circulated and came back again. But, of course, sometimes it did not come back. That was Mr. Tulloss' tragedy.

Even then, naturally, something came in its place; notes, mortgages, what not, and these paid interest. There were those who said that, asked suddenly to name a number between one and ten, Mr. Tulloss would say nine automatically and ten if he had his wits about him.

He had seen his bank grow from a one-story wooden affair to its present size; he had lived through two holdups, and in one he had been shot—preferring death to losing money, his enemies insisted. There was a rumor that the bullet was still lodged in the flesh under his left shoulder blade, and that when he was tempted to lend money on inadequate security he always leaned back in his chair so he could feel it.

But if he was a hard man, he was a just one. He had been a cattleman in the old easy days; he knew that curious triumph of hope over experience which is at once the cowman's glory and his destruction. He had warned his customers against overexpansion during and following the war, and had lived to see their ranches go for less than the cost of the fencing and buildings on them. He could not carry them all. Some of them left him and went to little fly-by-night banks which had sprung up overnight during that period of inflation, and doing business on a shoestring, had promptly collapsed when the hard times came, carrying their wreckage with them.

On this particular morning, however, he was not looking out. The vista of his neat mahogany counters and brass grilles did not interest him. He was rereading, not for the first time, a letter he held in his hand. A handwritten letter, the envelope of which had been marked Private and Confidential.

He had had Henry's letter for some time, but this new scrape of Tom's had reminded him of it. He had never cared much for Henry Dowling; old Lucius, with his love for the West, his Rabelaisian jokes, his roistering friends and his disregard of anything under a twenty-dollar note as a medium of circulation, had always appealed to him. There had been something rather splendid about him. But he was just too. He and Henry might have been cut out of the same cloth. Just so, given the same situation, would he have acted. But the fact did not alter his distaste for the letter and the writer.

And now the girl was sitting alone in that hotel, with the heat and the flies and the stale odors of bad cooking, and Tom McNair was in jail. Perhaps he'd better ask Jennie to go in and see her. But no, better keep the women out of this. He had an uneasy conviction that the whole matter was somehow not quite respectable.

Then he looked up and saw Kay in the doorway. The feeling could not live before that vision of her, young and steady eyed and certainly not abased. Oh, certainly not abased! There was a look of her grandfather about her too. Odd that he had never noticed the resemblance before.

Mr. Tulloss, who made the common masculine mistake of considering that clear eyes and youth were essentially virginal qualities, felt that there had been an essential indecency in his previous thoughts of her, and by way of apology made his greeting unexpectedly warm.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed. "Haven't you been a long time coming in to see me?"

"I didn't think you would care to see me," she said simply.

He passed over that, put her in a chair, drew the shade to keep the sun out of her eyes, and sitting down across from her, put the tips of his fingers together.

"And so you are a married woman!"

"Yes."

"Rather sudden, wasn't it?"

(Continued on Page 54)

Men, here is the coolest underwear you ever stepped into

A spring needle knit garment, light and absorbent and perfect in fit, *always*

It will take just about two minutes to make you an ardent convert of this Allen-A Underwear.

First thing you'll notice is the cool, clean, comfortable feel of the fabric against your skin. It feels the same way when the thermometer hits in the 90's. For the fabric is porous and absorbent. It absorbs enough moisture to keep the skin dry—allows plenty of air in to keep the body cool.

And the garment always fits perfectly. Always holds its shape, no matter how much stooping, bending, reaching or stretching you do. This is why:

We knit this garment on *spring needles*—using a special yarn, made from the finest combed long staple cotton, feels softer and wears longer. And it's pulled tightly as it's knitted. (It takes an actual mile more yarn to make this garment.) But this is what makes the fabric hold its shape. The stretch is all in the webbing. It is taken out of the yarn in advance. That's why it always fits. Just look it over when it comes back from the laundry. See how it holds its shape after washing.

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Underwear
spring needle knit and athletic style—for men and boys only

Hosiery
for men women and children

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New Spring Hosiery Numbers
Try these new Allen-A silk socks, sheer and medium weight, plain and fancy patterns
50c and Up
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Mention this advertisement to your dealer. Buy one or two suits of Allen-A Underwear—Style No. 610. You'll be back for more, we know. Most good dealers carry this line. If yours doesn't, send us his name. We'll see that you are supplied. Allen-A—Style No. 610, model 3. Ask for it by number. $1.50 the suit.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY · KENOSHA, WIS.

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1793 BORN WITH THE REPUBLIC · 1802
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THIS dealer . . . and you can know him by his sign . . . can be a source of protection to you; depend on him. Not only does his ample stock contain exactly the right product to bring you best results most easily, most effectively; he also knows, and will be glad to put his knowledge at your disposal, just which du Pont paint, or varnish, or enamel, or Duco, is the means to that desired end . . . satisfaction that endures. Consult him; depend on him.

Wherever the painting you contemplate calls for the professional mind and hand, call in your painter. He will be glad to counsel you on what du Pont product best fits the needs of your work.

DU PONT PAINTS VARNISHES & ENAMELS

Graduation Gifts

MADE BY Ingersoll

INGERSOLLS with a well-earned reputation for dependability, are fast acquiring a reputation for up-to-the-minuteness and sprightly good looks. For Ingersolls are constantly improved. Important style features like the "silver" metal dial are soon incorporated into the various models of the line. And so, more than ever before, Ingersolls are suitable as Graduation Gifts.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

Illustrations ¾ actual size

WRIST WATCH
$3.50

Leadership is usually deserved. There are more Ingersoll Wrist Watches made and sold than any other brand manufactured either here or abroad. Now in the new tonneau shape with "silver" metal dial. Wrist Radiolite, tells time in the dark, $4.00

YANKEE, $1.50

This famous Ingersoll now has an "antique" bow—instead of the old fashioned "ring" bow. Notice in the illustration above how this new style gives the Yankee the air of a higher priced watch. Yankee Radiolite, tells time in the dark $2.25.

WATERBURY
in Rolled Gold-Plate Case Jeweled
$8.00

Many people don't realize that the Ingersoll company makes watches of this character—[illegible] The Waterbury [illegible] jeweled [illegible] —[illegible] a splendid watch for boys of high school age [illegible] nickel case $[illegible]

ECLIPSE, $2.50

Smaller and thinner than the Yankee, dependable like all Ingersolls, and now with a new "silver" metal dial and specially designed figures and hands, the Eclipse is an excellent timepiece and impressive value at $2.50. Eclipse Radiolite (luminous) $3.25.

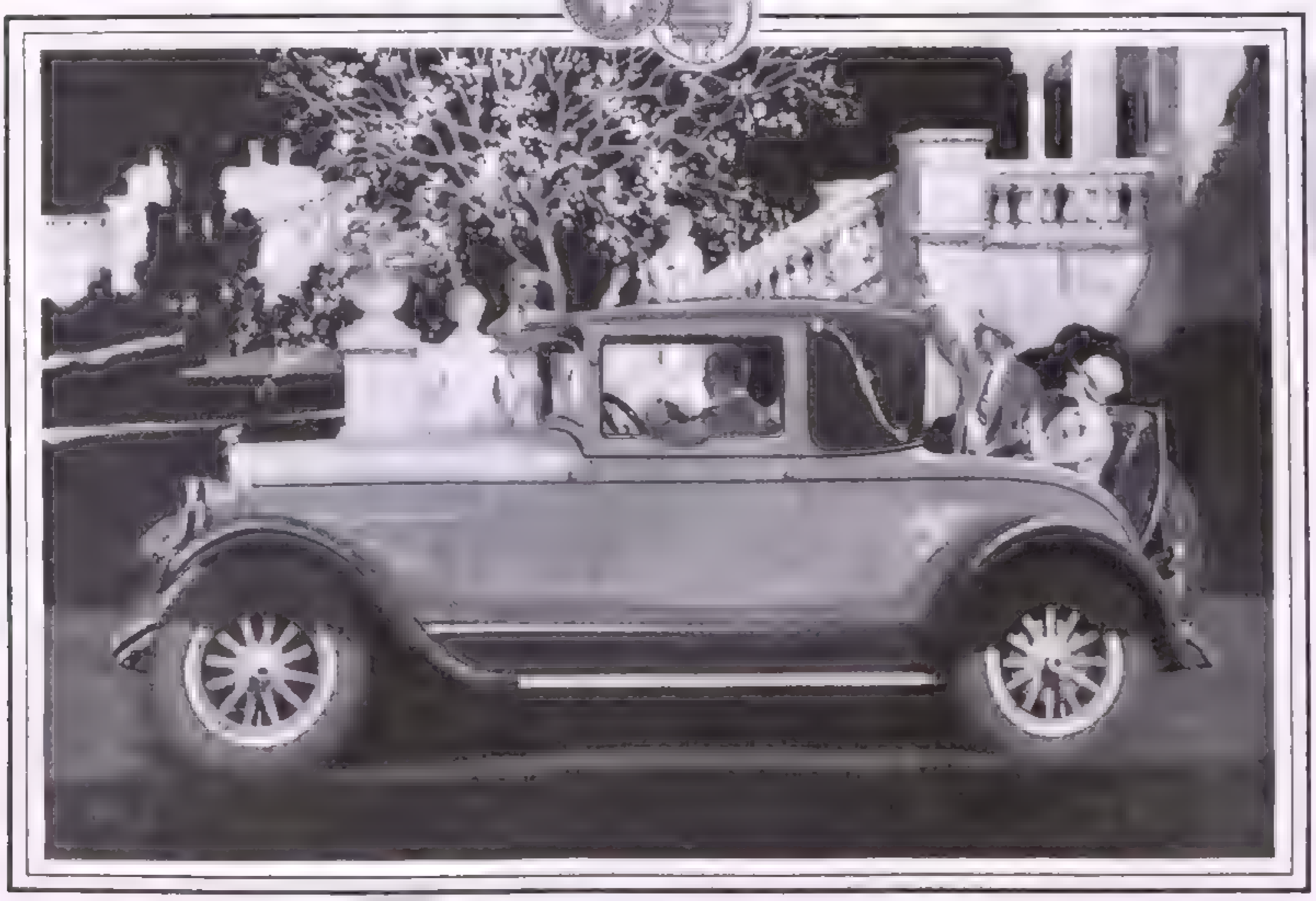
JUNIOR, $3.25

Millions of [illegible] have been sold [illegible] men and boys. As a Graduation or Promotion Gift it will [illegible] the boy of grammar school age. It is small [illegible] and it has the new silver metal dial. Junior Radiolite [illegible] $4.00

RELIANCE, $6.00
7 Jewels

The [illegible] Ingersoll [illegible] watch [illegible] at a [illegible] price [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The New and Finer PONTIAC SIX



Body by Fisher

Smartness and *style* you cannot resist at a *price* that cannot be matched

$835
SPORT CABRIOLET
(4-passenger)

Sedan	$775
Coupe	775
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Landau Sedan	895
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Oakland Six, $1125 to $1295—all prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the liberal General Motors Time Payment Plan.

This is the six-cylinder Sport Cabriolet that has taken the nation by storm. But there's nothing strange in that. Its vivid beauty places it in the very front rank of America's smartest cars. And its famous six-cylinder engine provides all the spirit and dash and stamina that such a swanky type requires.

Never has Fisher craftsmanship found better expression than in the graceful, rakish body, with the soft unslatted top and its nickeled landau bars. Inside and out it literally teems with style and smartness.

Spanish leather upholstery inside the cab and in the spacious rumble seat as well. Appointments that are unobtrusively rich. And a truly arresting color scheme—Brevoort Green fenders, top and quarters; Cherokee Gray Duco on body and hood; orange striping for brilliant contrast.

Never in any low-priced six has the appeal of the intimate closed car type been so admirably expressed! Never has any six of the type provided such commanding value! For here are all the basic advantages of Pontiac quality, endurance and economy *plus* a smartness and style you cannot resist at a price that cannot be matched.

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General Motors Products of Canada, Ltd.—Pontiac Division—Oshawa, Ontario

THE SPIRIT OF THE GIFT

With the gift, however simple, goes the thought of the giver—the spirit of the gift!

Whitman's Chocolates in their time bear messages of infinite meanings. Social conventions permit them when costlier gifts are barred. They "speak a various language."

In our latest achievement we have enclosed a rich and rare assortment of milk chocolates in a package of quiet beauty with the pastoral name of *Bonnybrook*.

A golden box, with designs by Franklin Booth, suggesting the excellence of the chocolates.

Whatever your message or spirit of your gift it will be carried with grace and dignity by

Whitman's BONNYBROOK MILK CHOCOLATES

Assorted Nuts · Fruits · Creams · Caramels

SOLD IN ONE-POUND AND TWO-POUND SIZES AT THE SELECTED STORES THAT SERVE AS WHITMAN AGENCIES. ONE IN EVERY NEIGHBORHOOD

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(Continued from Page 54)

the result of the interview might have been entirely different. Well, that, too, was the nature of a man.

XXX

THERE had been rain at last. Too late to revive the drying pastures and the scorched wheat fields, but rain.

The road was deep with mud. Every now and then the rear end of the heavily loaded wagon slued round and slid into the ditch. Sometimes the team could pull it out again, but once or twice Tom had to take the fence post he had picked up early in the day, and with all the strength of his shoulders and back, lift a wheel out of a slough. Then Kay would urge the horses ahead, and once more on the crown of the road the wagon would jolt along.

At noon a second storm came up. The sky was a sinister dark gray, against which the bare and yellow hills and buttes stood out, tawny figures painted on a monstrous canvas. Every so often this canvas split, and to the sound of its rending, forked lightning came through like the split tongue of a snake.

The cattle huddled under the shelter of the slopes, in ravines and swales; horses stood with heads drooping, facing away from the wind. Then the rain came, like a curtain suddenly lowered. It erased the world and left the two in the wagon like shipwrecked mariners in a rocking boat on a beating, turbulent sea. There was no shelter.

Here and there, with miles of empty road intervening, they passed the deserted log cabin or tiny wooden house of some forgotten homesteader: a door and a window, sometimes two windows; a barn, a shelter shed; and lying out around, exposed to the weather, broken-down wagons and rusty, abandoned farm machinery.

But their broken roofs offered no security; they only added to Kay's depression, a melancholy she concealed under a fixed smile.

Tom, on the other hand, was flamboyantly happy. The rain and mud were powerless to depress him; all his life he had found Nature fundamentally hostile, something to be fought and conquered. Wet, his boots inches deep with gumbo, he was yet triumphant and cheerfully hopeful. With every slow mile his spirits rose; he was proud of his team, of his wagon, of his wife; of the household goods that, piled high behind him, swung and lurched over the ruts in the road. He whistled, even sang:

I'm a poor lonesome cowboy,
I'm a poor lonesome cowboy,
I'm a poor lonesome cowboy,
And a long ways from home.

Now and then he would reach out and take Kay's hand, and she would smile up at him and return his warm pressure. Not if she died for it would she have dampened that enthusiasm of his. He was off on the great adventure.

"We've got to make good, girl. And by heck, we will! We've got to show the old man."

The old man was Mr. Tulloss.

"Of course we will show him," she said valiantly.

There had been a profound change in Tom since that day when he had come into the bedroom at the Martin House, with a new soberness in his face and a new straightening of his shoulders. He had told very quietly: Tulloss had sent for him and talked over the cattle business with him; the old man thought things were looking up. Not like the old days, of course, but still ——

And then suddenly he had dropped down beside her and put his head in her lap. He was to have his chance; Tulloss was going to stake him. He could take care of her now. There had been awful times when he had thought he couldn't, but that was all over. He wasn't afraid; he'd make it go if he had to work all day and all night.

It was only after that emotional paroxysm had passed that he gave her the details. The banker was going on his note for the purchase of a small herd—three or four hundred; cattle were cheap now because of the drought. And he was to look around for some dead Indian lands on the reservation, preferably with a ranch house on them. If he could buy such a place at a decent figure ——

"On the reservation! Is that safe for you?"

"If I let them alone I guess they're not hunting any trouble."

But he did not tell her that a part of his agreement had been a promise, solemnly made, to keep his hands off Little Dog. It had not been easy, he had even hesitated. But he had made it

"I owe him a skinful of lead."

"You're going to owe me something more important than lead—good hard money."

"If he keeps out of my way ——"

"Don't be a pig-headed young fool. Take it or leave it, Tom." So he had agreed.

It was after he had told her that, moving excitedly, exultantly around the room, that a new thought occurred to him. Some pause or other—for breath, perhaps—brought him up before the bureau, with its gold trinkets, and he stopped and stared at them.

"I guess maybe I've been thinking too much about myself," he said suddenly. "What about you, girl? You've got a right to have a say in this."

"It's just what we have both been wanting, Tom, isn't it?"

"You don't know anything about it," he said, almost roughly. "It'll be no picnic. If I take hold I'm going through with it. I'll be away part of the time, and winter's coming. What I could do," he added, "you could get a room somewhere here and ——"

"And let you fight it out alone?"

"I've bached it before this. And I'm not talking about a ranch house like the L. D. If we get three rooms we'll be lucky."

"If it's only one room I'm going with you, Tom."

Even then he was not quite satisfied. He stood looking at her moodily. She was so young, so ignorant of what she was committing herself to. He turned over a little gold brush with his finger.

"You won't need that sort of thing there."

"Would you like me to sell it?"

"No!" he said.

After that a new life had opened before him. He even seemed to limp less noticeably. He laughed and talked with Ed at the desk below; she could hear him through her closed door. He ate prodigiously and slept like a baby. There was even boisterousness in his love-making; he would pick her up and hold her to him, as if for sheer joy in his returning strength. And he was busy. He had found a herd, and he was to throw in with the Potter outfit on the reservation, bearing his share of the cost. At night he would sit and figure laboriously. If it cost forty cents a head per month for grazing, then —— He would survey his totals. "Looks like a lot of money to me," he would say ruefully. But he had his moments of triumph also; one was when he had registered the old L. D. brand as his own.

"That's something to write home about!" he told her boastfully. "I'll bet old Lucius is turning over in his grave."

She suspected a certain malicious pleasure in that, directed not at her but at her people. She knew he had never forgiven them, and after his stubborn fashion, that he never would. He wanted nothing from them, but their dogged refusal to so much as acknowledge her marriage was a gesture of contempt toward him, and he knew it.

But outside of that, he never mentioned them. He had bought horses, a work team, one or two green broncs that he meant to break himself, and a big gelding which he could mount from the right side. "Not much of a string yet," he said, but he had enormous pride in them, in everything. For the first time in his life he had the sense of property.

If Kay had her own reservations, her panicky moments, he never knew them. She was at least getting him away from the town and from Clare; there would be no one to offer him liquor or send him letters, and she was too ignorant of the feud between Little Dog and himself to worry about it. There were others who knew Tom and the nature of Indians, who felt less hopeful.

It took the last of their money to buy their household goods. The room at the Martin House was crowded with her purchases; gleaming pots and pans sat in the pine drawer among her toilet things, and Tom would gaze at them with proprietary pride.

"Now what's that for?"

She did not always know, and then Tom would throw back his head and roar with laughter.

"It's a fine wife I've got! Good thing for you I'm some cook myself!"

But he would not have been Tom had he not had his depressed and even violent spells. One day he took her hands and examined them.

"They're going to have to work, those hands," he told her, almost roughly.

"That's what hands are for, or ought to be."

"Not if you'd married Percy."

And that thought seemed to madden him. He worked himself into a frenzy over it. Why was she sticking to him? He wasn't worth it and she knew it. If it was because she was sorry for him, damn being sorry for him. He didn't want pity. He was more of a man as he was than any of that crowd of mavericks he had met back East. And that memory lashing him to a fresh grievance, his undisciplined temper carried him on and on. She listened, her hands cold, her heart beating fast, until he flung out of the room. Half an hour later he was back, offering to get down and let her trample some of the "orneriness" out of him.

She began to feel the strain of meeting his varying moods. One day he went around to the Mallory's, and returning with his saddle, dumped it onto the floor with a strange expression on his face.

"Got to learn some new tricks, this old saddle!"

She was afraid to let him see the tears in her eyes.

So she had learned a great deal, this Kay McNair, sitting on the rocking, swaying wagon, with her dressing case beneath her feet, and behind her the lares and penates of their migration; the bed and chairs and table bought at secondhand, the box of provisions, the two Indian rugs which had been her sole concession to luxury. She had already traveled a long road from her old protected life, and she was still on the way.

The storm had settled into a steady cold rain, the wagon rocked and slued, steam rose from the broad backs of the horses, Tom's new work team. As slow mile on mile was covered the motion became first tiring, then painful, and at last an unendurable agony. Tom had brought out his old slicker from the back of the wagon and insisted on her wearing it, but in spite of it rain dropped from the brim of her small hat and ran down her neck. The slicker smelled of oil and horses; it began to nauseate her. Wire fences, sagebrush, vast empty stretches of sodden country, ditches filled with little green frogs, a gray haze to the left that must be the mountains, and always the road going on and on, seeming to drift aimlessly, to get nowhere.

"Look! There's a chicken!"

"I don't see any chicken."

"A prairie chicken! Right good eating in the spring; not now."

He saw everything; he knew the birds, the wild flowers. To him the journey was one through beloved country among dear familiar things. He had the sense of home; better than that, of home-coming. He sang and whistled and talked. Now and then he reached over and tucked the slicker

(Continued on Page 59)

This screen door can't SLAM

A SARGENT Door Closer "520" attends to that—faithfully, unfailingly the whole summer through. You can see it here at the top of the door. So small that few who enter ever notice it, unless they seek the reason for such an unusually quiet screen door. Unobtrusive it is—a mere handful—but remarkably strong.

Sargent "520" not only closes screen doors silently and surely—it keeps them shut. Important where there are children—though adults too forget. But "520" never forgets, never hesitates, never tires. . . . Apply this convenience to all your screen doors and to bathroom and other light inside doors. A clear diagram packed with each shows how easily this is done on either right or left hand doors. When winter comes "520" can be transferred to equally important storm doors.

This door closer is simply a small low-priced edition of the Sargent closers you so often see on the doors of stores, offices and public buildings. It can add immeasurably to the comfort and convenience of your home. See it at your hardware dealer's. Write us for descriptive folders. Sargent & Company, *Manufacturers*, 33 Water Street, New Haven, Conn.

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LOCKS AND HARDWARE

The New Drink Sign that is Cheering Dry America

Stop here for your favorite Bottle-served Cleaner-served Colder-in only 3 seconds

This Clever Invention makes Soft Drinks *Doubly Delicious* and puts the Drink Business in the Big Money Class

See the difference in the service—taste the difference in the drink served by the Liquid Bottle Cooler—every bottle live, bubbling, full of snap and sparkle, as cold as ice water, and super-delicious.

Imbibe to your heart's content of drinks charged with carbonic gas, for scientists have discovered that these soft beverages contribute much to health.

They contain real nourishment. And the germicidal gas purifies the beverages, aids your digestion and invigorates your body from head to toe.

The dealer who has the Liquid Bottle Cooler merely takes a warm bottle from reserve in the upper rack and pushes it into a cooling tube filled with ice cold bottles of that same flavor. Instantly a clean, cold, sparkling bottle of the flavor you called for pops out on the opposite hand, ready to uncap and set before you.

No plunging arms into ice water, no rummaging among unwanted bottles for the flavor called for and frequently finding it all gone. These cooling tubes are kept filled automatically. For the only way to get a cold bottle out is to push a warm one in.

Because the Liquid Bottle Cooler increases trade 100% to 700%, reduces ice consumption 50%, eliminates muss and disorder, and saves much work and clerk hire, more than 25,000 dealers have already installed it. Many who would never sell soft drinks before this invention came, now do a clean, thriving business.

Tell your soft drink dealer about it. Or if you sell bottle drinks, or want to—write us for illustrated booklet "Liquid Profits" and easy terms. The big drink season is again at hand. Write promptly. Address Dept. S S.

THE LIQUID CARBONIC CORPORATION, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The World's Largest Makers of Carbonic Gas, Bottlers' Machinery, Extracts and Flavors, and Soda Fountains

31 BRANCHES AND DISTRIBUTING POINTS

Phantom View
Showing Ice Chamber with Cooling Tubes

Dealers—Write for our Free Book—"Liquid Profits"—containing full description of astounding sales records, and easy on your profit payment plan. Address The Liquid Carbonic Corporation, Dept. S S, Chicago.

(Continued from Page 57)

in about her, but if he noticed the lethargy of misery about her he said nothing. Occasionally he turned an anxious possessive eye to the rear and the load. He had an enormous pride in that new gear of theirs; he had had so little for so long

"Funny, when you think about it," he said—"this is the way the old boys came out—the pioneers, you know. Everything they had piled up behind them."

He talked about them. There over that rise had gone the earliest trail of the covered wagons, often with soldiers from the last fort to escort them for part of the way; there or hereabouts the Indians had killed some of them.

They had gone on, leaving their hastily dug graves, and later on they had come back, some of them, to search for them; but they never could find them.

On and on. Talk, talk. Sing, whistle. Creak, creak. Kay felt her nerves getting out of control.

"So this old fellow, I took him all over the place. He picked out the spring where his son was killed, but ——"

"Tom," she said suddenly, "if you say another word I am going to scream."

He was dumfounded. His face fell. "Why didn't you speak up before, girl? I've been talking to keep your mind off your troubles'"

He smiled down at her, but she was too weary, too heartsick, to respond.

"Look here," he said, "you need something to eat. That's what's the matter with you."

"I'm not hungry. I'm just wet and cold and tired."

"Well, that's enough," he observed dryly; and stopping the wagon, crawled out into the mud and rain. She could hear him rummaging in the provision box behind her, and finally he came to her triumphantly with a box of sardines and some crackers.

"Now," he said, "if I can work the combination of this little fish safe —— "

Suddenly she laughed hysterically and he looked up.

"What's the matter?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Nothing. Only it's so different, so ——"

She began to cry.

XXXI

DEAR DOWLING: I have always done business with my cards on the table, or most of them anyhow. I understand your position and realize that you find the present situation fairly unpleasant. But I am on the ground as to it, and you are not.

In the first place, I have an old-fashioned idea that when two people are joined together they ought to have a chance to try it out anyhow. Maybe they can make it go, maybe not, but they are entitled to their chance.

You are not going to like this letter, but first I want to tell you one thing: Your girl is going to stick. I don't imagine it has been all honey and roses, but she cares for McNair and I believe he cares for her. He is a hot-tempered devil, but he is considerable of a man for all that. He may not know how to use his fork—I don't know—but he knows the cattle business, and at the present moment I am banking on him—literally. I have loaned him money enough to make a small start, and the rest is up to him. They have a little place on the reservation—the post office is Judson, if you care to know—and she has fixed it up in good shape. I am banking on her too; there is a good bit of old L. D. in her.

Yours sincerely,
H. S. TULLOSS.

Kay never forgot that home-coming of hers; the bleak dreariness of the deserted ranch house in the rain, the isolation, the dirt. Nothing had prepared her for it. But she never forgot, either, the care Tom took of her that first night. The wood he cut and the fire he built, the superhuman energy with which he moved about, lame as he was; bringing in and setting up the bed, carrying in food, chopping firewood, and now and then looking at her furtively, with anxious, harassed young eyes.

"Getting better every minute, isn't it?"

The house was damp and cold. He put her in a chair, and wrapping a blanket around her, forbade her to move. "I'm doing this job. You can boss all you like." And underneath it all was his pathetic desire to make her comfortable, to see her smile, to have her share his own sense of what he had had only once before, of journey's end.

Long after that first meal of theirs had been eaten and she was in the white iron double bed, he was still at work. He had the team to see to, the wagon to cover from the rain, more wood to chop. She lay there, listening to him moving about, and to the rain on the roof just over her head, and after a while she got out of bed and dropped down on her knees. She was going to stick, no matter what; just give her strength to stick, and she asked nothing else.

But she had to get up once again that night to help Tom to get his boot off his swollen and discolored foot.

"Been as busy as a dog licking a dish," he told her cheerfully. "And don't you worry about this leg of mine. It's got to get limbered up, that's all."

He was up at dawn, and he had the fire going and water carried from the well before she stirred.

"You mustn't spoil me like that."

"I'm just breakin' you in kind of easy. No use putting the saddle on until you're halter-broke, you know."

The house had three rooms; a large one, opening directly from a narrow porch, and two smaller rooms, one the kitchen. It sat out on the rolling plains, unshaded from the sun, and below it, lined with a few cottonwoods, a thin and now muddy stream wound its way beneath cut banks from the distant mountains. In summer it was hot, and the dust came in and covered floors and furniture with a fine gray grit; in winter the gales shook it, and only a small area around the stove was warm. Tom, spending those tragic months later on, was to learn that, and finally to move his bed into the kitchen.

There was no other house in sight. Judson, the nearest town, was a line of nondescript buildings along the railroad track, some miles away. The only moving thing within Kay's vision, that first morning of their arrival, was cattle thinly spread out over empty country and a lonely cowboy silhouetted on top of a butte. When she stood still the silence was unbroken; the time was to come when that silence was to beat on her ears like thunder, when she was to rattle her dishes, move her bits of furniture, to escape from it.

But at first there was healing in it. Tom, moving in and out, still watchful and anxious, was surprised to find her cheerful in the litter of mud, boxes and general confusion.

"Bearing up, are you, girl?"

"I like it," she told him. "It's so peaceful."

"So's a marble orchard."

"A marble orchard?"

"A cemetery."

It never occurred to her that, after all she had hoped of life, now she was asking for peace.

If the ranch house, rather like Tom, had little resemblance to the cottage of her romantic dreams, at least it responded quickly to care and affection—and was rather like Tom in that too.

To Kay, certain unforgettable pictures of those first weeks on the reservation remained always. There was the fixing up of the ranch house, its development from dirt and squalor into a place of order and cleanliness, and even comfort. The big room, with its floor painted and Indian rugs on it; the day-by-day touches; the evening when Tom came home to find the white dotted curtains at the windows; the day she labored all day at the rusty stove, and when on starting the fire they were both driven outside by the smell of burning paint; Tom putting up hooks in the kitchen and then proudly arranging their pots and pans on them; the uses to which wooden boxes and packing cases could be put; the discovery that an old creeper lying in the grass could be lifted and trained up over the porch; the morning Tom called her out to see a cow grazing on a hillside close by, and proudly pointed out the L. D. brand on its side.

Small matters at the time, only to assume true proportions when from a far distance she looked back on them; when the fatigue and discomfort had been forgotten, and all that stood out was that she and Tom had been together.

Discomfort there was. The rain was as though it had never been, and again the heat was intolerable. The ground outside cracked and fissured, and the air that came through the opened doors was hot and lifeless, and laden with gray-white dust. She would wipe it away, only to have it come back again. She was always thirsty, with a thirst that the flattish alkaline water from the well did not assuage. The very thought of handling food sickened her, the bacon limp and running with grease, the butter a formless oily mass. The meat Tom brought once or twice a week from Judson had to be cooked at once or it spoiled.

The very stove in that weather became her deadly enemy. It seemed to play tricks on her with malicious intent. One moment it would be burning intensely, devastatingly; the next she would find it had died entirely. She took to watching it, standing by it with a fresh stove length of wood in her hand, as if she meant to beat it into submission. Her hair was always damp, her face covered with little beads of moisture, her hands burned and roughened.

In between these times there were hours when she had nothing to do. She would bathe herself and then lie down, but the bed would be blistering hot. She took to lying on the floor instead for coolness, and Tom, coming in unexpectedly one day, found her there asleep. She was so pale, she lay so still, that he thought she had fainted.

"Kay!" he said. "Kay!"

When he found she had only been sleeping he was angry with relief.

"That's a fool thing to do, lying on the floor like that! Suppose ——" He cast around for something that might have threatened her. "Suppose a rattler had crawled in."

During this part, as she looked back later, Tom had always been working. He worked at white heat, frenziedly, and yet with a cool purpose behind that frenzy. He had freighted lumber from the railroad and was preparing for the winter. Now and then a half-breed from Judson came over to help him. He had wasted little time on the barn, but before long he had built a calf yard and shelter sheds, and a high log corral. There were many times now at night when his foot was so swollen that he could not get his boot off

"Let me help you, won't you?"

"It went on; it's got to come off," he would say doggedly.

In the intervals he worked his mixed herd, drove in his unthrifty cattle for feeding, watched his calves, broke and rode his green horses. There were days when he was gone all day; when he rolled a bit of luncheon inside a slicker and tied it to his saddle, and was off from dawn until nightfall. On those occasions he always left his revolver, loaded, where she could easily reach it.

"But I'm not afraid, Tom, really."

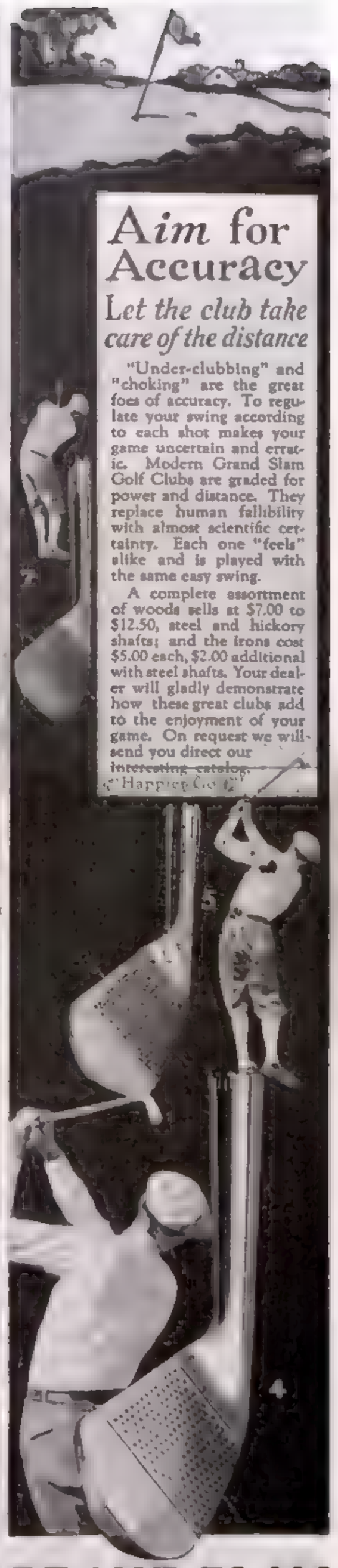
"Just don't let anybody inside the house. That's all I'm asking you."

But they were young and still passionately in love. The outside world hardly touched them; there were whole days when she never thought of Henry, or Katherine, or Bessie Osborne, or Herbert. They belonged to some queer half-forgotten life where people still rang bells and trays were brought, or tea, or whisky and soda, with tinkling ice in glasses.

There were evenings then when the sun had gone down behind the distant mountains in a glory of rose and purple and gold, and the night breeze came rolling over the plains, cool and reviving, when they sat hand in hand on the step of the narrow porch, and sometimes talked and sometimes were silent.

"Not tired of me yet, girl?"

(Continued on Page 61)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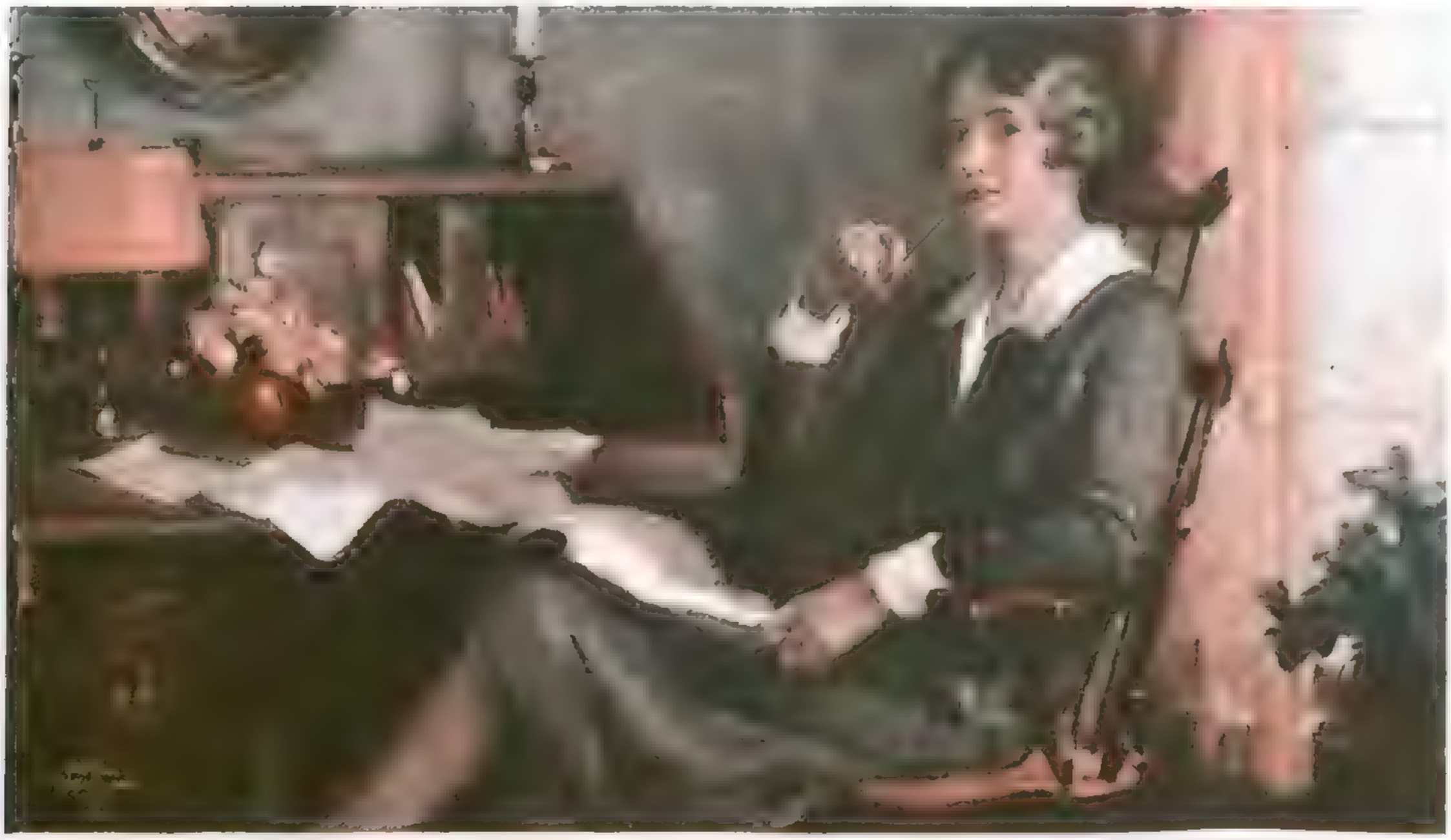

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(Continued from Page 59)

"Not unless you're tired of me."

"Never, so help me God!"

But there was a new angle to their relationship. It was Tom now who was dependent on her, was sensitive to her slightest withdrawal, who watched for her approval or disapproval. And that his jealousy of Herbert was only slumbering she realized one night when they sat watching the northern lights spreading their long pale green streams across the sky.

"The Indians call them the camp fires of the dead," he told her.

"That's rather lovely, isn't it?"

He squared about and looked at her. "If anything happened to me, Kay, what would you do?"

"I'm not going to think about it."

"But if it did? Suppose a horse comes down on me some day—you never can tell in this business—then what?"

"I suppose I'd go home. I don't know what else I could do. Please, Tom ——"

"And marry Percy? That would be it, I suppose."

"I'd never marry anybody. I couldn't."

"You'd marry him," he said somberly, and was silent for a long time.

Outside of that one reference to her old life, he never mentioned it.

Time went on. The drought continued. Already the leaves of the cottonwoods by the creek had turned yellow and were falling; they dropped into the stream and were caught underneath by the eddies, where they moved along like small golden fish. The stream was very low, and what had been mysterious shadows in its depths were now revealed in their stark nakedness under a rock, a floating end of it looking like a long dead arm.

The trout had left the riffles and taken refuge in the pools, and the little pond surrounded by rushes which was the ancient overflow from some forgotten irrigation ditch was almost dry. Now and then a flock of early ducks flew over it, heads thrust forward, circled it and then went on in search of something better. The cattle kept slowly on the move in search of grass; one morning Kay found them all around the pool, and saw that they had eaten the rushes down.

She could have wept, and thereafter the pool, like the débris in the creek, lay naked and ugly, save when at sunset it reflected the colors of the sky.

But as time went on and the heat and drought continued, anxiety began to tighten Tom's nerves. He came in one day, to have his bad foot catch under the end of one of the Indian rugs and almost throw him.

"Hell of an idea, having loose carpets lying about, anyhow!" he said savagely, and kicked it into a heap.

And Kay, tired and hot, came to her kitchen door and ordered him to replace it.

"I will not! You can break a leg if you like, but I need mine."

"I seem to need mine too," she said wearily, and got down to straighten it. He lifted her to her feet savagely and kicked the rug back into place. Then he stalked out through the kitchen, and she could hear him angrily rattling the washbasin. He was quiet enough when he came back, but—and later she was to mark that incident as significant—he did not apologize. There was no tender making-up. The incident came, passed, was apparently forgotten; but it marked a milestone in their relationship nevertheless.

His good looks had not altered. Chaps or overalls made no difference. Kay, on the other hand, was showing wear and strain. He did not notice it; for all his occasional outbursts, she was still Kay to him. Her beauty or her lack of it made no difference to him. She was Kay, his sweetheart and his wife. Perhaps, man fashion, he was taking her too much for granted. But he had his own worries, and grave enough they were.

The creek was almost dry.

One day Kay heard him stirring very early, even for him, and found him later throwing a small dam across the stream. Like everything he undertook, with his handicap it was a long and arduous piece of work. He would shovel earth from the cut back into a barrow, wheel it, dump it. He had made a ridge of rocks across and was filling it.

She never knew whether he had the right to dam the creek or not. He was exhausted at night, his hands badly blistered, but he only laughed when she asked if she could help him.

"All right!" he said. "You bring down one of those little silver-plated spoons you set such store by!"

But he kissed her, was genuinely touched indeed.

Yet that very evening they had what approached a scene. He came in, went into the living room and stayed there. She could hear him moving about, but he did not come back to the kitchen.

"I need some water, Tom."

"I'm busy. . . . Pretty soon."

She was suddenly angry. She took the pail and went out to the well. When she started back she saw him at the kitchen door, but he made no move to help her. He stood aside and let her pass him, and she slammed it down on the table.

"Must have been in a hurry," he drawled, watching her.

"When you're too busy to carry water for me, I'll do it myself."

And then her nerves gave way. She did not cry. She stood, white and defiant, and reviewed her grievances, the isolation, the heat, that she was a prisoner. And she ended by showing him her hands, roughened, the nails broken.

"You used to like my hands! Look at them!"

"I'm sorry, girl. I tried to tell you what it would be like."

They sat down to the meal in silence. It was when he began to eat that she saw what he had been doing when she called him. The blisters on his own hands had broken and he had been covering them with adhesive plaster.

She got up and put her arms around him. "I must have been crazy, Tom."

He drew his first full breath since the outburst.

"You sure had me ready to whoop and holler!" he said. "Thought you were getting ready to hit the trail for somewhere else."

That night, by the lamp, he began his eternal figuring again, and he told her that with luck, after the shipping next fall, he could pay his interest and have six hundred dollars left over. It stunned her. All this labor, the long hours, the worry, and—six hundred dollars! She had paid more than that for an evening wrap.

When he saw her face he tried to explain to her the cattleman's grievances—the demand for young beef in Eastern markets, as against the fine mature cattle which were his pride and his profit; the necessary accepting at Chicago or Omaha of that day's prices, and the necessity of accepting that figure, iniquitous as it might be.

"But why do they let them have them?"

"What's a man going to do? Ship 'em back a thousand miles?"

Even that was with luck. Without it ——

They had not much time together now. Tom came in for his food, ate it hurriedly and went out again. But sometimes, glancing out, she would hear him whistling and knew that, heat and exertion and worry notwithstanding, he was happier than she had ever known him. He was looking better too; his hospital pallor had gone. He was not drinking at all.

Standing in front of the defective mirror in the bedroom one day, she remembered what Mrs. Mallory had said: "Ranching sure ages a woman. It's all right for the men. It keeps them young."

She could not even ride with him. She had no riding clothes, no saddle. And Tom was still afraid to trust her on his green horse. He was breaking one for her, he told her, but it would take time. She wondered sometimes if he realized that she was as truly a prisoner as though she had been shut behind bars.

But what could he change for her, even if he would? For the first time in her life she began to think of the pioneer women all over America who had done this very thing. Out there the back country was still full of them, women who had come there, young like herself, and now that comparative ease had been achieved were too old to use it; who could only sit on their verandas or in their cars, their worn hands folded, looking out on a land which they had hoped to conquer, but which had conquered them instead.

And then one day, as if in answer to that thought of hers, he went into Judson, and late that afternoon she heard a strange sound coming up the road, a rattling and bumping which sounded vaguely familiar. She looked out, and there was Tom, sitting grinning cheerfully in an ancient and disreputable flivver. How ancient and how disreputable were revealed by his first words.

"Bought it in town for fifty dollars!" he called. "Ain't but half broke at that; tried to buck me out more than once. But it sure can go."

He was enormously proud of it. That its cushions were broken, with gaping holes from which the hair filling protruded, and that its mud guards were bent and its radiator a shame that cried aloud meant nothing to him. It was his, and it could go. He even made her get in beside him and raced down the road.

"Little old engine's sure purring fine."

"Wonderful! And it doesn't matter how it looks if it can travel."

His face fell. "I suppose it looks pretty poor to you, after that garageful back East."

"I wasn't thinking of that."

But she had been, for a moment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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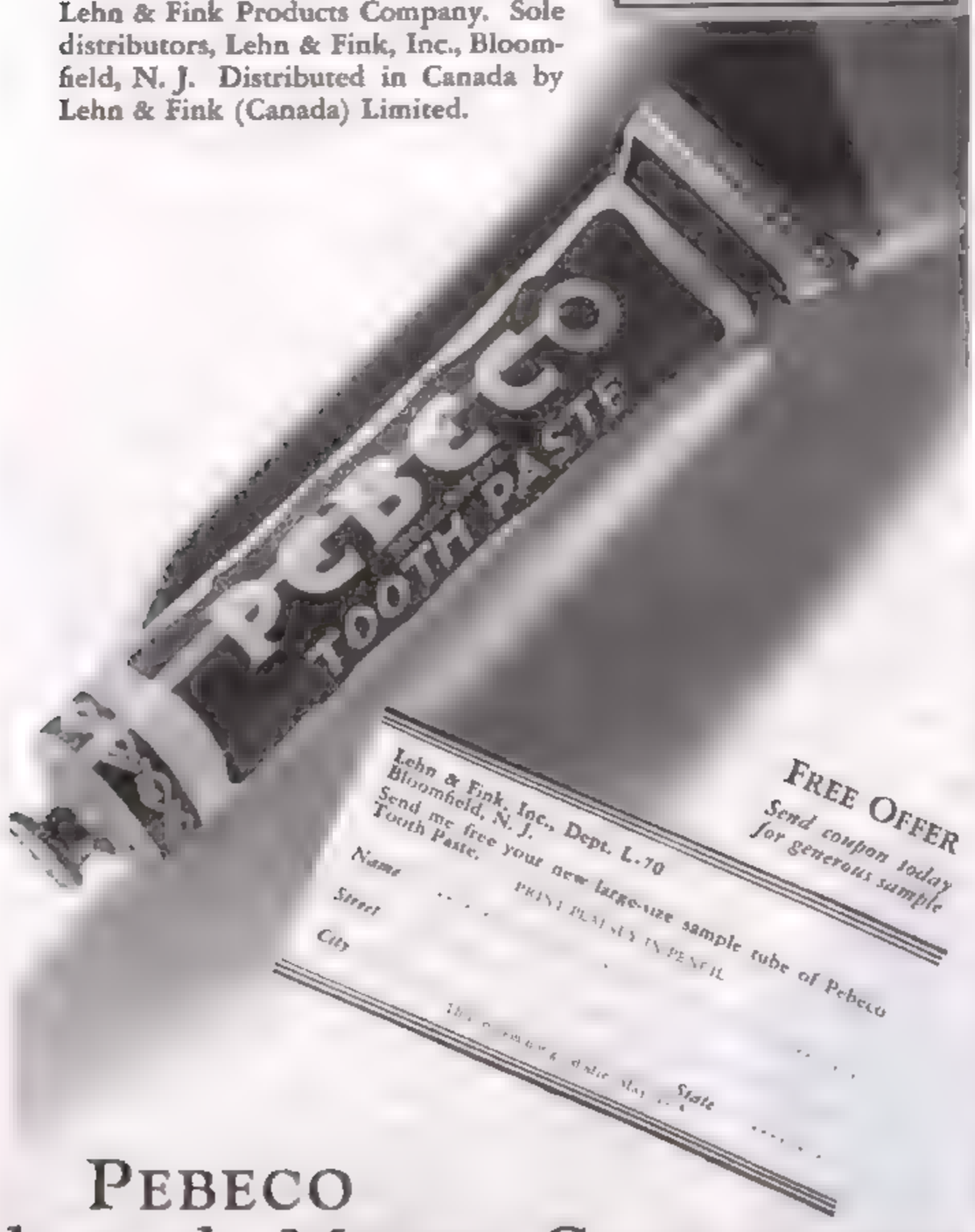

PEBECO
keeps the MOUTH GLANDS *young*

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PIECES OF EIGHT

(Continued from Page 19)

"It's from one of those out-of-the-way tribes of Abyssinia," Mr. Wood replied. "I've read a description of it, but as far as I know, nobody has ever owned one. It is probably the only specimen in the country."

"Then why did you offer her such a small amount?" I asked in considerable amazement.

Mr. Wood smiled. "For the simple reason that there is no demand for it. It wouldn't sell for fifty cents."

Unique coins—that is, coins of which only one copy is known—are uncommon. But there are many issues of which only a few specimens exist, and, provided they are the fashion among collectors or have some particular historical interest, they fetch high prices. Circumstances, however, may alter market values overnight. At one time the 1820 United States copper cent, being scarce, was the object of brisk bidding on the numismatic Rialto. But suddenly a keg full of them was found in an old cellar, bright and shiny as the day they were minted, and the bottom fell out of that particular market.

There are ways and means of booming prices artificially, even creating a market that does not exist. About 1920 an issue of The Numismatist carried an advertisement offering $600 to anyone who would provide the advertiser with a 1913 nickel bearing the Liberty head. It was a signal for loud guffaws from coin collectors, for everybody who knew anything about coins was aware that 1913 was the year the buffalo nickel first appeared.

But I was not so sure the fellow was a fool. A few months before I had been talking to one of the officials of the mint in Washington, and the conversation turned to freak coins. These anomalies occasionally appear from all mints, he said: A ten-dollar gold piece made of copper, a shilling struck in tin, or a louis d'or in lead.

"You know," he concluded, "there are even six Liberty nickels dated 1913, but I have no idea where they are."

Feminine Intuition

His remark had slipped my mind until the advertisement appeared in The Numismatist. My immediate surmise was that the gentleman who inserted it owned all six of the pieces, and was simply trying to test the market. This proved to be the case, for when a specimen was sold some months later, the price it brought showed the extreme value that collectors attached to these new freaks.

The perfectly natural demand for Americana in the United States gives our rare coins a value in this market entirely out of proportion to international values. Among European collectors there is little demand for American coins except when there is a chance of resale in America. Mr. A. H. Baldwin, the English collector, is an exception. Thirty years ago, before his interest in American coins had crystallized, he owned a fine specimen of the rare 1799 United States cent. Having received a good offer, he sold it. But later, when his interest in Americana became active, he could never find another 1799 to complete his series of United States cents.

One evening, on returning from London to his home in the suburbs, his wife informed him that the following night there was to be an auction of household effects belonging to an old neighbor down the street. She had seen among the furniture a certain worktable, just what she needed. Would he go over with her to see it and tell her what it was worth?

Mr. Baldwin was tired and told her to buy it at any reasonable price. The following day she repeated her request. The collector again demurred, but when she told him there were a few bags of old copper coins also going under the hammer he capitulated. The caretaker in charge of the premises saw the coin collector examining the furniture, and pressed the claims of the three canvas bags of coins upon his attention.

Mr. Baldwin showed little interest. He had examined hundreds of similar bags and rarely made a find.

But the caretaker was not to be put off that easily. He untied one of the bags and tossed it on a table. The neck flew open and a single coin rolled across the table top and dropped at Mr. Baldwin's feet. He picked it up; it was a 1799 United States cent. He had searched the numismatic world for it, and all the while it was half a block down the street. He bid the three bags in for five shillings, but the rare cent was the only one in the lot of any value.

Treasure Hoards

It is difficult to say just when coin collecting began. The rich Romans had the collecting mania, and imported antiques—many of them fakes—from Greece. There are classical references to Roman collections of the plated coins sometimes issued by ancient mints. In Vergil's Æneid are several passages indicating the possession of information that could have been acquired only through a knowledge of Greek coins issued 300 or 400 years before Vergil's time. It is hardly probable that the poet could have seen these coins except in collections.

The earliest known medieval collection belonged to the poet Petrarch, in the fourteenth century. The D'Este family of Ferrara gathered many fine specimens, now dispersed; each piece from this collection has a tiny silver mark inset on the coin as part of its pedigree. Queen Christina of Sweden and Louis XIV both had famous collections; the latter, now in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, may have been begun by other crowned heads of France before *le roi soleil*.

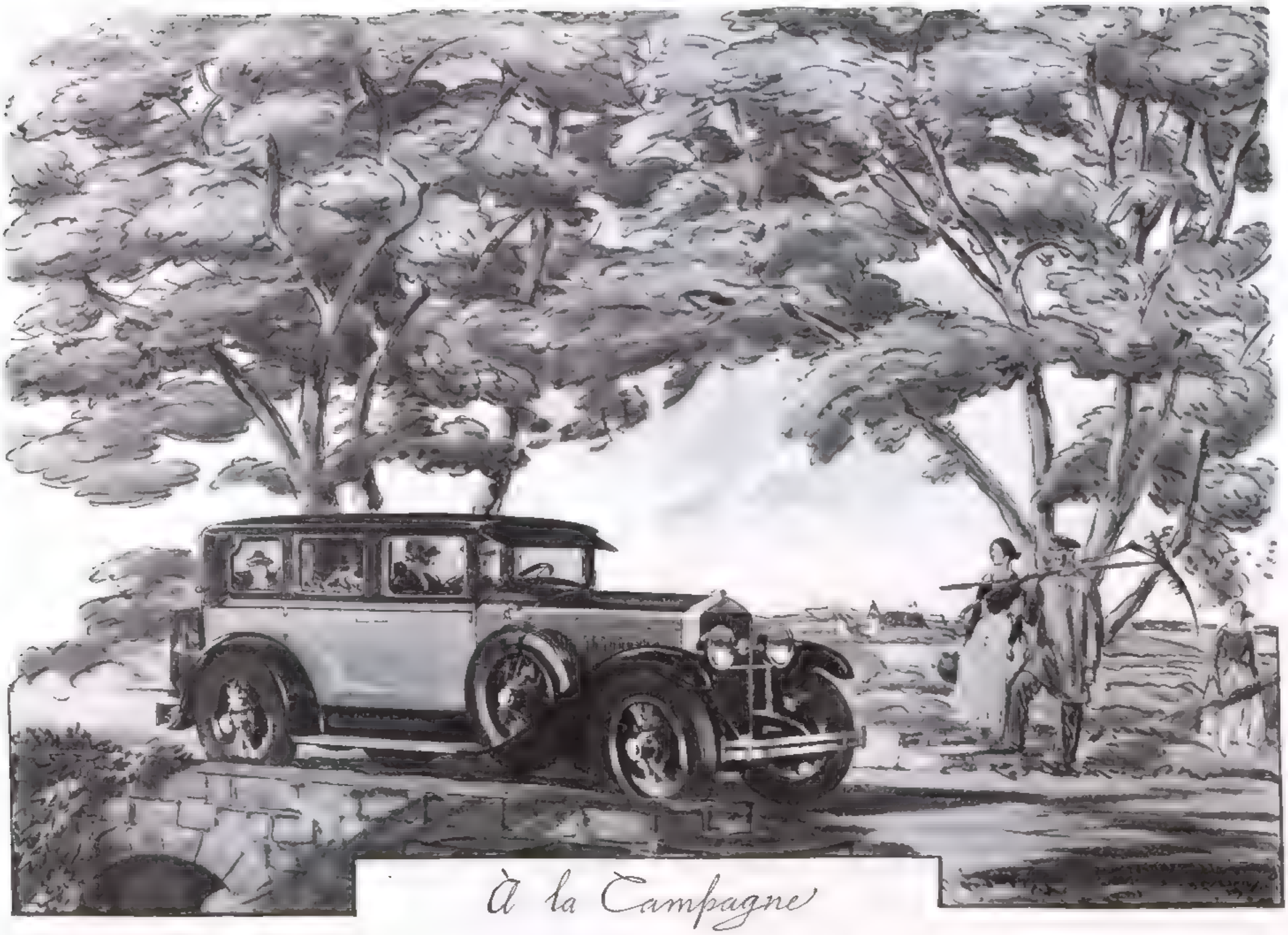
From time to time there have been discovered in various parts of the Old World what are known as hoards. These are not collections in the proper sense of the term, but caches of hidden or buried coinage. They partially explain the common question: "Why are there so many ancient coins still in existence?"

In ancient times, when there were no banks, rich men hid their gold in places known only to themselves. Frequently the secret died with them, due to untoward events—sudden death, barbarian invasion, or natural disaster. When these hoards are discovered nowadays a large number of specimens are immediately thrown on the market or put in state museums. The Bosco Reale hoard of imperial Roman gold, found when Pompeii and Herculaneum were dug out of their layers of lava and mud, is a case in point. This entire mass of coins—more than 4000 pieces—was found in a bag clutched in the hand of a skeleton under a bridge between the two buried cities. In the other hand was another bag containing the family silverware.

The bridge was situated near a large villa, and it is presumed that the owner of the villa heard the premonitory rumblings of Vesuvius and hastily fled toward town with all his valuables. But when the volcano began spreading its deadly black pall of hot cinders over the countryside he took refuge under a bridge and was buried alive, the secret of his errand later sealed by the relentless flow of sulphur-laden mud that followed. All the Bosco Reale coins are stained red from the action of the sulphur. When one of them turns up at a sale the collector can identify it at once by the color.

Among other things which govern the value of a coin, its state of preservation is important. To the beginner in coin lore it always comes as a surprise to find that the ancient gold coins are frequently better

(Continued on Page 64)



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With a quarter-century of quality experience behind it, besides being the smartest automobile of the hour, the La Salle is Cadillac in its finest essence. Of slightly lesser wheel base than Cadillac, the La Salle is powered by the 90-degree, V-type, eight-cylinder engine for which Cadillac has long been famous.

FOR A SMALL DOWN PAYMENT—with the appraisal value of your used car acceptable as cash—you may possess a La Salle on the liberal term payment plan of the General Motors Acceptance Corporation—the famous G. M. A. C. plan

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LA SALLE

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY

DETROIT, MICHIGAN • • • OSHAWA, CANADA

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

MANUFACTURED • COMPLETELY • BY • THE • CADILLAC • MOTOR • CAR • COMPANY • WITHIN • ITS • OWN • PLANTS

That well-groomed look of cleanliness

which successful men must have

YOU may think that your face is clean. You may wash and scrub it often—but remember this: You live in an atmosphere permeated with dust and dirt. You can see it in any sunbeam. Every motor car that passes pours out a trail of unseen grimy vapor. Every breeze stirs up dust. The U. S. Weather Bureau estimates that there are 117,000 dust and grime particles in every cubic inch of city air.

Some of that grime alights upon your face. It clings. It sticks. It becomes imbedded in the skin. You can't wash it off. You can't scrub it off. It stays there and gives you that leathery, half-clean look of the man "who looks his age."

Yet you can keep clean. You can bring back that glowing, ruddy, healthy look of the successful man. It is easy. It takes just a minute or two, right in your own home. After shaving, use Pompeian Massage Cream, instead of ineffectually dousing your face. You can actually see imbedded dirt roll out. You will be surprised to find out how soon that glowing, healthy look of cleanliness comes back to your face.

You will have that heart-warming, glorious feeling that—by gosh! you really are clean.

Make this convincing hand test free!

Wash your hands thoroughly. Dry them. Rub a little Pompeian Massage Cream into the back of your hand until the cream first disappears, then comes out again. Notice this—*the cream goes in pink and comes out black!* The black is dirt that you could not remove by washing. Now use this pleasant massage cream every day to give your face that clean and healthy look of the successful man. 60c at all drug stores.

POMPEIAN
MASSAGE CREAM
Increases Your Face Value

FREE -- TO MEN ONLY

The Pompeian Company, Dept. 306E, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York. Please send me free, the sample tube of Pompeian Massage Cream, with enough cream to make the hand test, and to give me several massages.

Name

Street

City _____ State

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preserved than coins made of silver, copper or bronze. Yet the explanation of the phenomenon is perfectly simple. In the first place, gold is the most permanent of the metals commonly used for coins. Copper and bronze corrode, and silver oxidizes. Gold is little affected by the chemical agents in water or the gases in impure air. Furthermore, gold does not circulate as much in the beginning. If a rich Roman were bent on hiding his money he would hide it in gold; it takes up less room and concentrates more value. Moreover, he would take pains to stow away only the best pieces, because they would be nearest full weight. When a gold coin is worn thin it is worth less in actual bullion value.

Money changers in ancient times were really money weighers, who exchanged worn coins for their equivalent in coins of full weight. Frequently they cheated their ignorant customers, and it was just such a band of unscrupulous bankers that Christ drove out of the temple. Finally, gold has always been a universal symbol for wealth, almost a fetish. Most of us have a little of King Midas in our natures; if we carry a ten-dollar gold piece in our vest pocket we feel richer than with its commonplace paper equivalent in a wallet. We break dozens of bills before we can bring ourselves to part with the gold. If there are 10,000 known specimens of gold coins from the time of Nero in existence, 50,000 of silver, and 200,000 of copper, 50 per cent of the gold will be in fine condition, 25 per cent of the silver and 5 per cent of the copper.

I have said that numismatics is not a rich man's hobby. Of course there are valuable collections, but their actual value would seldom compare to the money invested in collections of rare books or old masters. There is one prodigious collection, however, which cost its owner between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000. In a sense it is more nearly a hoard than a collection in the proper sense of the word.

It belonged to a German-American brewer who began collecting about twenty years ago. He was a man of solitary habits and lived alone, almost friendless, in a small room in his brewery. He bought coins singly or by the 100 pounds. As the collection increased in size he became famous among numismatists, but the general public knew nothing of his activities.

A Man With Loads of Money

It is hard to tell just how much this man knew about the coins he was buying. He knew enough about their commercial value not to pay extortionate prices, although he paid well. One thing is sure: he had a great many duplicates of rare specimens. When he received catalogues of coming auctions he sent in his bids and they were executed by an agent. Coins poured in upon him, and not only was he unable to catalogue them but toward the end he did not open the packages as they came from the dealers' shops.

He died recently, leaving no will. But when the heirs of his estate began to settle up the property it took five drays to transfer his collection from the brewery to a safe deposit vault. This Collection will probably go to a museum, but it will take years before anybody knows just what it contains.

Of all the American coins, the rarest are the 1822 half eagle and the Confederate half dollar. In the strictest sense of the word the latter is not a coin at all, for it was never issued as regular coinage. But since at least one copy of it was in circulation or carried about as a luck piece for about fifty years, the distinction is slight. It is really a pattern, or design, for a coin. Patterns bear the same relation to official coinages as a manufacturer's samples to his regular product. The Confederate half dollar went through all the preliminary processes of production, was struck from dies in an authorized mint, but was never issued in quantity as money

When Louisiana seceded from the United States at the outbreak of the Civil War the state authorities took possession of the United States Mint at New Orleans and operated it for four months before turning it over to the Confederate States of America. During this period they minted twenty-dollar gold pieces and silver half dollars from the dies of the regular United States coinage. In April, 1861, the secretary of the treasury for the Confederacy invited the submission of designs for a new half dollar. The design presented by a Mr. Peterson of New Orleans was accepted.

A Confederate Issue

A die was then cut and four trial pieces struck on a hand press. This new die formed the obverse of the new coin; for the reverse, or back, the regular seated figure of Liberty was used. Then, probably because of the blockade, no more silver became available and the mint went out of business. Of the four trial pieces, one was presented to President Jefferson Davis, two given to other prominent citizens, and the fourth was kept by Doctor Taylor, chief coiner of the mint. For many years after the war the coins were forgotten. But in 1879 Doctor Taylor sold his piece to a Philadelphia coin dealer, together with the original die. It was then resold to a New York dealer, who tried without success to locate the three other copies.

The half dollar appeared to be unique, and the New York dealer held it for a good many years, waiting for the price he asked—$4000. He did not do much business at that figure, however, and decided to realize on his investment in another way. He therefore secured 500 silver half dollars from the New Orleans Mint, and filed off the design on the reverse—that is, the side for which the Confederate die had been substituted on the four trial pieces. He then announced he would strike 500 brand-new Confederate half dollars, using the die which Doctor Taylor sold with the coin. These he sold at five dollars apiece, as restrikes.

This profitable little experiment has caused much annoyance to collectors and boundless disappointment to others. A Confederate half dollar was handed in at the subway ticket office of the Brooklyn Bridge not so many years ago, and was recognized by the ticket seller. Next day the papers blazoned the find to an envious public, and the poor fellow's friends congratulated him on his good luck. Experts were sure that it was one of the restrikes, still worth about five dollars as curiosities. Probably he took it to a numismatist and was gently disillusioned, for nothing has been heard of it since.

The New York dealer never got his price for the pedigreed original. When he retired from active business he sold it with the die, and, after changing hands two or three times, it brought $3750 at public auction in 1910. This specimen is in perfect condition, and is one of the star exhibits of an Eastern museum. The only other genuine specimen was tracked and brought to earth by some vigilant sharpshooter in Rondout, New York, in 1910. It now rests in the cabinet of a collector in the Middle West, somewhat worn and weary from the attrition of half a century of travel. Where are the other two copies? Nobody knows. Perhaps you will find one some day in your pocket. It is highly improbable, to be sure, for thousands of collectors have been on their trail for two generations. But if you do, find out to the milligram how much it weighs, so as to be sure it is not one of the filed-down restrikes, before you plan to build a new wing on your house or turn in the old car for a brand-new model.

One of the most romantic myths ever attached to a coin used to be told about the

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THE MODERN CAR IS A HOME ON WHEELS

MORE than ever before a smart car is expected to represent in every particular the home to which it belongs. This necessitates careful consideration of the upholstery, for the car's interior must reproduce the atmosphere of the owner's living room—reflecting its beauty, its charm, its good taste.

The majority of fine car makers are therefore upholstering their closed models with CA-VEL. These velvets of enduring beauty are the identical fabrics that discriminating furniture designers are specifying for chair coverings, and interior decorators select for their loveliest creations in drapes and hangings.

CA-VEL is distinguished not only for its lustrous sheen and glowing texture but also for its rich colors. A pile fabric, its yielding surface never becomes ruffled. You will never drive a car with a shabby interior if you make sure the upholstery is CA-VEL. Collins & Aikman Company, Established 1845, New York City.

©

CA-VEL

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

Companee-'ten-shun!

© 1927 M. L. I. CO.

WHEN Uncle Sam mustered his greatest Army and Navy to fight overseas, he had a million and one things to plan and arrange for. You remember the ships that were built and the equipment provided—camps at home and supplies abroad.

One of the wisest and kindliest provisions was to supply everyone in Service with life insurance at less than its cost to the Government—a lower rate than could be offered by any life insurance company in America. The Government had no taxes to pay and made no charge for overhead expenses.

More than $39,000,000,000 of insurance was taken by 4,500,000 Service men and women. Many of these wisely took $10,000 policies—the largest written by the Government. Others neglected their opportunities and either took out smaller policies or no insurance at all.

The policies were originally issued on the yearly renewable term plan. After the war, holders were invited to convert them into policies on a level premium, legal reserve basis such as is employed by America's large life insurance companies.

But, unfortunately, many policies were allowed to lapse. And now the officials at Washington, gratefully remembering the way the Government was supported in time of need, offer veterans a final chance to restore protection to their families with life insurance at rates below actual cost. All Service men and women who lapsed their term policies may have their insurance reinstated by the payment of one month's back premium when accompanied by a certificate of good health which any physician may give. Or they may now take out smaller policies at the same special rates. But—the necessary formalities must be carried through before July 2, 1927.*

There are perhaps 3,500,000 of you men and women specially privileged to get insurance at the old bargain rates offered in wartime. Will you, who have earned this right, neglect the golden opportunity?

*For information and necessary blanks send to any local headquarters of the United States Veterans' Bureau, or of The American Legion, or of the Red Cross, or to the national headquarters of any one of these organizations at Washington, D. C.

One of the most common misconceptions in the public mind regarding life insurance is that lapsed policies are a source of profit to insurance companies and therefore are desired by them. As a matter of fact, lapsed policies mean loss to both policyholders and companies. Worst of all they often spell domestic tragedy.

Because of temporary financial pressure, men sometimes stop paying premiums hoping that a little later they may take out new policies—even though they realize that at an older age they will have to pay higher rates, if, by good fortune, they are able to pass again the necessary physical examinations.

Life insurance policies are not merely sound investments; in the majority of cases they provide the surest form of protection for American families. Once a man or woman has taken a life insurance policy every possible precaution should be used to keep it in force at its full value.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company spends a great deal of time and effort each year urging policyholders whose misfortune may have caused them to lapse their contracts to apply for reinstatement. Also, we are glad to cooperate with Washington in urging Service men and women to get their Government insurance reinstated before it is too late.

The 3,500,000 eligibles for this bargain insurance are in a fortunate position. We hope they will take advantage of their extraordinary opportunity.

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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so-called United States dollar of 1804. Early collectors of American coins discovered that dollars of this date were always missing in their series. The mint records showed that 19,370 silver dollars were issued in that year, although they were discontinued thereafter until about 1840. No such coin was ever known until 1843, when a Mr. Stickney of Salem, Massachusetts, announced that he had added one to his collection. Then others began to turn up.

Some anonymous romancer cudgeled his brain for an explanation, and finally produced a tale which was logical enough to bear the stamp of truth. The entire issue of silver dollars, so the story went, was loaded on board a ship and sent to the Barbary Coast in payment of the tribute which was then exacted from the United States by the Algerian pirates in return for noninterference with American shipping. But the ship was wrecked off the coast of Africa, and the few specimens extant were either washed up along the shore or hastily salvaged by the fleeing crew.

It was easy to believe such an alluring falsehood. But in this case the old proverb must be reversed and fiction becomes stranger than truth. The truth seems to be that no such coins were ever minted, at least not in 1804. The mint records took no account of the dates on the coins, and if a number of dollars were issued in 1804 they were probably struck from the 1803 dies. A set of dies seems to have been made, however, because they were found later in the mint. About 1843 someone brought enough silver to the mint to have five or six copies struck outside the regular current coinage, as souvenirs. This happened again at various times until the 70's, and now there are thirteen copies known. The 1804 dollar has always made good copy for the newspapers, but experts have had to abandon romance for truth; the buccaneers have retreated before the cold light of facts.

Mistaking the Genuine

A few years ago I had an amusing experience in connection with this coin. In browsing around Liverpool I wandered into a pawnshop to see what old coins he had in stock, and engaged in conversation with another customer, who, I discovered, rather fancied himself as a numismatist. We exchanged tales of numismatic exploits, but for every story I told he tried to go me one better. As a grand finale, calculated to silence me for good and all, he proclaimed:

"I bought an 1804 dollar last year for five shillings, and sold it to an American collector for $300."

"There ain't no such animal," I retorted jocularly.

There may have been some malice in my remark, but I was hardly prepared for the storm it caused. His face grew purple, and for a moment I am sure he contemplated killing me on the spot. After he calmed down and let me tell him the truth, he wandered off in utter dejection.

Of all phases of numismatics, counterfeiting touches the world at more points than any other. It concerns the collector, the dealer, the public and the police. Counterfeiters have the oldest record in the annals of crime. Usually they are highly educated men and skillful craftsmen; they have to be, in order for their work to escape detection by mint experts, banks, collectors and even the tradesman who drops your half dollar on the counter to see if it rings true. Counterfeits have existed almost as long as coins. Many specimens of Greek and Roman coins are known to be counterfeits made when the coins were still in circulation, although in those days, when the authority to issue money was considered almost a holy privilege and the secrets of die cutting were jealously guarded by trusted agents of the issuing power, counterfeiting was doubtless more difficult to carry on than now.

Silver is most commonly the object of the counterfeiter's attentions. Copper and nickel are not worth the trouble, and gold is difficult to imitate on account of its weight. Most silver counterfeits contain a certain percentage of silver, for the day is past when the counterfeiter could get by with a cheap job made of lead or zinc. Even our regular United States silver coinage contains a small alloy, but not enough to prevent it from having the bright look and hard clean feel of pure silver. Debased silver feels greasy; with a little experience anyone can tell it at once from good coin.

Since the time of Queen Elizabeth, Great Britain has always prided herself on the purity and fineness of her silver coinage. But for a short time after the World War the British mint issued debased silver for economic reasons. It was nearly half copper, and still causes considerable annoyance, because many people unacquainted with the circumstances take the perfectly legitimate coinage for counterfeit.

Famous Coin Forgers

A distinction must be made between counterfeits and forgeries. Just as famous paintings are forged and sold to unsuspecting amateurs, so famous coins are imitated and put on the market. A forgery, then, is an imitation of an ancient coin, to be sold for its increased value as a rarity, whereas a counterfeit is an imitation of a current coin to be put into circulation at its face value. Forgery is naturally less common than counterfeiting, for the simple reason that a forger can sell only a very limited number of copies of a single piece.

The two most famous forgers in the history of numismatics are Becker and Christodulos. Christodulos was a well-known dealer in coins with a shop in Athens until his death two years ago. He forged only ancient Greek coins; his skill as a die cutter and his feeling for style make his specimens objects of considerable interest in themselves.

As a young man, this clever Greek made friends with the curator of the museum at Athens, who made for him plaster casts of some of the rarest specimens in the national collection. Christodulos would take these home, and presently new-found rarities would turn up in his shop. When a demand for a certain issue had been cleverly created he would sell the forgeries shortly after for a slightly smaller price. He avoided prosecution by never selling the fakes with a guaranty. His success was phenomenal, and many of the great collections, including those of the British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale, were badly taken in. It was not until he had forged a great many specimens that his peculiar style of workmanship was detected and careful descriptions of his forgeries published to warn buyers. Occasionally he made glaring errors by mixing up his dies and getting the wrong reverse with the right obverse, but this was exceptional.

Not long before Christodulos' death, the American authority, Mr. Newell, bought five very rare genuine coins at his shop in Athens. The wily Greek knew that Mr. Newell made better plaster casts than he, and would sell them only on condition that Mr. Newell would make casts and send them back to Athens. The collector consented and made the casts as agreed. But before committing them to the lawless hands of the forger, he made a minute alteration on each matrix, small enough to pass undetected by Christodulos, but distinct enough for a collector to recognize if forewarned.

He then notified the British Museum and other institutions of what he had done. Christodulos died shortly after, perhaps from a broken heart because he was unable to pass off his new forgeries on a gullible world. At any rate, he never sold any forgeries of those particular coins.

Becker was a German collector who forged Greek, Roman, and medieval coins. He originally worked on order, with no intention to deceive, simply reproducing coins for collectors to fill in gaps in their series. He was so successful, however, that

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ON THE PENNSYLVANIA NO VILLAGE IS REMOTE . . . NO CITY FAR AWAY

Starting with a case here, a crate there, the products of thousands of villages are gathered into freight and express shipments which stagger the imagination by their size and value.

LAMBERT HOLLOW *and way stations*

THE *great limited trains swing across the country with a flash. They are the famous leaders of the Pennsylvania forces.*

But what of the locals, the rank and file of the road?

Every day on the Pennsylvania 2500 of these little trains do their part in weaving the colorful pattern of the nation's life.

They puff along out of hot cities to the cool, green suburbs, up some mountain valley, or through pleasant farm land.

Informal trains they are. The crews are known by their first names. In the smokers men loll in shirt sleeves. In the coaches women chat of the doings at the grange, or compare purchases made at the county seat.

The locals do not make records for speed, but they make friendships. They are close to the people who are America. They link town and village with the city. They are as vital as the Broadway Limited itself.

* * *

AND besides the passenger service to the local stations there is the equally important handling of freight from the villages. The roots of the nation are in the small towns. Virtually all food, clothing, fuel, lumber, iron and other ores, either in raw or finished state, are produced by village people. Raw materials of almost every sort start their journey to the consumer from a local railroad station.

Leaders of the largest fleet of trains in America

BROADWAY LIMITED
New York and Chicago—20 hours

THE AMERICAN
St. Louis and New York—24 hours

LIBERTY LIMITED
Chicago and Washington—19 hours

CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED
Washington and New York—4½ hours

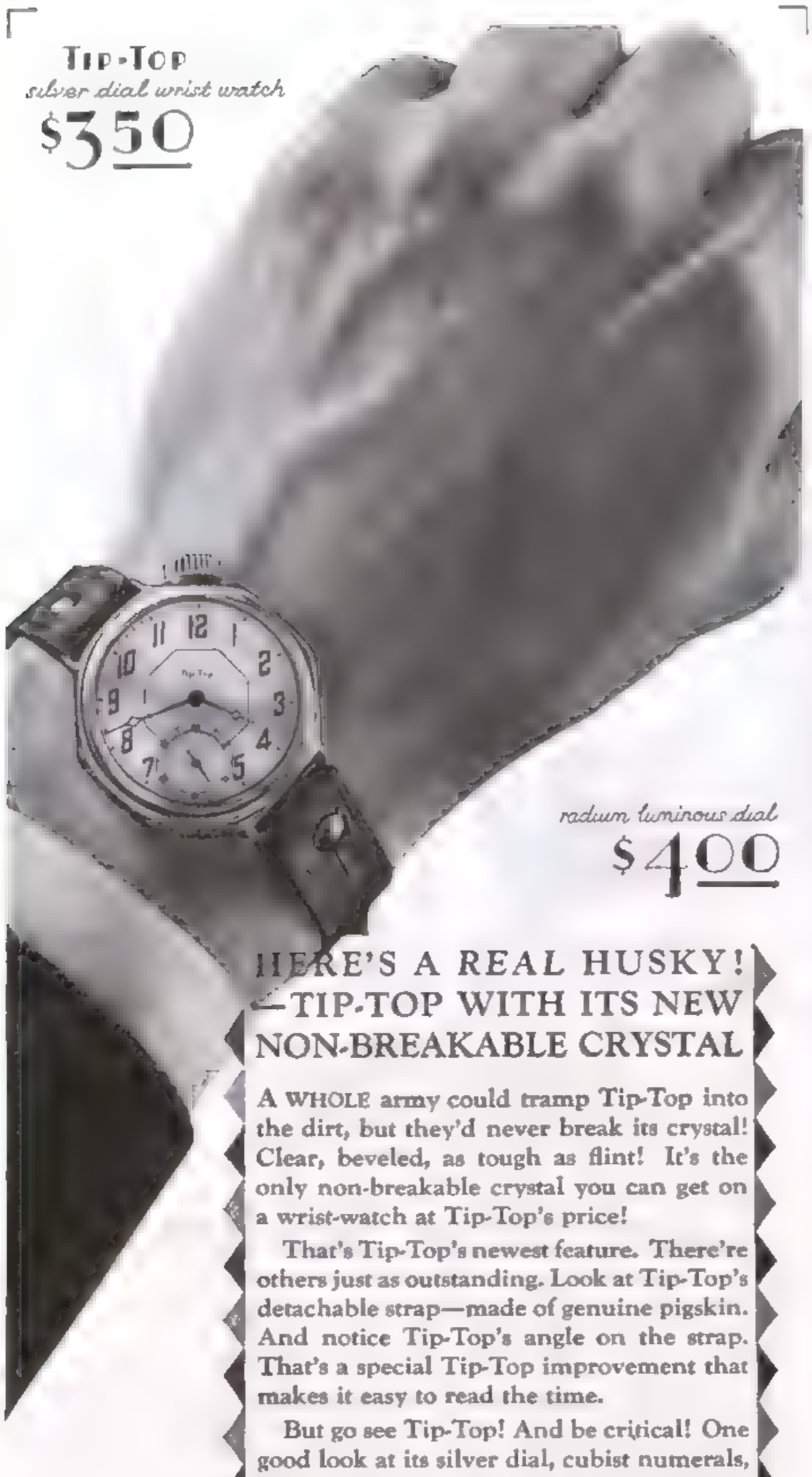
THE RED ARROW
Detroit, Cleveland, Toledo and the East

CINCINNATI LIMITED
Cincinnati and New York—18 hours

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

TIP-TOP
silver dial wrist watch
$3.50



radium luminous dial
$4.00

HERE'S A REAL HUSKY!
—TIP-TOP WITH ITS NEW NON-BREAKABLE CRYSTAL

A WHOLE army could tramp Tip-Top into the dirt, but they'd never break its crystal! Clear, beveled, as tough as flint! It's the only non-breakable crystal you can get on a wrist-watch at Tip-Top's price!

That's Tip-Top's newest feature. There're others just as outstanding. Look at Tip-Top's detachable strap—made of genuine pigskin. And notice Tip-Top's angle on the strap. That's a special Tip-Top improvement that makes it easy to read the time.

But go see Tip-Top! And be critical! One good look at its silver dial, cubist numerals, open hands and sunk second dial with the small, thin *octagon* case, and you'll say, "Wrap it up." Your dealer will also show you Tip-Top, *the pocket-watch*, another True Time Teller with the non-breakable crystal. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY
New Haven, Conn.

Makers of good clocks and watches for more than five generations

TIP-TOP SILVER DIAL POCKET WATCH $1.50 RADIUM $2.25

(Continued from Page 66)

he began to make a business of it. Bolen, the American die cutter, made copies of American Colonial coins in somewhat the same fashion, although he never intended any fraud. Becker's workmanship is now thoroughly recognizable and does not bother experts.

Alteration is still another phase of falsification, which differs from both counterfeiting and forgery. When two varieties of a coin differ only slightly from each other, and one is common and the other rare, it is a great temptation to alter the common coin and thereby increase its value. Brand-new varieties are sometimes created in this way. Quite recently a collector showed me a 1793 United States chain cent which had been so cleverly altered as almost to defy detection. The common variety of this coin has the words UNITED STATES OF AMERICA lettered out in full on the obverse, and is worth only a few dollars. But suddenly a new and apparently unique die variety appeared, in which the cutter had abbreviated the inscription to UNITED STATES OF AMERI.

If the coin had been genuine it would have been worth a great deal. But it turned out to be simply one of the regular varieties with the letters CA scraped off and burnished so that no trace of them remained. The fellow struck a snag, however, on the simple matter of the full stop following the letter I. Since there was no full stop there, he drilled a small hole where it should have been and inserted a tiny copper pin to simulate the missing character. The pin gave him away because it had not been burnished down to the level of the rest of the letters.

Counterfeits are usually worthless unless one can pass them off without detection. But there are certain counterfeits which are worth more in metal actually than the original coin for which they were substituted. These are the famous platinum imitations of gold coins made about 1866 in South America. Platinum has commanded a high value in recent years because of the demand for it in jewelry and its use in scientific instruments. But there was a time when a great deal of platinum was found in the South American silver mines and cast aside because the miners did not know what to do with it. Some shrewd person discovered that it was a workable metal, slightly heavier than gold, hard enough to withstand wear, and altogether desirable for counterfeiting. Up to that time gold coins were difficult to imitate because of their weight. Platinum obviated that difficulty, and, when washed with gold, made an excellent substitute, for gold circulates slowly and it would be a long time before the plating wore off and the other metal showed underneath.

Supplying Missing Links

The most common of these platinum counterfeits are the well-made copies of gold twenty-real pieces of Queen Isabella II of Spain, but I have also seen American five and ten dollar pieces so counterfeited. Before platinum became more valuable than gold they used to be refused in banks and shops. But now they are eagerly accepted and melted down for their bullion value.

Only Russia has used platinum for legitimate coinage. A large part of the world's supply of platinum used to come from the imperial mines in the Ural Mountains, and the government then had no other profitable way of disposing of the metal. The coins were never well received, probably because of their confusion with silver. But there are rumors that the Bolshevist Government is considering the issue of platinum coins to try to reëstablish the fearfully depreciated Russian paper currency.

Coins do more than throw corroborative light on historical events. In some cases they actually supply data missing in the records which would otherwise remain in the limbo of forgotten things. There is an old tradition of the Christian Church, for instance, that the Apostle Thomas, familiarly known as Doubting Thomas, went to India as a missionary. The Apocrypha contains a book known as the Acts of St. Thomas, in which is revealed how the disciple converted one Gondapharnes, King of India, to Christianity.

As far as history can tell us, no such king of India ever lived. But in 1838 coins were found in Northwestern India bearing the name of Gondapharnes. Thus the tradition was corroborated and the apocryphal book found to contain the truth. Shortly afterward other coins of the same period were discovered, lacking the name, but bearing a new inscription. This time it was GREAT SAVIOUR, KING OF KINGS. No numismatist will go so far as to declare that this inscription refers to the king's conversion, but it may very likely be so.

There is another case where the names of several of the kings of Bactria, a Greek kingdom in Asia, are known only from coins. From the evidence of the coinage, its dates, quantity and design, a skeleton can be formed of the history of the settlement, and from the portraits they bear whole families of royal personages have been suddenly dragged from oblivion and given form and feature.

Tokens of Hard Times

Coins are invaluable to the student of art history, too, because the rise and fall of the art of numismatics through the centuries follows exactly the mutations of sculpture, architecture and painting. When the culture of Greece was at its apogee, about 400 B.C., Greek coins were at their finest. Thereafter came a steady decline until, in the first century B.C., the art seemed almost a lost one.

With the Roman ascendancy, however, coins improved, and the clean-cut portraiture of Roman coins is quite comparable to their skill in portrait sculpture.

Another high point came in the Renaissance. At the behest of the Medici and the Sforzas, the best artists and the most skillful silversmiths turned their attention to coins, and we find pieces from the immortal hand of that melancholy and cultivated gentleman, Leonardo da Vinci, and by Benvenuto Cellini, boisterous and lovable braggart. Cellini's Autobiography tells at length of the portrait coin he designed bearing the head of Alexander, the mulatto Medici.

Numismatics performs another service for art in identifying some of the masterpieces of Greek sculpture. The winged Victory of Samothrace might have been forever nameless had not a reproduction of it been found on a coin. We know that certain statues existed only from reproductions on Greek money. The Olympian Zeus of Phidias would be nothing more than a myth were it not for its image on an Olympian coin of the fifth century B.C.

Two of the most interesting phases of Americana are private gold and token coinages. Tokens are issues in the form of currency, usually put out by other than government authorities in order to supply the needs of trade when the official coinage is not sufficient. They have often become necessary during war periods. For example, there were over 6000 varieties of one-cent pieces issued during the Civil War for the purpose of making change. Most of them bore names of private concerns and some device indicating the business or profession of the issuing party. There is one quaint specimen with the inscription: TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN BY B. P. BELKNAP on one side, and an anchor with a piece of cable on the other. Doubtless this was intended to symbolize Doctor Belknap's secure reputation in the community, but somehow it tends to bring painfully to mind some of the more antiquated methods of extracting teeth.

Other American tokens were issued at divers times when coins were short. The famous Hard Times tokens appeared during the presidency of Andrew Jackson, due

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National
MAZDA
AUTO LAMPS

TRUSTWORTHY

Little brothers to the lamps that light your home, these National MAZDA Auto Lamps embody the same high quality and well-known dependability.

Look for the MAZDA mark, shown in the picture above.

Your dealer has for you, free, a handy *metal* kit for your "spares". Keep an extra lamp or two in your car—for not even MAZDA Lamps can last always—and you'll be insured against future inconvenience, many possible troubles, and the dangers that darkness hides on any road.

* * *

THE MAZDA mark on a lamp certifies that it was made under MAZDA Service—with all the advantages of design and manufacturing developed by the Research Laboratories of General Electric Company. Thus MAZDA is not the name of a thing, but the mark of a Service; and only lamps whose makers are entitled to that special service are or can be marked MAZDA.

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

Don't shave with a SAW!

THE shave is the test of a blade. If your face is tender after shaving, you are being scraped by saw-teeth! Probably you've been led to believe that this was a necessary deficiency of blade-making. *It's time you switched to Ever-Ready.*

For Ever-Ready has "the keenest edge in the world" —straight as a die—scratchless because it's toothless. There's a scientific reason.

EXAMINE AN EVER-READY BLADE. It's built like a barber's razor. Notice how heavy and sturdy it is! We use thick, tough steel. That's why Ever-Ready comes through smiling—in spite of the most rigorous edging process ever applied to a blade—in spite of 3 miles of careful honing and 1800 feet of delicate stropping.

Notice the steel backbone! This backbone makes Ever-Ready *absolutely rigid.* It meets the stiffest beard unflinchingly—and shaves the most stubborn whiskers with clean, unstuttering strokes!

Ever-Ready is triple-tested before it leaves our factory, to insure that every blade in every package is 100% perfect! *Sold Everywhere.*

Don't be harnessed by habit to a razor that isn't giving you complete satisfaction! *Mail us twenty cents today, to cover mailing, and we will send miniature "grip-full of shaving aids"—containing standard Ever-Ready Razor with Ever-Ready Radio Blades, and two other shaving requisites. This trial offer is limited.*

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Ever-Ready Blades

(Continued from Page 68)

to the upset in fiscal matters caused by the controversy over the United States Bank. Some of these bore mottoes expressing the political beliefs of their issuers and form an amusing display of tabloid political propaganda. The Civil War tokens produced such succinct gems of political bias as THE UNION MUST BE PRESERVED and DOWN WITH REBELLION.

From their very nature, tokens are worth less than the metallic value they represent. Many are used in Europe today where currency is depreciated. When the franc began to drop in France, silver and gold disappeared almost miraculously from circulation, and presumably found their way into modern counterparts of the ancient hoards: In old stockings and leather bags hidden under hearthstones in peasant houses. The government finally offered to buy it back at a premium. Then it proceeded to pour into the treasury coffers at the rate of millions of francs a day. Meanwhile France has issued a new series of coins made of an alloy of bronze and aluminum, of the color of pale gold, but lighter even than silver.

The story of private gold parallels one of the most romantic periods of our pioneer history—that mad scramble of the forty-niners in the days of the California gold rush. The Coast was a comparatively peaceful wilderness before gold was discovered there in 1848. Trading among the settlers was carried on largely in kind, and what need there was for specie was easily supplied in regular shipments by way of the Isthmus. Money could not be shipped overland with safety because in the long, slow trek across the plains and over the Rockies it was constantly subject to attack by lawless bandits and Indians.

So, when thousands upon thousands of gold-mad Easterners began to pour into California, the supply of coinage soon became pitifully inadequate. These folk scorned paper money, and not without reason, for in those days there was no telling when a bank note was worth the paper it was printed on. Wildcat issues were plentiful, and many of the issuing Eastern banks had no gold in their vaults to back up their paper. There was no government paper money as yet—the first United States Treasury notes being issued in 1861.

Private Coinage

Out there in California was gold in ingots, gold in shapeless lumps, gold in dust—but no gold coins. For a time gold dust became the accepted medium of exchange. Then some of the assaying companies that sprang up like mushrooms in San Francisco decided to issue their own gold coin. The United States laws expressly forbade the separate states to issue money, but nothing was said about private companies. This strange loophole in the law had been taken advantage of as early as the 30's, when Georgia and North Carolina boasted private mints. In California the firm of Norris, Grieg & Norris was the first to mint private gold. This was in May, 1849, but soon a number of companies were striking their own coins in denominations ranging from five to fifty dollars.

This went on until 1855, although the Mormons in Utah, and certain private firms in Colorado during the Pike's Peak gold craze, made private gold coins until 1861. In 1864 the Government passed a law which put a stop to the practice, but by that time it was estimated that more than $10,000,000 worth had been minted.

The new law further declared that private gold was no longer legal tender; many of the pieces were not full weight, being alloyed with silver and even copper. Then there was another gold rush, this time to the United States Mint, established in San Francisco almost simultaneously with the passage of the law, to turn in the worthless private coins for their equivalent value in legitimate United States currency.

Hence the extreme rarity of these private issues and the high premiums paid for them by collectors. About 1909 a New York bank found, in a consignment of gold from South America, a twenty-dollar gold piece issued by Wass, Molitor & Co. in San Francisco and dated 1855. It brought $500 at auction a few months later, and now would have probably twice that value.

It fell to the lot of a privately issued coin to bring the record coin price at public auction. This piece was the Brasher doubloon, so called because it was issued by a New York jeweler named Ephraim Brasher, who had a shop on Cherry Street. It is actually the first gold coin ever minted in the United States, for it bears the date 1787. It is a large piece, made of pure gold and stamped with a crude version of the eagle and shield on one side, and a rising sun on the other to symbolize the birth of the new republic.

Her Weight in Silver

At this time no mint was operating, and the fiscal matters of the new government had not been put to rights. It is therefore probable that this coin was designed as a pattern for a New York State copper cent, but struck in gold as a sample to make a better showing before the legislators to whom Brasher appealed for a coinage permit. Only six copies are known, the first having been turned up with a spadeful of dirt by a laborer working in an excavation in Philadelphia, and sold for a few cents. I believe that this same copy was the one knocked down under the hammer for $6200 at the Stickney sale in 1907. This high price was due rather to a contest between two wealthy collectors who coveted the coin than to its intrinsic value as a rarity.

Pre-Revolutionary coins in America are crude samples of die cutting at best, but their historical value places them high in the collector's estimation. Deservedly the best known Colonial piece is the Pine Tree shilling, so called because the first examples bore on one side a rough approximation of a pine tree, with the words, in quaint spelling: OF MASATHUSETS. Issues made in later years, but all bearing the date 1652, had an oak or willow instead of a pine tree, but most of the pictorial attempts are quite unrecognizable as to genus. It's a tree; that is all.

One of the most interesting things about many specimens of this coin is their irregular shape. At first glance one would suppose that they had been minted that way, but good specimens prove that they were approximately round. The irregular edges were due to the ancient game of clipping the coins and saving the fragments to be melted up and sold as silver in bulk. Our Puritan fathers seem not to have been above this mild form of dishonesty. The difficulty was later obviated in part by incorporating a circle in the design. If the coin was filed or clipped beyond the circle it was worthless.

In his Grandfather's Chair, Nathaniel Hawthorne spins an interesting yarn about the Pine Tree shilling. It seems that John Hull, master of the Massachusetts mint, had a daughter of marriageable age, and when a suitor finally courted and won her, he staged this finely dramatic scene: He placed the girl on one tray of a large balance scale and had his servants pour newly minted Pine Tree shillings into the other until the balance arm was level. Then the honest mint master addressed his future son-in-law: "Take these shillings for my daughter's portion, and thank heaven for her. It is not every wife that is worth her weight in silver." We do not know how heavily Hawthorne was leaning on his imagination for this pretty story, but the records do tell us that the girl's dowry amounted to $2500. This sum would have made 10,000 Pine Tree shillings, and that number would weigh 125 pounds. A trim lass, if the tale be true.

Another Colonial series of great interest is the Higley copper, minted between 1737 and 1739. John Higley was a blacksmith near Granby, Connecticut, who owned a small copper mine. The British Colonial

(Continued on Page 72)

"Six months ago I was miserable, unhappy"

"I WAS ACTUALLY LOSING *all my strength. I had a terrible case of constipation; I was very thin; my skin was sallow, and I was extremely nervous.*

"I had been taking several different kinds of medicines but all in vain.

"After reading a number of Fleischmann's Yeast advertisements I decided that I would try this much talked of food, and immediately I purchased a number of cakes.

"Several weeks passed and I began to see my complexion clearing up, my old pep and vitality returning. I gradually regained my normal weight and I am now enjoying wonderful health. I feel that it is due entirely to the use of Fleischmann's Yeast and I am more than pleased to have the opportunity of relating my experience."

MRS. CORA M. GREGORY, Dallas, Texas

MRS. CORA M. GREGORY *in the garden of her home at Dallas, Texas*

IN the past year over three quarters of a million more men and women have started eating Yeast. Today one person in every third family in the United States and Canada is making this remarkable food a part of his daily diet.

To feel the way that Nature meant everyone to feel you must keep your system *clean*—and *active*. That is what Yeast does. It purifies the entire digestive and intestinal tract, counteracting putrefaction and preventing the absorption of dangerous toxins by the body. It strengthens weakened intestinal muscles, daily aiding the sluggish processes of elimination.

Fleischmann's Yeast is the easy, natural way to banish constipation and its attendant ills—indigestion, skin disorders and that constant, discouraging feeling of weariness.

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine; it is a pure corrective food—a living plant, rich in the nutrients of the grains in which it is grown. Unlike harsh drugs and purgatives, which merely whip the system into temporary abnormal activity, Yeast gently, naturally tones up the whole system.

Start today to eat your way back to health! All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool, dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-38, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

MISS JEAN MCLEAN *(at right) likes the outdoors and thinks horseback riding is by far the nicest thing to do in it.*

"MY DAUGHTER JEAN," writes Mrs. McLean, "was made particularly miserable when she fell victim to a series of painful skin eruptions. They were so bad that I persuaded her to try Yeast. She did, and had no more trouble until she stopped eating Yeast. Then the eruptions began once more. She began the Yeast again, and again was all right—until she stopped. A third time the trouble broke out, but after this third experience she ate the Yeast more faithfully. This was a year ago and she hasn't had any skin trouble since. I believe that the Yeast keeps her system in such good condition that there will be no further trouble."

MRS. DANIEL MCLEAN,
Glendale, Los Angeles, Calif.

JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON, *well-known Producer of the Greenwich Village Follies, etc. Originator of Spectacles at the new Paramount Theatre at Times Square, New York City.*

"THEATRICAL PRODUCTION, demanding as it does constant rehearsals and irregular hours, is a severe strain upon the constitution. I find that the best way to counteract that run down feeling and to keep in perfect trim is the regular daily use of Fleischmann's Yeast. For several years now I have made it a practice to take Yeast every day. I drink it in a glass of milk and find it very pleasant. It relieves all traces of indigestion and keeps my system functioning normally."

JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON, New York City

Millions keep well this easy, natural way

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it just plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Train yourself to regular daily habits.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

Make Fleischmann's Yeast a regular part of your daily diet. Your digestion will become normal, your skin will clear—soon you will *look* as healthy and happy as you feel!

Famous "Gold Medal" No. 1 Cot

Comfort *for* Home *and* Camp

Whether used at home or in camp you can get real comfort *only* from cots and chairs you relax in. You get this comfort and absolute dependability in

"GOLD MEDAL"
TRADE MARK REG

FOLDING FURNITURE

For Home *For Camp*

It is the original and only complete line. Every piece folds quickly, easily and compactly, and is light in weight.

The strength and dependability of "Gold Medal" has made it the choice of experienced campers and "The Recognized Standard" for 35 years.

Made in Steel or Wood. Insist upon the genuine from your nearest dealer.

No. 35 Arm Chair
Ideal for Home or Camp. Furnished in Varnish or Colored Lacquers (Jade Green, Chinese Red, or French Blue). Fancy Colored Seats and Backs.

No. 5 Folding Stool

No. 6 Folding Chair

No. 81 Folding Steel Cot

No. 80 Folding Steel Double Bed

No. 13 Roll Top Table

No. 3 Tourist Chair

FREE BOOK! "Comfort for Home and Camp" shows complete line. Write for it.

GOLD MEDAL C. F. MFG. CO.
1736 Packard Avenue, Racine, Wis.

(Continued from Page 70)

government forbade the smelting of copper by colonists and, of course, allowed no coins to be minted except under its authority. Therefore Higley's boldness in making coins is doubly remarkable. He struck only copper pieces of the value of threepence, but produced several varieties, the rarest having as its chief device a wheel with the legend, THE WHEELE GOES ROUND. Whether this indicated his defiance of the law, or simply referred to the wheelwright side of his blacksmithing business, would be hard to tell.

The supposed cupidity of dealers, even the most reputable ones, is frequently a sore point with amateurs and collectors. But it is my personal belief that there are no regular dealers who demand extortionate prices or willingly deceive a customer. To be sure, some may not be as scientifically accurate in their knowledge of certain issues as they might be, but the subject is too big for one man to become an authority in all its ramifications. As far as prices go, it must be remembered that coins are at best a slow-moving commodity. Considering the dealer's overhead and the fact that a coin may stay in his trays for years before just the collector who wants that particular piece turns up, he has a right to demand a good margin over the purchase price.

Dealers have more to contend with than is usually supposed. There is always some dogged person who brings in a coin of a certain date which he has heard is of great value. Usually his informant has neglected to say, if, indeed, he knew himself, that only one particular die variety or mint issue of that date is valuable. Then the dealer must patiently put up with much noisy abuse because he will not offer a high price for a coin of practically no value at all.

Dates are misleading to the uninitiated in many ways. A recent issue of a prominent New York newspaper contained a small advertisement which read as follows:

> Coin dated 1335. More than 550 years old. Best offer takes it.

The merest beginner in numismatics would know at once that this was impossible, because the first coin ever dated in our numerals was issued in 1424. The coin advertised was simply a modern Mohammedan piece of North Africa or Asia dated in the 1335th year of the Mohammedan Era, which began in 622 A.D., the date of the Hegira. Therefore the 1335th year of the Mohammedan Era, allowing for the difference between our solar year and the Mohammedan lunar year, would be 1917 in the Christian Era. The advertiser thought in all good faith that an ancient coin had miraculously come into his hands, whereas it was barely ten years old.

Coins With Signatures

The first coin actually dated in a year of the Christian Era was struck by the Crusaders in 1252 A.D., but the inscription and date were both written out in Arabic, the coin bearing no numerals. Roman imperial coins frequently indicated the date by a reference to the year of the emperor's power—for example, TR. P. VI. COS. IIII, meaning the fourth consulship and the sixth tribuneship of Nero, which other records tell us was 59–60 A.D.

The practice of signing coins with the name of the designer began thousands of years ago. The silver decadrachm of Syracuse, which is usually conceded to be the most beautiful coin ever made, was minted about 410 B.C. and bore the names of Kimon or Evainetos, both engravers in the Syracusan mint. Many other coin issues since have been signed, and now that the tempest over the Lincoln penny has subsided, all American coins bear the initials of the artist.

Victor D. Brenner, the distinguished medalist, was much criticized when the Lincoln penny was first issued in 1909. The artist's perfectly natural act of signing his work was treated by some as an attempt at publicity. Finally new dies were prepared and the remainder of the 1909 issue as well as the issues of all subsequent dates were minted without the offending initials.

Some Ancient Pocket Pieces

It was entirely excusable for the public to be ignorant of the ancient and dignified precedents for the signing of coins. Most people had never seen a signed piece and it wouldn't have made a bit of difference if they had. Lincoln, not Brenner, was being honored by this new coin, and so on. But the self-appointed critics quite overlooked a more contemporary precedent. The fact was that the Indian-head penny, the very coin superseded by the Lincoln design, had been signed ever since it was first minted in 1860. If you will look on the obverse side of a good copy, among the ends of ribbon on the feathered headdress you will find the letter L, indicating that Mr. Longacre, once chief engraver of the mint, was responsible for the design.

Mr. Brenner is no longer alive to fight for his rights, but subsequent sculptors have all signed their coins, Fraser on the buffalo nickel, Weinman on the dime and fifty-cent piece, MacNeil on the quarter, and De Francisci on the peace dollar. Saint-Gaudens had signed the twenty-dollar gold piece before the Lincoln penny was issued, but that particular coin was hardly calculated to give him too much free publicity.

When the mint stops issuing a new coin to change the design a howl usually goes up that it was withdrawn because it would not stack. This has been said of the buffalo nickel and of the Saint-Gaudens twenty-dollar gold piece. But the fact remains that no coin has ever been issued from the United States Mint that won't stack. Saint-Gaudens' design was changed because it was found that the relief was so high that the coin wore badly. With gold, serviceability is important, for when a precious metal wears off the coin's value in weight is decreased. Unscrupulous persons have devised various methods of sweating gold to get more than its full value, such as shaking coins in thick bags and then burning the bag to melt down the particles, or placing them in baths of acid.

Weight has always been of prime importance in coinage. There have been times in the history of numismatics when money talked and meant just what it said. The Roman *libra* was actually a pound of bronze made up into one coin. The English pound sterling, and the sign used to indicate it—£—is a reminiscence of this Latin word for pound. The Swedish eight *daler* was a piece of copper measuring one foot by two feet four inches, and weighing thirty-one pounds!

But very few coins today are worth their actual weight in metal, except gold, which, of course, is the standard. Our silver is worth just half its face value. For a few years the United States issued gold pieces worth actually more than their face value, but this was due to a sudden change in the ratio between gold and silver. Some of these early half eagles were worth $5.25, which accounts for their great rarity; they were melted up for their metal value.

The largest and finest general collections are undoubtedly in the national museums in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Leningrad. The Bibliothèque Nationale collection, started by Louis XIV's gift of his own specimens, contains some of the finest ancient and medieval coins in the world. Much of Louis' collection is still in the original morocco-leather trays made especially for it. To obtain the leather, a special treaty had to be signed with Morocco, then on hostile terms with France. It is only recently that some of the original trays have been discarded and new ones made to take their place.

The Russian imperial collection in the Hermitage in Leningrad is very fine also, and coin collectors all over the world trembled for its fate when the Red Revolution came in 1919. But there was a special providence watching over it, for Lunacharsky, the Soviet Commissioner for Public Instruction, happened to be a coin enthusiast, and one of his first official acts was to place guards at the Hermitage in order that it should not be molested.

About a year ago I was talking with Theodore Reinach, the famous French numismatic authority. He gave it as his opinion that the United States buffalo nickel is the finest coin being minted in the world at the present day from every point of view: Artistic excellence, serviceability and appropriateness to the issuing country.

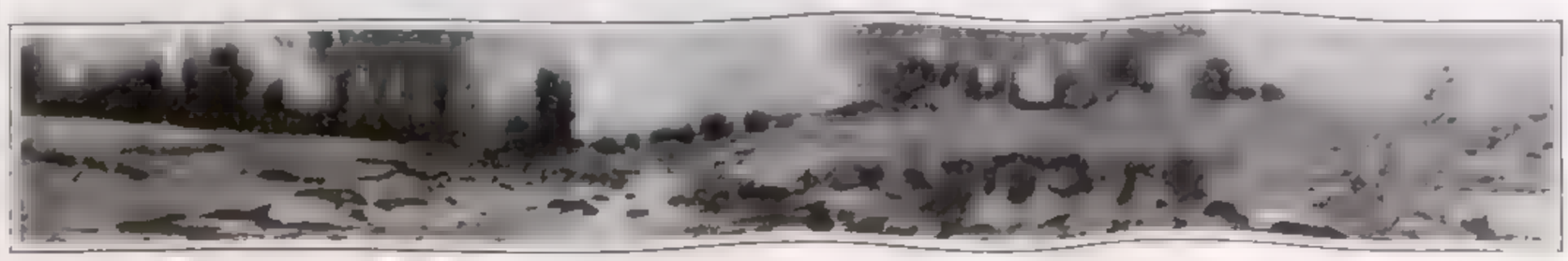
Indeed, the buffalo nickel is a not inconsiderable work of art. If you don't believe it, put it under a magnifying glass or, if you are in New York, stoop down in back of one of the Subway or L turnstiles and look at it through the large lens installed on these machines to detect substitutions. The design is bold and simple, sufficiently high in relief to be striking, but devoid of the finicky detail which makes so many designs lose their effectiveness when worn thin by circulation. It was modeled by the distinguished American sculptor, James Earle Fraser. His initial—a small F—is under the date.

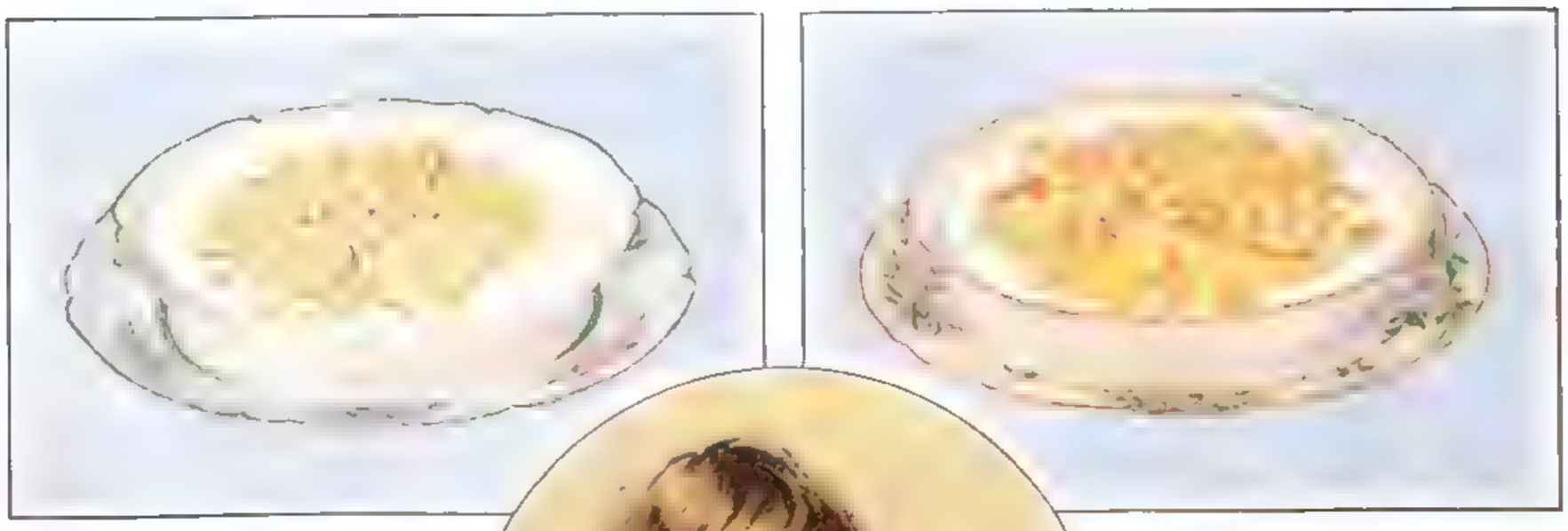
Prominent Numismatists

The finest private collection of classical coins in America belongs to Mr. E. T. Newell, president of the American Numismatic Society, who is among the world's foremost authorities on Greek and Roman coins. A private collector such as Mr. Newell deserves infinitely more credit for the accuracy and completeness of his collection than does a state museum, which receives many bequests and has the services of numerous experts over long periods of years. Mr. Newell is a man still in his thirties, and is a living refutation of the general belief that a numismatist wears a long beard and has one foot in the grave.

In Europe one of the most distinguished students of numismatics is King Victor Emmanuel III of Italy. His work on Italian coins is said to be the last word on the subject. Enrico Caruso, the tenor, owned a fine collection, which was sold shortly after his death. He bought nothing but gold pieces.

America has several fine public collections. The museum of the American Numismatic Society in New York houses several splendid coin series and one of the best displays of military medals and decorations in the world. There are excellent collections also in the National Museum in Washington, the State Library at Hartford, Connecticut; the Western Reserve Historical Society in Cleveland, the Municipal Museum in Rochester, the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, the Fine Arts Museum in Newark, New Jersey, and the Omaha Public Library. The last named is particularly interesting for its Americana.





Delicious, appetizing... try sliced bananas with your Puffed Rice

Another delightful variant is—Puffed Wheat with peaches

FINDING VARIETY *to Relieve* BREAKFAST *of its Monotony*

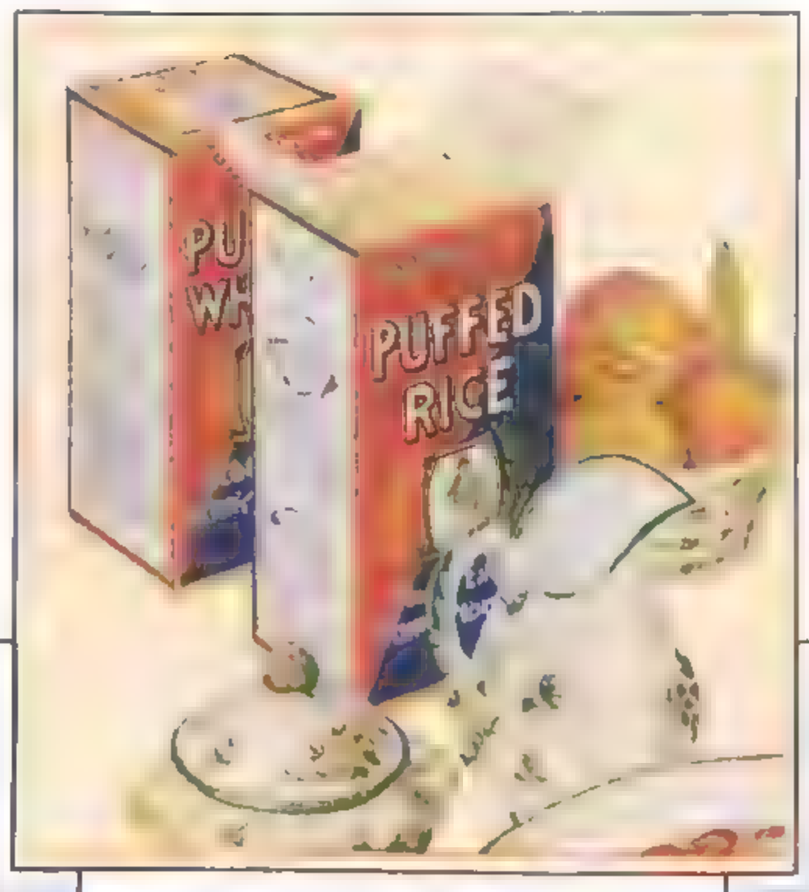
A cereal food—different from any other known—that supplies the great adventure of a change at breakfast

A CHANGE, above all things, is what most of us want at breakfast. No appetite but wearies of the same old dishes, served time and again.

If breakfast fails to attract you, don't blame it on your appetite. If your child is reluctant to eat this important meal, don't try to force the eating of food that does not appeal. Try a complete change. What happens will surprise you.

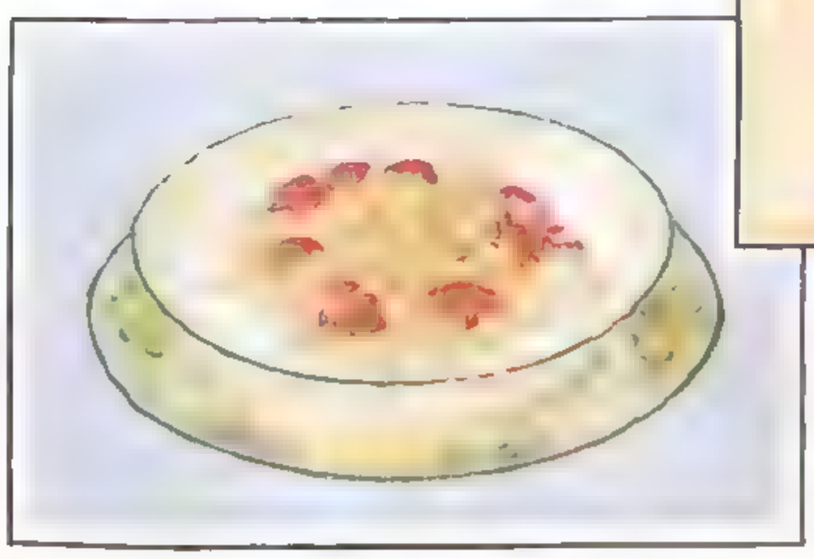
Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice are different from any other cereals known. They taste different. Their appetite appeal is different.

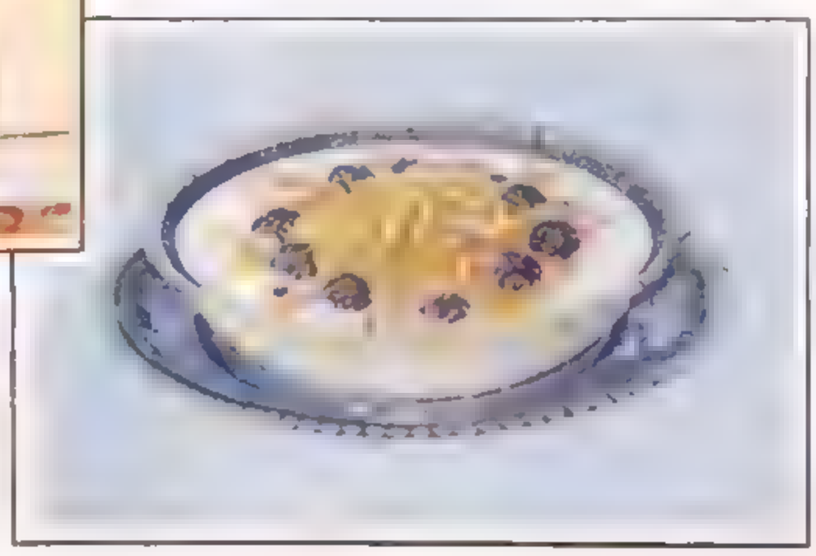
Their food value is that of rich grain foods. The Puffed Wheat is almost 20% bran; but you would never know it, so delightfully is it concealed. Each grain is puffed to 8 times its normal size with every cell broken to make digestion easy. Think of crisp, fresh toast. And you'll get an idea of their delights. Taste toasted nutmeats. And you'll get an idea of their flavor.



Never before a cereal so enticing. Children love them like confections. Thus they meet, in every way, the modern idea in diet, which is to tempt the appetite with food that is "good for you" that you do not eat for that reason; but eat because you love it.

There are many delightful ways to serve. Note the illustrations. Try, too, as a luncheon dish—at home, or in any restaurant. Serve as a before-bed snack that does not impose on the digestion. Give to the children, in place of sweets, as tidbits between meals.



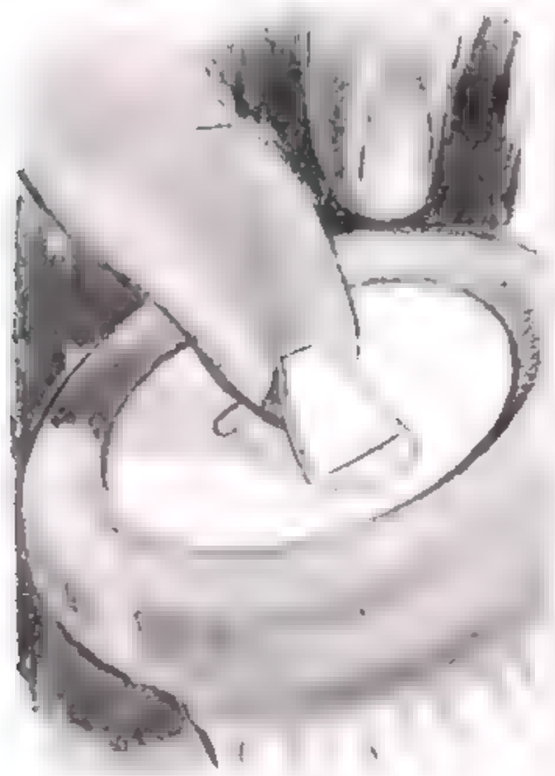


Quaker Cereal Products

Quick Quaker Quaker Oats Quick Mother's Oats
Mother's Oats Quaker Puffed Wheat Quaker Puffed Rice
Aunt Jemima Pancake and Buckwheat Flours
Quaker Farina Quaker Milk Macaroni Quaker Cornmeal
Quaker Hominy Grits Quaker Milk Spaghetti
New Pettijohn's Scotch Brand Pearled Barley
Quaker Flour Mother's Flour

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

SEALRIGHT
Pouring Pull and Liftright
MILK BOTTLE CAPS



No "SPILLED MILK" with this Cap

No spilling, no splashing! No waste, no mess! Sealright Caps eliminate these little daily household "tragedies." Send coupon today for samples and see for yourself.

The new Sealright Liftright Cap (shown above) is a little wonder. Simply lift the little tab, pull gently and cap is out in a jiffy. The patented groove makes it easy.

The Sealright Pouring-Pull Cap (shown below) provides, in addition to the patented groove, an opening through which to insert straw for serving in original sterilized milk bottle. No glasses, bother or mess and much more sanitary than old-fashioned caps.

FREE SAMPLES

Send coupon below today for Free Samples. See why Sealrights are superior to all other milk bottle caps. Try them

SEALRIGHT CO., INC.
Dept PC-5, Fulton, N. Y.
Please send me, free of charge, samples of Sealright Liftright and Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Caps.
Name....
Address
In Canada—Canadian Sealright Company, Ltd Peterborough, Ontario.

PAGEANT

(Continued from Page 17)

"Oh, I mean —— Well, it's rather sudden, isn't it? And rather lacking in detail. Where would we go and what would we do when we got there?"

Allan Deering contemplated his knees. "When we got there," he announced musingly, "we'd sit down ——"

"Is that all?"

"—— and look at the ocean. Or we might look at a palm tree. And after a while I'd say, 'Why, it isn't a palm tree at all; it's a breadfruit tree!' Then I'd go and collect a little breadfruit and we'd eat it, and after that we'd look at the ocean again."

"And when we got tired of looking at the ocean?"

"We'd look at each other," said the boy; and added, hastily, "Or go fishing."

Fay laughed again. She was thinking of mamma, wondering what mamma would say to this charming idyl? And thinking of mamma, her mood changed suddenly; she became in an instant a practical young woman who must play her part in a drama that was, that always had been, inevitable.

"It sounds very nice," she said abruptly, "but you can't run away from things. You just can't. . . . I think I'll walk up the beach, Allan, if you don't mind."

"You'd rather I didn't go with you?"

"Well, I—I've got something to think out, and I ——"

"All right, Fay. See you tonight at the big doings. I'm going into the ocean."

"You know, I do like you, Allan."

He stood smiling somewhat fixedly down at her. "Do you, Fay? Well, I like you too. And some day, if I ever get a break, maybe I'll up and tell you so. How's that for a passionate declaration? But just keep it in mind, won't you?"

"Allan!" she exclaimed; and would have told him then and there that she couldn't keep it in mind, that her father was bankrupt and that she was going to marry Willy Salter.

But Deering had dashed off like a sprinter after his passionate declaration. She watched him till he dived, with a curving lunge of his lean young body, into the green wall of an advancing wave.

Then she started up the beach, and had got almost free of the crowd and past the last cluster of striped sun umbrellas, when whatever fate was directing the human pageant that morning caused her to meet Willy Salter coming up from the sea.

Willy had had his swim. He stood, dripping, before her, his round, good-natured face as red as an August moon. "'Lo, Fay! Walking?"

"Yep," said Fay.

"Mind if I trot along? I need the exercise. Mean I'd like to talk to you. Never seem to get a chance to see you alone these days, what with so darned much going on."

"Come along," said Fay, feeling predatory.

They walked up the beach into the sand dunes.

There they sat down in the lee of a sheltered slope, and the girl thought: "It's coming. He's going to propose to me, and I'm going to accept him." But she was not in the least excited or upset over the prospect. Rather, her feeling was one of impatience to be done with it.

Willy had appropriated one of her hands. Now he kissed it. This, she understood, was a prelude. "Fay, I'm crazy about you. You know it. And you like me, don't you, Fay? You like me a little bit, don't you?"

"I like you a lot, Willy."

"Well, then—uh—what I mean—will you marry me, Fay?"

It had come even sooner than she'd expected. Well, so much the better. She turned and looked at him calmly. "Are you sure you want me to, Willy?"

"Huh? Why, of course I'm sure!" exclaimed the heir to the Salter millions; and added, reasonably: "Seems to me we're pretty darned well suited to each other. I mean, we know each other so well, and—uh—we both ride on the same merry-go-round, and our families know each other so well, and—uh ——"

"But suppose we weren't quite so well suited to each other. Suppose, for instance, that I'd fallen off the merry-go-round. Would that make any difference to you?"

"I don't get you, Fay," returned Willy blankly.

"What I mean is, do you want to marry me? Or do you want to marry the pretty-pretty princess in your mother's fairy tale? Suppose I didn't belong to your world, Willy—because it really is a world. Suppose I hadn't a cent to my name."

"But what's the use of supposing?"

"I'm asking you, Willy."

He gazed at her in astonishment; then uttered his good-natured laugh. "Girls," he said, "beat me! Of course it's you I want, Fay. I've got money enough for both of us, if that's what you're driving at, and a whole lot more than enough. And I—uh—I don't like to talk about such things, but—well, I'm not tight or—uh—anything like that. I mean, you'll always have all you want, and —— Oh, shucks, Fay! Let's not be so blamed practical. Look at what a beautiful morning it is! Look at the sky! Look at the ocean!"

Fay said, as he once more pressed her hand to his lips, "You don't happen to see a palm tree anywhere on the horizon, do you, Willy?"

"A what? A palm tree? What do you mean—a palm tree?"

"Nothing. I was just thinking of—of the South Sea Islands. Have you ever thought of the South Sea Islands, Willy?"

"Never! Why should I?"

"You shouldn't, and neither should I. And that being the case I'll be glad to marry you, Willy. The sooner the better, as far as I'm concerned."

"Fay!" he cried, and taking her in his arms, kissed her on the lips.

It was not, she thought afterward, dressing in her bathhouse, so bad as she had feared it might be. He had kissed her quite nicely, with a kind of blundering, boyish fervor. He was a nice little boy whom she would marry and live with and keep properly under her thumb for the rest of their wedded lives. And all would be well with her and with mamma, and perhaps with her father too. But she was not quite so sure about her father.

"Now how," muttered Fay, with unnatural petulance, "does one get sand in one's shirt?" Irritably, she finished her dressing and flung out of her bathhouse.

In the entrance corridor she came face to face with Allan Deering. "I hope you enjoyed your walk up the beach," he said bluntly—so bluntly that Fay was astonished. Then she was very, very angry. In fact, she was simply furious.

"I did!" she snapped, looking up at him. "And anyway, I didn't ask Willy to go with me. And—I mean—I think it's perfectly silly of you even to consider the South Sea Islands! As though that were anything more than a foolish, foolish dream!"

"Fay, you're beautiful!"

"And as for our love scene in the pageant tonight, you needn't embrace me at all if you don't want to, because I really don't care whether you embrace me or not. And—I mean ——"

"Why, Fay? What's the matter? You're crying!"

"I'm not!" exclaimed the girl. "Crying? What on earth have I got to cry about? Let me go, Allan."

"See you tonight, beautiful!"

"Oh, don't!" she breathed, and, darting past him, ran out into the blinding sunlight, crossed the parking space, climbed into her car and drove madly home with the word "beautiful" still ringing in her ears.

Mamma, by a prodigious effort, had risen and was wandering distractedly about the living room when Fay burst in. "It's my morning to fix flowers," quavered mamma piteously, "but I can't do it—I just can't! Why should I fix flowers while Rome burns?—or whatever it is I mean. You know what I mean, Fay, and —— Darling, why do you look at me like that? Have you—you haven't got news for me, have you, Fay?"

"Yep," said Fay.

"Oh, my dear! My darling! My own sweet little girl! You—you don't mean that you've decided to marry Willy?"

"I'm engaged to him," announced Fay, standing rigidly before her mother. "So you can go ahead with your flowers, mamma. And if you want my advice, I wouldn't put orange calendulas in a green jade bowl. The effect is a little too bizarre and tropical. The Langleys," she added gravely, "are never tropical, are they, mamma?"

III

SUMMER night; a full August moon rising flushed and jovial from the sea; a huge cardinal disk that was pure gold by the time it had topped the birches on the brink of the Salter estate. On the lawn before the house, other imitation moons, electric spotlights and arc lamps that played white streams of glamour over the actors in the pageant.

In a wide circle about the open-air theater, about the improvised grassy stage, the audience sat in wooden chairs that called for the exercise of a general stoicism. Heroic audience, golden moon, brilliant spotlights, soft music, hopefully designed to create a mood. Schubert's Serenade, Ethelbert Nevin's Narcissus, Grieg's Papillon. The mood not precisely clear, perhaps; for the pageant conceives itself to be laid in Merrie England; the England of Percy's Reliques and the brave, bawdy ballads that would be so censorable nowadays. Dear Mrs. Salter's blank, blank verse is better. The Serenade and Papillon are better. And best of all is the dance of the princess, who has strayed, without knowing it, into the realm of the fairies, and who trips with them a gay and riotous measure surprisingly resembling the black bottom.

"That's Fay Langley. Isn't she lovely, really? She really is an awfully sweet girl. And really, she dances quite professionally, don't you think?"

"Yes, I do, really."

Then the minstrel appears. The orchestra strikes up Pale Hands I've Loved, the minstrel strums his property lute, or dulcimer, or whatever it is, and begins to make love to the princess.

"Hello, beautiful!" whispered the minstrel, approaching the fairy throne on which the princess was sitting.

"Allan, for heaven's sake ——"

"Fair dame, I greet thee with my heart's own song!" *(Sotto voce, pianissimo):* "Fay dear, you're a knock-out in that costume." *(Fortissimo, accelerando):* "And if it please thee, I will then disclose my prowess 'gainst the dragon that resides in yonder wood!" *(Softly, with feeling):* "What an incredible lot of people there are in the world! Save me five minutes after the show, will you, Fay? I've got something to tell you."

"Good minstrel," declaimed the princess loudly in reply, "I will e'en grant thy chivalrous request." *(Under her breath):* "Allan, you mustn't! Oh, please don't stand looking at me like that!"

"Beauteous lady," said the minstrel, "I will meet thee in the garden where the August roses bloom."

And at that dear Mrs. Salter, the authoress, who was standing concealed in some shrubbery near by, murmured to herself, "I don't remember to have written that line."

But it sounded so well that she decided, after the manner of an author, that she really must have written it.

(Continued on Page 78)

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[IMPORTED BY]

John Wanamaker

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON MEMPHIS PHILADELPHIA LOS ANGELES

Wholesale Golf Distributors

(Continued from Page 74)

Then she saw the evil knight, who was Willy her son, advance into the spotlight, and her maternal heart expanded. Willy had told her at dinner that he was going to marry Fay Langley—a piece of news that had caused her great joy. For Fay was a lovely, lovely girl, and belonged to a family with impeccable social attributes.

The pageant went on. The evil knight sneered evilly and openly at the minstrel, asserting, in poetic language, that the latter was a washout, while he himself was a king's son.

Then the dragon appeared, walking on six pairs of silk-clad legs, which were recognized, with exclamations, by various parents in the audience. "Good heavens!" uttered one distraught mother, in a voice that penetrated unexpectedly the still night air. "Betty's got a run in her stocking!" Applause and laughter.

The evil knight attempts to draw his sword. It sticks. He tugs at the handle. It sticks. He gives a violent jerk. The sword flies up and out of his hand, describing a glittering parabola in the air. Applause and cheers.

But now Willy has recovered his sword. He faces the dragon. The dragon sticks out its tongue. On the end of its tongue is a flaming sparkler, such as children delight to set off on the Fourth of July. Red fire issues from the beast's nostrils. It is really quite an artistic dragon. Prolonged applause.

Willy makes a few passes with his sword, staggers and falls down, rather comfortably, on the greensward. He is not, then, an authentic king's son, but a false alarm. For none but a true prince may slay the horrible dragon. Willy dies.

Applause, stifled instantly by polite sounds of "Sh-h! Sh-h!"

Then the minstrel picks up the evil knight's sword and with one mighty blow cuts off the dragon's head, which really comes off, after an unavoidable moment of hesitation, while the rest of him curls up on the grass with his legs in the air. They are very pretty legs. The audience likes them. Enthusiastic cheers.

But the minstrel has still to claim his reward. He approaches the princess. The orchestra plays Ouvre tes yeux bleus. But that seems to be a mistake, for shortly the musicians break off, and finally decide on the Meditation from Thais.

The princess and the minstrel are in each other's arms. "Well," says the minstrel, "thank heaven that's over!"

"Aren't you going to kiss me, stupid?"

"Oh, yes! Sure! There you are, Fay. Now come on! Let's beat it! You promised me five minutes, you know."

"I didn't! And besides, I can't just now. I've got to speak to Mrs. Salter, and ——"

"I'll wait for you in the rose garden."

"All right," she said hastily, as the exuberant audience, happily released from stoicism, swarmed down upon the members of the cast.

Half an hour later she managed, by stealth and deception, to slip out of the house, where a dance was going on, and join Allan in the rose garden. They sat in the shadow of a flowering trellis, but the moon came through the leafy arch of their shelter and sprayed them with light. There was a lacy pattern on Fay's white breast and on the skirt of her princess' costume, and there was a streak of moonlight on the young man's forehead as he turned toward her and took her hands.

"Fay, I've done it! This is what I wanted to tell you. I'm going to hop off Monday."

"Monday? You're going to—hop off?"

"Listen! When I got back to my hotel from the beach this morning I sent a telegram to my boss in New York telling him that I was through with Wall Street. I told him some other things too. I managed to say a good deal in that telegram."

"But, Allan, you're not—you can't be going!"

"Yes, I am!"

"To the South Sea Islands?"

"I don't know about that," replied the young man grimly. "But, by Jove, I'm on my way! I'm going to get on a ship and go somewhere, and the farther away from civilization it is, the better."

"Then why ——" Fay paused, trying to command her voice, which seemed suddenly to have stuck in her throat. "I mean, why bother to tell me?"

"I'm not bothering! That is, I'm telling you because I ——" It was his turn to pause, to lift up his head and to stare at her queerly in the moonlight. "Gosh, Fay! I guess I'm crazy about you. Oh, of course I am. I know that—and you know it too. You do know it, don't you?"

"I ——"

"Don't you?"

"Yes, I—I suppose I do. But it's no use, Allan," she cried desperately, closing her eyes to shut out that queer, shining look of his. "It's no use!"

"I know darned well it's no use, and that's why I'm going. Your family'd never consent to your marrying me. I'm decent enough, but I'm nothing, I'm nobody. I'm just a clerk in a bond house, that's all."

"Oh, don't be so silly, Allan! It isn't that. It isn't anything like that."

He laughed suddenly. "All right, all right! But you needn't waste sympathy on me, Fay dear. I'm not so humble, inside, as I sound. In fact I'm not humble at all. And that's why I'm saying good-by to you. Because I'm too damned proud—and maybe just a little bit too sensible—to ask any girl to marry me when I know I can't support her. It would spoil everything. It always does. And I ——"

"But you're not asking me to marry you!" interrupted Fay, and felt instantly as though she'd come to the edge of an abyss.

"No, I'm not. But just the same, I ——" He was holding her hands tightly in his; he leaned toward her impulsively. "I love you, Fay. I've got a right to tell you that, haven't I? Don't think I'm a dud to tell you—and then beat it! I suppose it would be more noble if I lit out without saying a word, but I'm not feeling noble tonight. I'm feeling darned human, if anybody should ask you. And I want you to know—I want to kiss you just once."

"No, no, Allan! Please!"

"Listen, beautiful! I didn't make this world, but I've got to live in it, and so have you. We've both got to walk a chalk line, and if our lines don't happen to meet, whose fault is that? But there are times, moments—and this is one of them—when it's just people themselves who matter. This is our moment, Fay. Kiss me and tell me you love a little—because you do—and then I'll say good-by to you without prolonging the agony."

"Allan!" cried Fay wildly. "You mustn't say good-by to me! I couldn't bear it! You mustn't go! You can't, you can't!"

"Fay! Good Lord!"

She was in his arms then, and his lips were on hers a long, blinding kiss. The moon through the leaves of the trellis, a faint smell of roses—a smell that always had reminded Fay of funerals. Life was a funeral, a dark pageant in which one moved mechanically, without knowing where one was going. But there were moments when one fell out of line, when one stepped out of one's rôle.

"If you leave me," Fay heard herself saying, quite calmly, "I'll die."

And Allan Deering said in a kind of daze, "Well, anyway, I wasn't going till Monday."

Which may or may not have been the proper answer. At any rate, it was all he could think of with Fay's arms around his neck and her eyes not a hand's breadth from his, glowing like twin points in the pattern of moonlight that seemed to have enmeshed them both.

As for Fay, when she got home that night, she stood for a long time looking at herself in the mirror. Her look was neither approving nor disapproving. It was merely critical. Finally she said aloud: "Engaged to one man and practically engaged to another! What a sweet, simple world it is! And what, in the name of heaven, am I going to do now? I guess I'd better sit up all night and think. Except that if I go to bed it'll be better for my complexion."

So she went to bed, and to her surprise found herself rapidly growing drowsy. "Well, anyway," she reflected, as she sank into sweet oblivion, "I've discovered something I've always wanted to know. I've discovered that I'm not a really nice girl." And profoundly comforted by this thought, she slept.

IV

AT TEN o'clock the next morning Fay was having breakfast with her father in the sun porch. She had found him sitting there, reading the Boston Sunday Herald, when she came down; and inspired by their newly discovered intimacy, had poured out to him her whole story. "The trouble with me is, dad, that I seem to be two distinct persons," she said. "One of them is a nice, bright girl who knows her onions and how to grow them. This bright girl understands life. She understands that money doesn't fall out of the moon and that marriage is a serious business, like selling bonds or going to war or playing contract bridge. The other Fay Langley is not so bright. Or maybe she's brighter. I'm not sure about that. But anyway, she thinks the moon is something to put in her hair, and what she knows about life can't be told to her own mother!"

"How about her own father?" asked James Langley, stroking his beard.

"But, darling," replied Fay, with a troubled smile, "I am telling you. At least I'm trying to. I want Willy because he's practical, and I want Allan because he's Allan, and there you have it. And I do wish, dad, that you'd tell me what to do!"

"Kid, how can I?"

"You can't. I know that. And of course it's perfectly outrageous of me not to know my own mind. But I —— Oh, if there were only a dragon to be killed, or some test like that! But all the dragons are dead and life isn't a pageant."

"It is," said her father slowly, "in a way."

"Yes, in a way. But it doesn't provide a test. At least, not when you want it. Last night, in Mrs. Salter's fairy tale, it was easy enough to tell which was the king's son. But this morning—how am I to know? It's all so mixed up, so frightfully muddled!"

"Listen, Fay!" said her father. "I can't decide this thing for you. But I can give you a sort of rule to go by. It's a rule I've followed pretty much all my life. In fact, I've broken it only once—and that once ruined me. I told you, I believe, that I went bankrupt because I trusted a man I really hadn't any faith in." Fay nodded and Mr. Langley went on: "I've always had an instinct about people—a definite feeling about their quality, their human value, and I think you're a good deal like me, Fay. You've got your mother's looks, but you're like me inside. I found that out yesterday. True, isn't it?"

"True," agreed the girl, "and beautiful!"

"Beautiful? Well" — Mr. Langley laughed gently—"that's as may be. But at any rate I'm no fool, and neither are you, my dear. You know, in your own heart—or in your mind, or wherever it is that this instinct functions—which one of these two boys is the better bet. And—get this straight—I think you're a wise kid to realize that you're betting, and betting pretty heavily, on the man you choose. Marriage is a shell game. Life's a shell game. My advice to you is to play your own hunches. People know, way down inside them, what they really want in life; and if they're good people, then what they want will be, in the long run, the best thing for them."

(Continued on Page 79)

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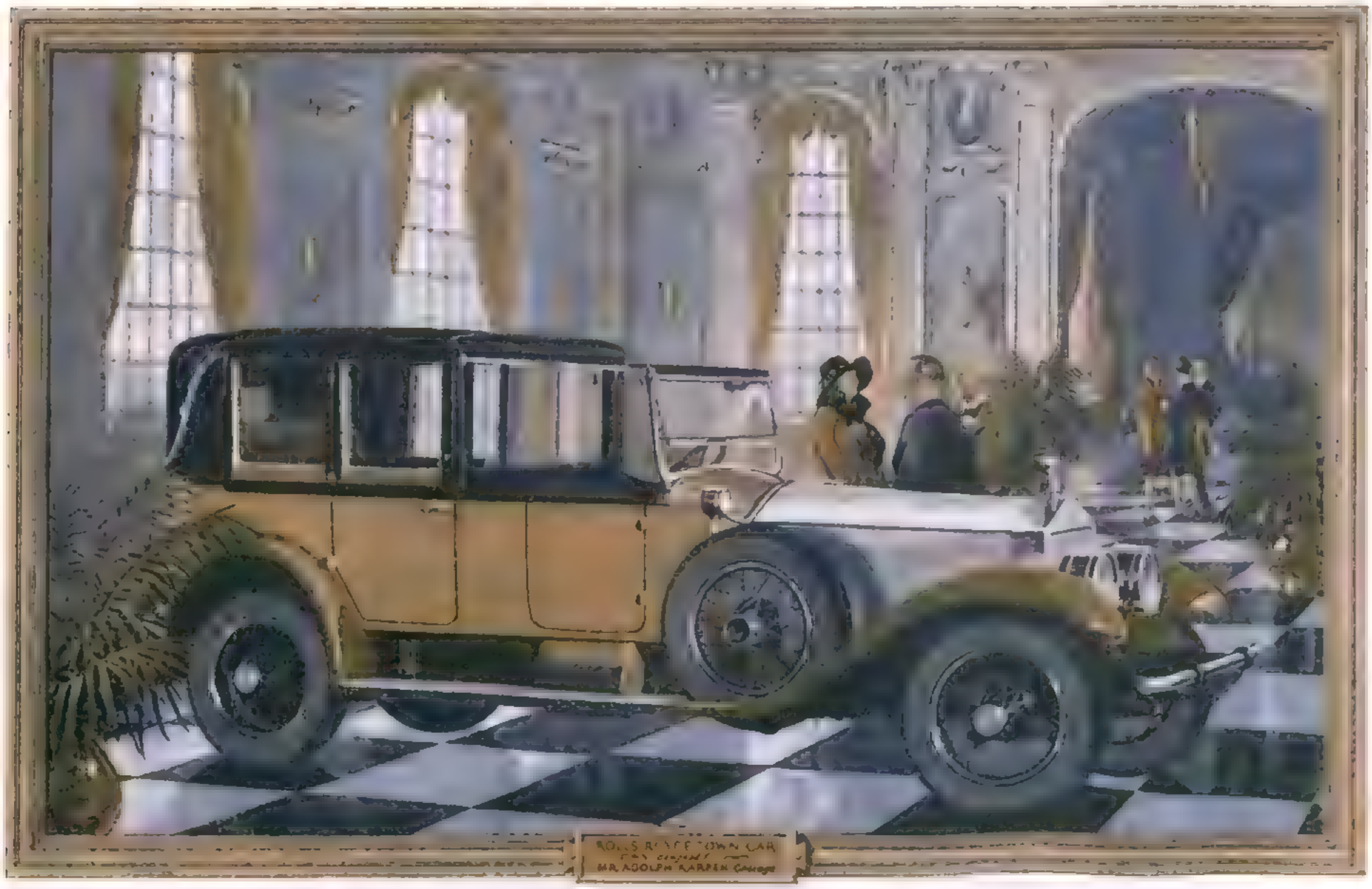
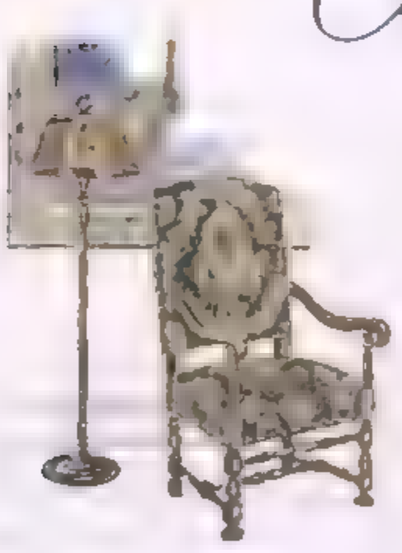


A textile expert chooses upholstery for his car



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The Perfected Closed Car Upholstery

"FOR MORE UPHOLSTERY MILEAGE ~ MOTOR ON MOHAIR"

(Continued from Page 78)

"Do you think I'm good?" demanded Fay, so seriously that her father smiled under his beard.

"I think you are, my dear. Maybe I'm prejudiced, but I think you're sound all the way through."

"Well, of course, father, if it was just a matter of choosing between two men—I mean, if we were all on a desert island and nothing else counted but that—I'd take Allan in a minute, because he's so much more attractive than Willy. But he hasn't any money, and—just at the moment—he hasn't even a job. And now that we—I mean, now that we're so poor ——"

James Langley nodded. "The news of my failure has got into the papers," he said. "There's a dispatch in the Boston Herald this morning. I suppose it'll upset your mother considerably. But you're not to consider that, Fay. I told you yesterday that you weren't to consider your mother or me."

"But I can't help considering you a little, darling. Because, after all, I'm in the same boat with you. And not another sail in sight—except Willy! You see, when you think of it that way, Willy looks like an ocean liner. And I am fond of him. I wish I weren't!" added the girl, almost lugubriously. "I wish to heaven I'd only to choose between a villain and a hero, as I did last night! But the heroes and the villains seem to be all mixed up together in real life—and I'm so unhappy I could cry!"

Mr. Langley put out his hand and touched her. "So could your old man," he said, not looking at her, but at the distant sparkling sea.

"Father!" cried Fay, and would have thrown herself into his arms. But at that moment the maid appeared in the entrance to the sun porch.

"Mr. Deering to see you, Miss Fay. I told him you were having breakfast, but he said it was something important."

"Mr. Deering? Where is he, Nellie?"

"In the living room, Miss Fay."

"All right, tell him I'll be right in."

"Yes, Miss Fay."

The maid disappeared. Mr. Langley looked quizzically at his daughter. "Well, kid?"

"I don't know," replied Fay breathlessly; "I don't know what I'm going to do. I just don't know!"

She walked out of the sun porch, through the hall and into the living room. Allan Deering was standing by one of the windows. In his blue coat and white flannel trousers, with a slanting drift of sunlight on his blond head, he made a gallant figure. He heard her step and turned, and in that instant Fay knew what she was going to do. At least she thought she knew what she was going to do.

"Fay!" he cried, striding toward her.

"Allan!" She held out her hands to him; they stood facing each other, their hands caught together, their young spirits somehow caught momentarily together. "Allan—oh, Allan! You can't go without me—wherever it is you're going! I mean, I don't care where it is, I'm going with you! I've just got to. Please say you'll take me with you! I know I'd like the South Sea Islands. I know I'd be perfectly happy with you, sitting under a palm tree, or a breadfruit tree, or whatever it is that people sit under in the South Sea Islands. And I ——"

"But I'm not going, Fay! I'm not going at all!"

"Oh, you're not going? You mean—on account of me? But I want you to go, Allan! And I want to go with you! I'm sick of civilization, I'm sick of pageants, I'm sick of being a princess in a fake fairy tale."

"Wait a minute, sweetheart. I've got something to tell you. But first—aren't you going to kiss me?"

"No, not now, Allan! Not yet! Because if I do I'll get all mixed up, and ——"

"You darling!"

"Allan, please! This is the most serious moment of my life—or one of them—and I —— No, please not again! Well, then, just this ——"

"And this," said Allan, holding her confidently in his arms. She resented his confidence. But he was so strong that she didn't see what she could do about it exactly. "Listen, beautiful!" he said. "I'm not going away because I've just heard something that changes all that—something that changes my whole outlook on life. Last night I was afraid to ask you to marry me. No, not afraid, but ——"

"—— too proud," said Fay.

"Yes, I guess that was it. I really don't remember now, because this morning everything's different."

She thought, with sudden misery: "He's seen the story of father's failure in the newspaper. He knows I'm as poor as he is, and so he thinks it's all right to ask me to marry him. Oh, Allan, Allan! I'm disappointed in you. I don't understand your masculine pride!"

"Why," he exclaimed, as she drew away from him, freeing herself from his arms, "what's the matter, Fay?" She only shook her head. "Fay! You do love me, don't you? You must, or you wouldn't have said ——"

"Yes, I do love you—in a way. But ——"

"In a way!"

"Oh, why didn't you take me when you had the chance!" She was standing facing him now. Her voice had grown cold. "I'm engaged to Willy Salter, Allan. I was engaged to him last night when we were sitting out there in the rose garden. I mean, when I asked you not to go away, when I was letting you kiss me, and kissing you, and begging you not to go—I was engaged to Willy all the time. And now you know what sort of person I am. At least, I hope you do, because to tell you the truth, I don't!"

And so saying, the lovely Fay Langley sat down in a chair and took her chin in her hands and stared with profound melancholy at the pattern in the living-room rug.

"Engaged! You're engaged to Willy Salter?" queried Allan incredulously.

Fay didn't answer. There was a painful silence, and then ——

"Excuse me, Miss Fay," uttered a respectful voice from the far end of the room. "A note for you, Miss Fay."

The girl slowly lifted her head. "A note, Nellie?"

"Yes, Miss Fay. The Salters' chauffeur just delivered it. He said it was very important."

"Let me have it."

The maid advanced and gave the note to Fay. Then, with a single involuntary glance of feminine curiosity at young Mr. Deering—a glance quickly averted—Nellie discreetly withdrew. Fay opened the note and read it.

Finally she looked up, smiling vaguely. Her eyes met Allan's. "Well," she remarked, after a pause, "it seems that I'm not engaged to Willy Salter, after all. At least, Willy's mamma has just written me to suggest that the engagement be postponed."

"Postponed?"

"Yes."

"But what—I mean, why?"

"Can't you guess?" asked the girl ironically.

"No. What do you —— Why are you smiling like that? Fay, for Pete's sake tell me what you mean!"

"I mean that Mrs. Salter's been reading the morning paper, that's all. The Herald, probably. Is that the one you read, Allan?"

"I? But I haven't read any paper this morning. I haven't even seen a newspaper.

And now if you'll kindly explain to me ——"

But Fay had sprung to her feet and was walking swiftly toward him. She stopped directly in front of him, put her hand to her breast and stared at him. "Allan!" she said; and then, abruptly: "Father's bankrupt. We've lost all our money. There's a story about it in the Boston Herald this morning. Mrs. Salter saw it and wrote me that note. You can read it if you want to. It's an awfully sweet note. It says some really beautiful things about love and marriage and friendship. But what it means is that Mrs. Salter thinks Willy oughtn't to marry me just now; not till the tempest in the Langley teapot blows over. Because if I married Willy now people might think I'd married him for his money, and that wouldn't be fair, you know, either to Willy or to me. 'Yours most affectionately, Serena Salter.'"

Allan had listened to this in utter amazement. Now he caught her hands and cried: "You've lost all your money? Good Lord, Fay! What a jolt! What a ghastly break for your father! I'm sorry. I'm terribly sorry, but I—I can't help feeling glad about it too. Because it saves me the trouble of murdering Willy Salter. And I don't want to murder anyone this morning. I'm too happy. I'm too ——"

"Allan, you didn't know anything about it? About dad's failure, I mean?"

"Why, no! I told you I hadn't seen the paper."

"Then what," demanded Fay, "did you mean a minute ago when you said you'd heard something that had changed your whole outlook on life?"

He threw back his head and laughed. Then he put his arms around her waist and stood holding her close to him. "Listen, Fay! I got a wire from my boss this morning. You know, I told you last night I'd sent him a telegram chucking my job and expressing my sentiments on bond salesmanship in general."

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, about an hour ago I got his telegram in reply. A long day letter! And what, boys and girls, do you think it said?"

"Don't be silly, Allan. Tell me at once."

"But you've already guessed it! It said, 'Don't be silly.' And then it said 'stop.' And then it said, 'Come back to New York and go to work as a junior member of the firm. I'll expect you Monday.'"

"Allan!"

"The old boy didn't say anything about salary, but I guess—I'm sure it'll be enough for us to get married on. Of course, we may have to live pretty simply for a while."

"In the Bronx," suggested Fay, "or New Jersey, or maybe in Brooklyn?"

"Brooklyn! Well, Brooklyn's not so bad. I lived there once. You don't think Brooklyn's so bad, do you, Fay?"

But before Fay could answer there was a commotion at the outer door of the living room. Then this door burst open and a solid body hurled itself into the room. The solid body was Willy Salter.

"Fay!" he cried, completely ignoring Allan Deering—indeed, it's doubtful whether he even saw the other man. "Fay, I've just found out about that note! Mother told me! I made her tell me. She had hysterics, but I didn't care. I left her prostrated with a bottle of smelling salts, and beat it over here to tell you I'd marry you anyway. I've got money of my own. I'll marry you tomorrow, Fay, and—uh—we'll run away! We'll elope! We'll go to the South Sea Islands!"

Allan Deering uttered an exclamation and stepped forward. But even then Willy paid no attention to his rival. "Well, Fay," he demanded, "how about it? Huh? Will you go with me? Will you, Fay?"

Then Fay laughed. But it was a laugh of sheer helplessness that ended in something like a sob. "Oh, Willy," she said, in a small, choked voice, "I'm so sorry! I'm really most awfully sorry that I can't go to the South Sea Islands with you. But, you see, I've just promised Allan that I'd go and live with him—in Brooklyn!"

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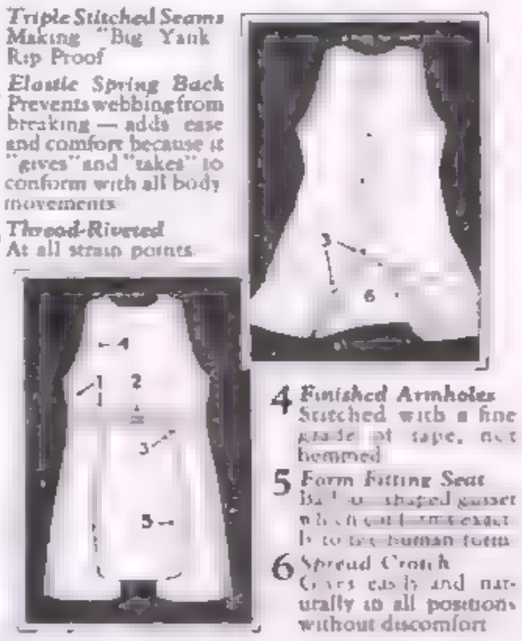

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A NET OF CIRCUMSTANCE

(Continued from Page 5)

"It's a wonder you wouldn't give every redfin a separate Pullman car!" Shear suggested.

Lambry said derisively, "That's right, always trying to make business for the railroad!" He added: "They keep better if they've got plenty of water, and I don't like to run out of bait." And he asked, "Mind if we haul this truck down to the water before we load the toboggan?"

Shear shook his head. "Go ahead," he consented; and asked, "How far you going?"

"Over to Day's camp on Deer Island," Lambry explained.

"You'll get a bellyful before you haul that toboggan down there," Shear predicted. "Snow's soft on the lake. Ain't packed much. This is the first wind we've had for a week."

"Blowing some now, isn't it?" Lambry commented, and Shear nodded and looked at the scurrying sky.

"Going to blow harder too. Snow, I wouldn't wonder." He went with them while Farr, under Lambry's direction, hauled the truck down the incline toward the water. "They say," he suggested warningly, "that there's some air holes down around the ledges. You want to keep your eye open."

"You can't catch shad on the ledges," Lambry reminded him. "And we don't aim to take a swim. We'll stay wide of them."

They set to work to load the toboggan for their long haul. "Must be seven miles down there, ain't it?" Lambry asked, and Shear nodded.

"I guess you'll think so before you make it," he predicted.

Lambry laughed. "Farr's a good draft horse," he pointed out. "If I get played out, I'll jump on and ride. Pulling a toboggan won't bother him." He added, looking out across the lake dotted with fish houses for the nearer mile or so: "Best way to go out around the island there, or to cut down through and go under the bridge?"

"Shorter under the bridge," Shear agreed. "But there's some current in there and the ice ain't so good. If it was me, I'd go around."

"Right you are!" Lambry assented. "We'll go around."

When they were ready to start, the toboggan loaded down with blankets and canned stuff and with the two milk cans full of water and bait, Farr took off his heavy Mackinaw and tied it atop the load, securing the ax on top of it to hold it in place. When he thus took off his coat, Shear saw that the man wore a heavy knife in a sheath against his hip and a .45 automatic revolver in a holster attached to his belt.

The agent said dryly, "You must look for trouble."

Farr glanced toward him with a doubtful eye and looked away again, but Lambry said cheerfully, "He thinks he's a Boy Scout. I'll bet you've got a compass in your pocket, haven't you, Farr?"

Farr nodded. "We might get lost," he explained, as though they must have forgotten this obvious fact.

Shear said, "Help me shove this truck back up, will you?" And they bent their shoulders to it, thrust it up the incline to the level platform again, and so at last bade the man good-by and descended to the lake once more.

There was a heavy rope attached to the front of the toboggan, and with Lambry's word, "Well, we better get going," Farr picked up the end of this rope and brought it over his shoulder and clasped it with his hands, while Lambry took a grip a little behind. They started the toboggan with a lurch and set out at a good pace across the lake.

As they emerged from the shelter of the wharf the wind struck them, and so vigorously that it swerved them for a moment from their course. Lambry called, shouting into the gale, "Blowing some, what?" And Farr, bent to his task, nodded without replying.

When presently they paused to rest and turned to look back, the shore was well behind them. Ahead lay the gap between two islands, through which their course must run. As soon as they stopped, the wind bit at them, lashing them with snow scoured up from the surface of the lake, cutting at their cheeks, and they were glad to resume once more the exertion which kept them warm. They passed fish houses scattered along the way, and as they approached the opening between the islands they saw a man coming toward them on snowshoes, pulling behind him a light sled on runners.

Farr watched him curiously, till Lambry from behind called, "There's Dummer now!"

Farr looked toward the approaching figure curiously. This was his first trip to the lake, and he had been interested in what Male and Lambry said about Dummer. When they came face to face, they stopped for a moment to speak with the man, and Farr studied the other with a grave attention.

"Hello, Dummer!" said Lambry, and Dummer looked at him with mild and vacuous eyes. "My name's Lambry," the little man explained. "I saw you up here last year."

Dummer—a round, soft, foolish figure with a slack mustache and a knitted comforter wound high about his chin—nodded. There was something curiously suggestive of sagacity in the very emptiness of his expression.

"I rec'lect you," he said, with a certain disapproval.

"Saw Male on the train," Lambry explained. "Wanted to be remembered to you."

"I went fishing with him," Dummer agreed.

"How's the fishing?" Lambry asked, and Dummer said ruefully: "Ain't so good. I moved my shanty last week and I ain't caught a shad since. I dunno what's come to the shad in this lake. Seems like they won't take hold at all."

"Quitting early, aren't you?" Lambry asked, and Dummer looked to the northwest into the eye of the wind, and up at the sky above them, and said wisely, "It's going to blow."

"It is blowing," Lambry reminded him.

"It's going to blow till you'd think it wan't blowing any now," said Dummer. "Blow and snow. Blow and snow. I like to be in where it's warm."

"Blow and snow!" Lambry echoed, and said jocosely, "Blow your nose, old man!" Dummer looked at him with mild eyes. "Where's your shanty now?" Lambry asked.

"Down a ways," said Dummer mysteriously.

"Secret, is it?" Lambry challenged.

"Down the lake where I put it," Dummer repeated.

"You're the man that knows where all the fish are," Lambry reminded him. "Why don't you tell a fellow? Afraid we'll catch them all?"

"I find 'em for myself," Dummer returned. "Others can do the same."

"You took Male fishing with you," Lambry pointed out argumentatively.

"He paid me for it," Dummer explained And he added in an aggrieved tone: "Guess he knew I was going to have a good day. He paid me to take him along, and he catched thirty-seven. Best day I had all winter, and he was in on it. I don't take folks fishing any more." He added hopelessly, "That's always the way of it when you take another man."

Lambry winked at Farr.

"We'll keep an eye out for your shanty," he declared. "I guess we'll know it when we see it. I guess we'll know enough to fish near there."

"You keep away from my shanty," Dummer protested. "Find your own fish. I don't figure to do all the work and have you city folks get all the benefit."

"Can't stop our fishing where we want to," Lambry insisted. "The lake's free."

"You keep away from my place, that's all," Dummer warned them. "Fish anywhere you're a mind, long's you don't trespass on me."

"Own the lake, do you?" Lambry jeered.

"I go to all the trouble of putting my shanty where I want it," Dummer insisted "And those that ain't looking for trouble keep away from there."

"Say," said Lambry belligerently, "you can't scare us! See that gun there? We're ready for troublemakers like you." He pointed to the weapon on Farr's thigh, and Dummer looked at it and away again with a wary movement of his head.

Farr, moved by a grave sympathy for the tormented man, said soberly: "You don't have to worry, Mr. Dummer. He's only fooling you. We don't aim to bother you at all."

Dummer fixed upon Farr a contemplative scrutiny, and something in the big man's homely simplicity of countenance had the effect of reassuring him. "Guess maybe you wouldn't," he agreed. "But you're in bad company!"

"He's all right," Farr repeated. "Just likes to talk, that's all. He's having fun with you."

"Is that so?" Lambry exclaimed. "Well, I'll tell you this: If you aren't neighborly enough to tell strangers where they've got a chance to catch a fish, you've got to take what's coming to you. What do you say to that, Mr. Dummer?"

"I'll have my eye on you tomorrow," Dummer warned them.

"You chased me off the lake last year," said Lambry, with an affected bitterness in his tones. "But I'm ready for you now. You're not going to chase Farr here. He's more your own size."

"I'll see to it you ain't bothered," Farr said again to Dummer. And he added, appealing to his partner and in a lower tone, "Don't bother him, Lambry. What's the use in that?"

Dummer looked at them, and then in an uncertain and complaining fashion he lifted his glance to the lowering sky and huddled his shoulders against the pressure of the wind.

"It'll blow and snow," he repeated, half to himself. "It'll blow and snow."

"We've got a ways to go," Farr reminded Lambry. "Come on, let's get along."

Lambry nodded. "That's right," he agreed, and resumed his hold upon the tow-rope, yet could not resist a parting fling at the simple man. "You can't fool us," he called. "We'll follow your trail—follow your tracks. We'll find out where you catch all those shad you brag about!"

Dummer stared at him, and when he spoke his reply had an obliquity about it. "It's going to snow," he repeated in a querulous tone. "To blow and snow. It won't be a night to be out on the lake unless a man had to."

"That's right," Farr assented. "Come on, Lambry, we've got a ways to go."

Lambry tugged at the rope, and when Farr added his strength the toboggan slued and lurched into motion again. Dummer remained standing where he was. When, a little later, they had passed between the islands and their course swung to the southward, they paused; and Lambry looked back, and he said to Farr:

"The old nut's still standing there! See him looking after us? He's crazy as a coot, ain't he?"

"I don't know," said Farr. "I think maybe it is going to blow."

Lambry laughed aloud. "You're as bad as him," he said protestingly. "Come on

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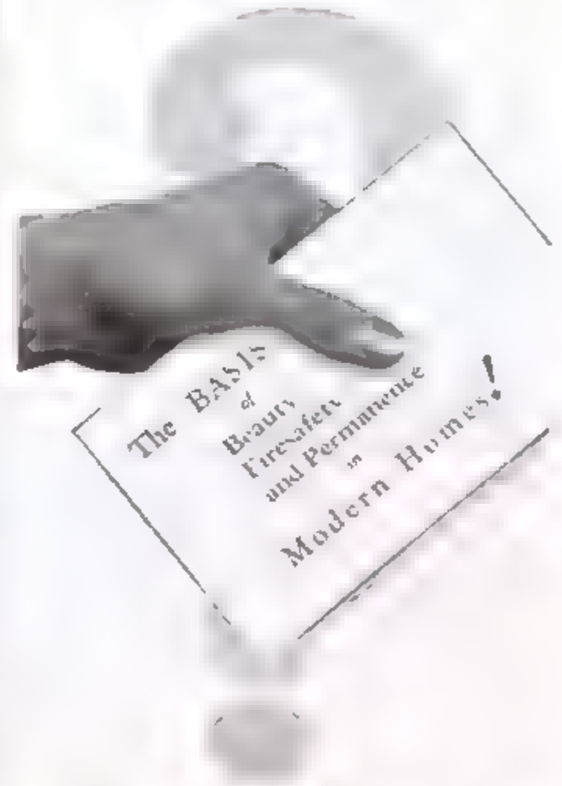

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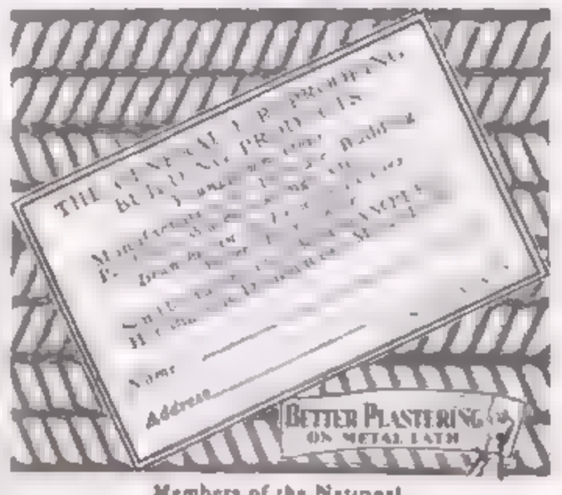

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then, let's lean on it. It'll be getting dark now before so very long."

IV

THE business of hauling the toboggan through some fifteen inches of loose snow was an arduous one. Their untired strength had at first made steady progress, but as they went on they were wearied more and more, not only by the constant effort necessary but also by the increasing pressure of the wind, which tended always to swing them away from the course they wished to keep, which blinded them with flying snow so that sometimes they walked for rods without opening their eyes at all, and which by its buffets drained at their energies and tired them more and more.

Lambry was no weakling, and he made no effort to spare himself, but tugged valorously at the towline. Farr, in the lead, labored as stubbornly, and he had more reserves of strength on which to draw. Lambry, the smaller man, was the first to feel fatigue, and its effect was insensibly to lessen the strain which he put upon the rope, and by the same token to increase the burden upon Farr. Their pauses for rest began to be more frequent. After they had passed through the opening between the islands and out upon the open lake beyond, the wind had an unimpeded stroke at them, and made the most of its opportunities. Also, their train had been a little late, and before they had covered any considerable portion of their long way, the day began to dull and dusk insensibly to fall. The sky was darker, the clouds more ominous and threatening.

Their course was guided by the shores of a neck of land to the northward. "We want to keep about a half a mile offshore. That will keep us on the line," Lambry explained.

But it was not always easy to do this. In order to look toward the shore they had to look into the wind, and that meant a great blinking of eyes and wiping away the tears which flowed so readily, and it was hard to be sure whether they were a hundred yards offshore or half a mile. As dusk began to fall, the task of keeping their course by sight became more difficult, and when by and by they saw that it would be dark before they had completed half their journey, Farr stopped and fumbled in his pocket and produced his compass.

"Take our bearings," he explained pantingly, "so we'll know which way to head. Be going round in circles if we don't."

Lambry laughed at him for this precaution, but not convincingly. Lambry was very tired, and growing more weary all the time.

In spite of the cold, the desperate pressure of their labors had left them steaming and perspiring, and when now they stood still for a moment the wind bit at them and a chill struck through their heavy garments to their flesh. They consulted together over the compass, using Farr's flash light to be sure they saw accurately, and decided that a course almost due southeast would bring them to the shore of Deer Island somewhere near the camp which was their destination.

This determined, they pushed on again; but the constant pressure of the wind, now a little behind them, yet still upon their left flank, forced them always more to the right than they had meant to go; so that although when now and then they stopped to consult the compass again, they held to the same course, this deviation created an error which was continually being magnified.

After a while, at one of their pauses, Lambry, stopping for breath, cried, "The wind's changing. It's behind us now."

But when they looked at the compass they saw that the wind had not changed, was still only a little west of north; and they consulted upon this and decided it were wise to change their course, to strike more easterly in order to allow for the unconscious error forced upon them by the wind.

An hour after dark they were wearied to such a point that their progress was by spasmodic effort rather than by any sustained exertion. They advanced sometimes scarce a hundred yards without having to stop to wait for their pulses to slow and their lungs to fill again with a full ration of oxygen. Farr was desperately weary. His hands from gripping the rope were cramped and numb, and his fingers so cold that they had almost lost sensation. Lambry was not in quite so bad a case. Walking as he did behind the other man, he unconsciously eased his effort now and then, putting no actual pull upon the rope, though he still held his grip upon it. But he, too, was desperately tired.

The wind had increased to a gale which seemed to them terrific, and the air was full of flying snow. They could not be sure whether this snow was falling from the overcast sky or was simply whipped up from the surface of the lake. When now and then they stopped to lay the compass down and turn the flash light upon it, they could see the small round crystals flowing along the surface of the snow like a thin stream; and here and there where accident had created some slight obstacle, these flowing crystals whirled over and over in the lee of the obstruction, caught in an eddy of the wind there. Yet the pressure of the gale was so great that these small excrescences were worn down, seldom more than an inch in height, and it was strange to see these tiny eddies of snow, persistent, yet of such small diameter.

After a time they began to tremble with their weariness, and the ache of it; and Farr, though he preserved his habitual calm and unperturbed countenance, realized that they were lost. In one of their pauses he asked Lambry, "How big is this lake anyway?"

Lambry said, "Oh, it's big!" and tried to laugh, and added: "Big enough. You don't need to worry about having plenty of room. You won't stumble over anything."

"If we don't look out," Farr suggested, "we'll be going round and round. And Shear said there was thin ice or open water on the ledges maybe. We don't want to run into that."

"If we don't get somewhere pretty soon," Lambry declared, "I'm going to take a blanket off that toboggan and lay down right where I am. I've had about enough of this parade."

Farr shook his head heavily. "Can't very well stop," he pointed out. "We'll strike an island or something by and by."

They did strike something by and by. After a time which their senses could not measure, when they were come to such a point that they were no longer conscious of anything except the force and incessant pressure of the wind and the scouring of the snow upon their raw cheeks, they abruptly came upon a shadow in the dark. When Farr, in the lead, first saw it, he could almost touch it with his hand. He had been bowed far over, hauling at the rope; and only the accident that fatigue just then made him pause prevented his butting into it head-on. When he lifted his head and saw it, he said, "We've got somewhere."

And Lambry looked past him and laughed in a great relief. "We've got where we're going," he exclaimed.

"This the camp?" Farr asked stupidly.

Lambry shook his head. "It's a fish house," he replied. "But it's good enough for us."

"Where are we?" Farr insisted.

"We're right here," Lambry said, and moved around until he was sheltered by the little shanty from the pressure of the wind. "There's probably a stove inside," he pointed out. "We'll get in here and stay here till morning, Farr. This is no night for strolling around the lake, if you ask me. We can make a fire and keep comfortable." He tried the door. "It's locked," he said.

"Is it?" Farr echoed, and after a moment he added: "Well, it's quieter on this side of it anyway, out of the wind; and we've got our blankets."

"We'll bust it open," Lambry retorted. "Get the ax off the toboggan there. You can knock this padlock right off the door."

"Think that's all right," Farr asked, "breaking into a man's shanty that way?"

"You bet it's all right," Lambry retorted. "Don't let anybody tell you different. Get the ax, Farr."

Farr still hesitated. "I don't know as I want to do that, Lambry," he protested. "Whoever owns it might not like it."

"Oh, all right!" Lambry cried. "If you're so particular, I will. Where's the ax?" He turned toward the toboggan, checked himself. "No—here!" he demanded. "Let me have your gun. I'll shoot the lock off."

Farr mumbled some protest, but Lambry, with an impatient gesture, swept his hand aside and reached down and drew the pistol from its holster. Farr uttered some protest, and Lambry cried out at him bitterly: "I tell you I'm cold! Here, take the flash light. I'm going to get in out of this wind, no matter what happens."

He jerked off his mitten, and fumbling the weapon awkwardly in his stiff and paralyzed fingers, jammed its muzzle against the padlock and pulled the trigger; but only a faint click sounded, and Farr, a little to one side, throwing the flash light's beam on the lock, said unwillingly, "You'll have to work the action."

Lambry stared at the weapon, apparently unfamiliar with its mechanism, and Farr said "I'll do it," and reached out to take it, but Lambry thrust the other's hand impatiently away.

"What is it—this?" he asked.

"You pull it clear back," Farr assented. "And then it's loaded and cocked and everything."

So Lambry tugged at the slide. The spring was stiff and the cold had congealed the grease on the gun so that it could hardly be moved. Lambry's fingers slipped and lost their hold, and with a low ejaculation of anger he turned the weapon so that he held the muzzle in his left hand while his right gripped the slide to push it away from him.

Farr had drawn back a step or two, but at this mishandling he cried, "Look out! Don't point it at you, Lambry!"

But his warning came too late. Lambry, with an impatient effort, pushed the slide back to its full stroke. The shock of the recoil jerked his right hand loose, and one of his fingers slapped against the trigger.

The roar of the gun bellowed through the night, the detonation went galloping down wind, the smell of burned powder lingered for a moment in the eddy in the lee of the fish house; and Lambry, without a cry, slumped in a heap upon the snow.

After a moment, Farr, so completely paralyzed by dismay that his muscles ceased to function, let the flash light fall. Its beam, as it lay there, painted a yellow fan of radiance upon the snow, faintly illumining Lambry's countenance.

If Farr had not already been sure, this glimpse of his friend's face would have been enough to tell him that the damage was done, that there was now no help or succor he could give the little man.

V

FOR a while after Lambry died, Farr did not move. The tragedy laid upon him a paralysis; the overwhelming shock of it dulled all his sensibilities.

He stood above the body of his partner, and he forgot how stiff and cramped and cold his fingers were, and how he ached with weariness, and how the thongs of his snowshoes, hampering the circulation, had turned his feet into aching blocks of flesh. He stood there looking down, and his slow thoughts fumbled with this situation as his hands might have fumbled with a tangled fishline, trying to bring some order out of the chaos into which the world was flung, trying to discover what the end of this should be.

His first emotion, his first thought, was simply incredulity. Such things as this, it seemed to him, did not happen—could not happen. Yet even while he was incredulous, he knew that the thing had happened. He knew it so completely that neither then nor later did it occur to him to make any actual investigation of Lambry's hurt. He was so sure it had been final and decisive.

After a time, he bent over and picked up the flash light, and he swept its beam along the length of the other man's body. Lambry lay in a curiously crumpled position, fallen upon himself as an empty sack falls. There was something peculiarly incongruous and terrifying in the awkward angles at which his snowshoes projected upward and to one side, still attached as they were to his feet.

Farr must have stood for a considerable time there in the lee of the fish house, scanning inch by inch the figure of the fallen man, while by slow degrees his thoughts picked out and set in order the elements of the situation in which he found himself: and the more clearly he perceived this situation, the more its terrifying aspects came home to him.

He had not hated Lambry; had in fact in a humble manner liked the smaller man, and had been able to understand not only Lambry's fondness for his wife but hers for him. Yet one of the first things which occurred to him now was that those who knew them, interpreting in the worst conceivable fashion the relation between them and between Lambry and Nan, would believe that he must have hated Lambry and must have desired the other's death.

This background of the tragedy just consummated, it seemed to Farr's slow wits, would be conclusive against him; would utterly prevent any reasonable man's believing him if he were to tell, no matter how truthfully, just how Lambry's death had come about. And he perceived this fact with a dull stolidity, accepting in a submissive mood the certainty that the opinion of the world would hold him responsible for what had happened.

The big man stood there, sheltered by the fish house from the scouring wind and the torrent of driven snow until, as the first shock of his consternation passed, the cold in his hands and feet made itself felt again. But when he moved at last, it was with no definite purpose in mind. His thoughts were groping back over the sequence of events which had led to this catastrophe. He turned the flash light upon the door of the shanty till it rested on the lock and with his left hand he reached out to touch the staple which fitted through the hasp. He was astonished to find that this yielded a little under his fingers, and he worked it to and fro and tugged at it till the staple came free of the wood.

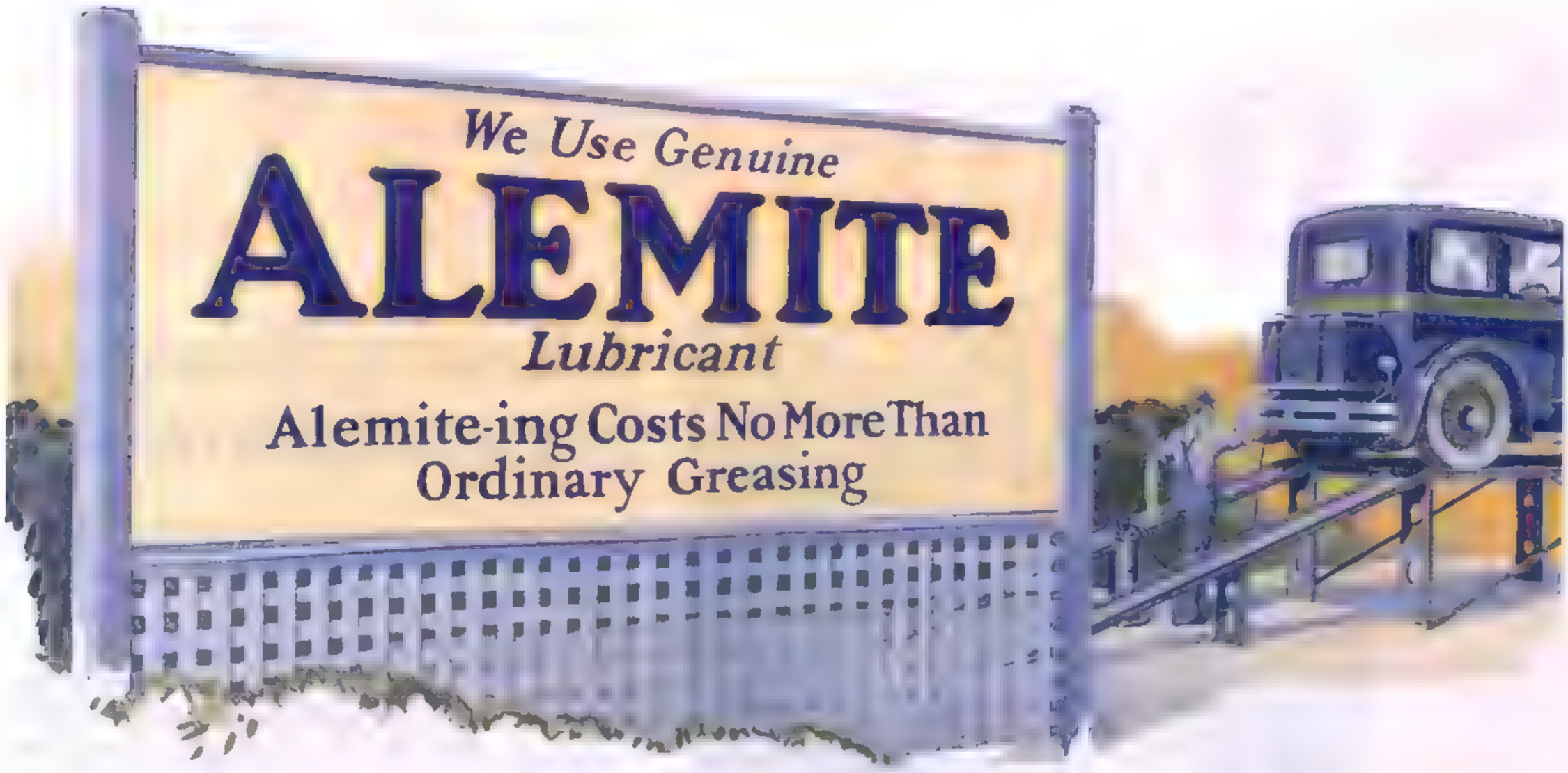
This seemed to him so curious that he examined the two holes in which the staple had been set, and he saw that the wood there was not rotted. The staple, it appeared, must have been pushed in and pulled out with some regularity; and Farr thought impersonally, "Probably the fellow lost the key and just let folks think the place was locked, and it never was at all."

He pulled tentatively at the door and it swung open, offering some resistance because a little snow was packed against its lower part. And Farr turned the flash light into the interior of the little shanty.

The place was, he saw, perhaps four feet wide and six feet long; and along one side of it ran a board which served as a seat. At the farther end there was a small, rude stove in which some heat still lingered, and on the other side, in the ice which formed the floor, there was a hole. Through this hole, Farr knew, the owner of the shanty must be used to lower his line.

This hole in the ice was perhaps eighteen inches in diameter. Farr knew nothing of fishing through the ice, and it did not occur to him that whoever had cut this hole had made it foolishly and unnecessarily large. When he saw it, it fixed his attention with a curious force, so that for a long time he could not take his eyes away from it. He took a step or two into the shanty till he could see it more plainly. The water in the hole was a foot or more below the level of the ice, and it was covered over with a thin sheet of ice formed during the last few hours which could easily be broken.

(Continued on Page 87)



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Cheap greases are the "bugbear" of motorists today. You may not recognize them as such. But you do "recognize" the repair bills they cause.

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The bolts pictured above show the difference between the use of good and bad lubricants. The one on the left was improperly lubricated and after 1,400,000 oscillations (equal to 10,000 miles of driving) was worn to the danger point. The one on the right, lubricated with Alemite Chassis Lubricant, tested the same way, showed no perceptible wear. Replacement of this one bolt would cost anywhere from $1.50 to $8.00.

ALEMITE

Chassis Lubricant

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Super-Six

Rugged Power *in* *a* smooth stream

The outstanding characteristic of the Essex Super-Six is complete absence of labor in all performance.

Whether spurting at top speed or doing a comfortable 50 miles an hour all day long, you can realize its super ability only by the way you distance others.

This smoothness means *economy*—economy of effort, economy of power, economy in the long life of all moving parts.

And in making long tours or using your Essex all day in city traffic, you will find the greater economy of physical freshness that comes from easy driving, riding, steering and control, and its freedom from vibration at all speeds.

The New Sedan De Luxe $895

This is the finest, roomiest and most beautiful Essex ever built. Naturally it has every refinement and detail of comfort that you could desire.

ESSEX

Performance

Riding is like *flying*

You never can forget this thrilling difference from all other transportation!

Smooth indifference to road conditions . . . Silky smoothness in all performance . . . Riding in the Essex Super-Six is actually like flying.

The dramatic appeal of a single ride is the basis of the greatest sales in our history.

This amazing Super-Six performance and quality is economical to buy and own. It is the outstanding triumph of engineering—for long wear, accessibility and lowest operation and maintenance costs.

There are six beautiful new models on the Essex Super-Six chassis—the greatest values in Essex history.

The Essex Speedabout $700

4-pass. Speedster	$785
Coupe	735
Coach	735
Sedan	795

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Super-Six

When Gifts mean more than at Christmas

The First Cost is the Last Cost

We began April 1st to keep every Parker Duofold Pen in perfect order without charge.

This business of graduating from school or college is no idle jest, when one has spent so many industrious years for the privilege of embarking under full sail on the voyage of life.

To the Graduate, Gifts on this occasion mean a great deal more than Gifts at Christmas. No relative, no friend worthy of the name should overlook this.

Each Gift should be something that the Graduate will thrill to receive.

The fact that you can scarcely pick up a college publication nowadays without seeing friendly reference to the Parker Duofold indicates, and correctly, that these black-tipped beauties are all the rage among students. For the campus scribes quite naturally echo the preference of the whole school.

Couple this popularity with the fact that Parker Duofold Pen and Pencil barrels are made of Non-Breakable Permanite, instead of rubber as formerly—

that the Duofold Point ever retains its shape—that we now make no service charge on Duofold Pens—

and you may as well make it unanimous by stepping to the nearest pen counter for this classic writing Duette, in its attractive Gift Box.

While you're at it, pick your Birthday and Wedding Gifts too—or Prizes for Bridge and Golf. This will save returning for them later.

But look with care for the imprint, "Geo. S. Parker." Then nobody will be disappointed.

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Parker

Duofold Duette

Red and Black Caps [illegible] Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

(Continued from Page 82)

All Farr's movements during this time that he stayed in or near the fish house were almost absurdly slow; and by the same token the man's thoughts moved sluggishly, like a stream of some viscous liquid, disturbed and impeded by every obstacle. But in spite of this torpidity, Farr was beginning to feel the spur of a curious and growing panic. This began at the moment he discovered the hole in the ice. If he had considered, he must have known even before he opened the door that the hole would be there; but he was, during these minutes, in no frame of mind for calm consideration. The sight of the hole was necessary to remind him of its presence.

Until he saw it, he had submitted stolidly enough to the jaws of the situation in which he found himself caught fast. That situation was sufficiently concrete; its elements were all too clear. In the opinion of their friends, he had the best of reasons for hating Lambry and for wishing him ill. Male, on the train, and others like Male had been astonished to think these two should thus venture into the solitudes together. What was it Male had said? "Taking Lambry up there to put the boots to him?" That was what others might have thought, might have said to one another.

And he had brought his pistol along. That was a thing which must seem strange in itself, to others' eyes. Shear, the station agent, had remarked it with surprise. The pistol was heavy and burdensome, flapping against his thigh. There was no adequate reason why he should have brought it. He had belted it on as a result of a momentary whim, a bit of play acting on his part. When Lambry said jocularly that Farr was pretending to be a Boy Scout, he was not greatly out of the way. Farr, like many outwardly silent men, was given to harmless fancies, liked to play in his own imagination a part for which he was in fact unfitted. He had been at the last vaguely stirred by the adventurous aspects of this expedition; the pistol was a concession to this mood of his.

Yet from these harmless beginnings had come his present situation. Lambry lay here at his feet, shot to death, and the bullet had come from his pistol; and the details of the accident were sufficiently incredible so that no one would be likely to believe his version of them. He had hated Lambry; he had brought him here with a black purpose in his mind; and here on the lonely lake and far from any human eye he had shot and killed his partner. That, it seemed, was what the world must believe.

So long as there had seemed to him no escape from this certainty, he had accepted it with that docility which sometimes sits upon animals on their way to the slaughterhouse, whose function their senses seem to apprehend. But the sight of the hole in the ice, offering as it did a possible escape from the situation in which he found himself, shattered his submissive mood and offered him at the same time hope and fear.

So long as his destruction appeared a certainty, he had felt no particular fear. It were useless to be afraid of that which could not be avoided; but now that there was a chance of escape, he feared the chance would fail, yet hoped for its success. And the uncertainty of this hope was as tormenting as the terror that came with it, hand in hand.

He still moved slowly. In fact for a time he did nothing at all, while his muddled wits sought to assort the elements in the situation and to utilize this avenue of escape which had offered itself to him. Supposing he were able to conceal Lambry's body from every human eye. The world knew they had come to the lake together. There would be questions he must answer, even if he undertook to dispose of Lambry.

He realized the necessity of finding an answer to these questions, and in a formless way he shaped a narrative which it seemed to him might serve. He was contented in the end to devise its fundamentals, leaving the details for later supply. It was enough for him at the moment to be sure there was some story he could tell. His fear, waxing as swiftly as the roar of an approaching locomotive, made him feel the urgent need for haste; and abruptly, from his comparative immobility, Farr sprang into action at last.

The hole in the ice was, he felt sure, sufficiently large to allow the passage of Lambry's body; and this was fortunate, because if he were to enlarge the hole, he knew the fisherman who used this shanty would in the morning perceive that fact and be suspicious of it. He needed only to break the thin ice, and there was a metal bar standing in one corner of the shanty, sharpened at one end and used habitually for this purpose. He picked it up, and with two or three furious strokes shattered the skin of ice into many fragments.

Shad, he remembered, lived in deep water. Sixty feet of water was about the minimum in which they might be expected to appear. Beneath this small hole in the ice there lay, then, sixty feet of water or more; and if to those depths he committed Lambry's body, it was not likely to be discovered there.

But he realized he must avoid any chance of its floating to the surface. If he merely thrust it through the ice out of sight, it would be revealed when the spring thaws came; and an examination even at that remote time would be sufficient to make clear to the expert eye how Lambry's death had come about, would revive those suspicions which Farr hoped to still forever.

So Lambry must sink in sixty feet of water, and sink not to rise again. With this in mind, the big man, moving hurriedly, weighted the garments of the other with everything at his command. The sheath knife on his hip, a heavy weapon, he thrust into one of Lambry's pockets, and the pistol into another. He could scarcely bear to touch this weapon, lifted it gingerly and with an actual shudder; and he had a momentary impulse to throw it away from him, blindly, out into the night. But his need for it was too great, and when it was safely bestowed in a pocket of Lambry's coat, Farr thought grimly that it was no more than just that the pistol should do this much to help conceal the mischief it had done.

With his handkerchief he bound the heavy bar that served as ice pick to Lambry's arm, and even the flash light he jammed into a pocket of Lambry's coat. The ax added its quota; he thrust its handle down one of the legs of Lambry's trousers. When these preparations were done he wrenched from the other's feet the snowshoes the dead man had worn, and did in desperate and awkward haste that which remained to do.

His flash light was gone, but he struck a match and by its light convinced himself that Lambry did sluggishly and as though unwillingly sink into the depths of the black water below the hole in the ice.

There remained then the necessity of removing so far as it was possible the traces of his presence here. By the flare of matches which he struck and sheltered against the little currents of wind that whipped in round the lee of the shanty, he examined the interior of the place, scraped out the marks of his snowshoes with sidewise movements of his feet, picked up with his bare hands the loose fragments of ice floating on the water in the hole and hurled them through the open door out upon the snow, backed out of the place at last and fastened the door again, pushing the staple into its holes.

The burned matches he dropped into his pocket, Lambry's snowshoes he picked up and hung across his shoulder, and finally sure that he had done all that could be done, he caught up the towrope of the toboggan and with a great thrust of his shoulder loosed it from its frost grip on the snow and set it in motion again.

He had gone a little way when he remembered that Lambry's fall after the shot might have left betraying marks or stains upon the snow, and he went back and struck another match to see. The marks were there—he destroyed them with strokes of his snowshoes; but by some chance there were no stains. Lambry's heavy garments may have prevented this. Satisfied at last, Farr returned to the toboggan again.

It was necessary, in order to accord with the story he meant to tell, that the toboggan should be removed to a considerable distance from the fish house. So, fear lending him strength, he labored desperately on for what seemed to him an interminable interval, turning unconsciously away from the wind for the sake of easier going; and without pausing for rest or respite, he continued until the burden became almost unbearable, and until he was convinced at last that the fish house lay far behind.

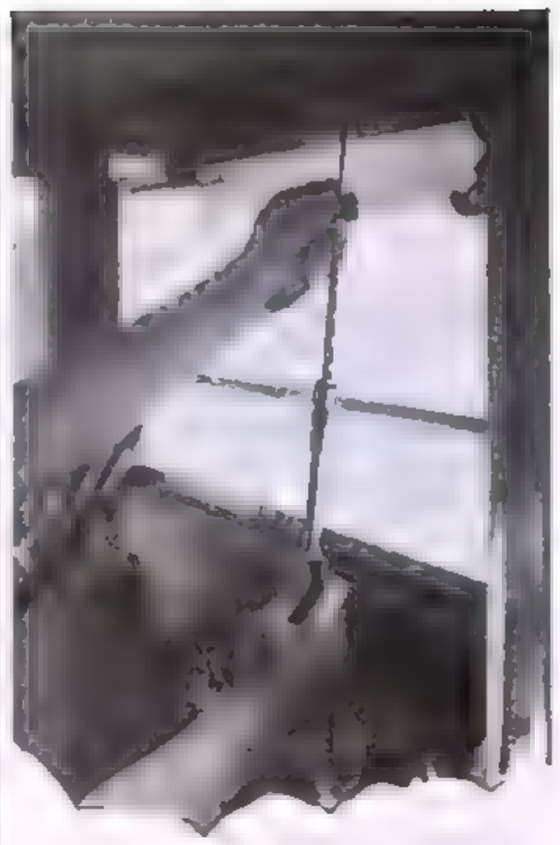
He abandoned the toboggan then, and with Lambry's snowshoes across his shoulder stumbled on before the wind, going blindly and without any conscious destination, willing to wander aimlessly until he should strike some sheltering land.

He was cold and tired and drunk with fear. Perhaps it was these fears of his and his fatigue which were responsible, during his desperate flight, for a fancy that he had.

He thought, again and again, that behind him in the darkness and the storm someone was following.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Merced Rapids, California



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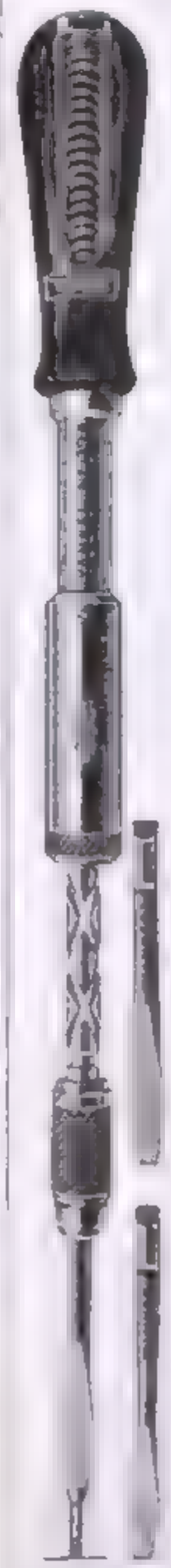

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Great for working one-handed.

Just push! The Spring and "Yankee" Spiral do the work for you, and save your time.

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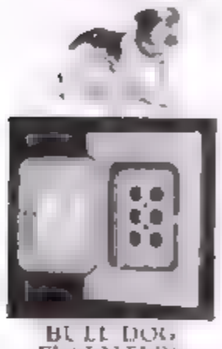

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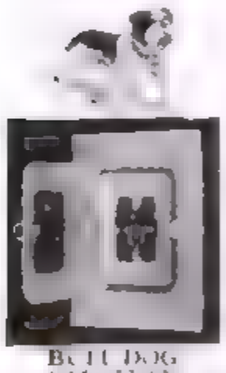

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Every day, every hour, Bull Dog is working as it has worked for years to produce new and better products for electrical control. Never pausing, always forging ahead, Bull Dog has earned its position of leadership through constant development and perfection of its products and its manufacturing processes. When you use Bull Dog Products you are therefore assured in every instance the best in quality, service and durability.

As proof of Bull Dog dominance in the field, we point to several of our most important contributions—Bull Dog Fusenters for safe, convenient, upstairs fuse replacements; Bull Dog SaftoFuse for electrical stove installations; combinations of these with toggle switch arrangements; Bull Dog Safety Switches of advanced design and Bull dog Switch Boards for industrial, commercial, public building and theatrical service. Every Bull Dog Product is a leader.

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DETROIT MICH. U.S.A.

BULL DOG SWITCHBOARDS

A DISCIPLE OF SOLOMON

(Continued from Page 9)

condone any such fickle gallivanting for a holy second. But since we're old-time friends, I'll rally round even in your iniquity. If I wanted to back out graceful, I'd simply approach her polite and respectful and announce that she'd got her metaphors mixed—that she may fancy she's engaged to you, but that you're mighty all-fired positive that you ain't engaged to her, and that you'll see her in hell a mile before you'll ever get that way."

"Bill, I've earned a reputation for personal bravery and recklessness that is well deserved. I'm as intrepid as they come. Call for volunteers to invade the lair of a she grizzly and spank the cubs, Bill, and I'd never falter. But there's some things that make even a brave man quail and quake to contemplate. This here is one. Your first suggestion was the best—about telling the boys good-by. On second thought, it would be even better not to tell 'em good-by. Let's h'ist one more. Here's happy days, Bill," he says. "And may your past remain hid so as not to mar your future. *Adios*."

Bill didn't quite grasp the full significance of this until the next day. Came the dawn, as the feller says, and with the dawn came Bill Barnes, sizzling with a new solution that would alleviate Rang's troubles. But Rang had done a right smart of alleviating of his own account, seems like, and the little log cabin that had housed him for many a carefree year bore evidence of having been hastily dismantled. Rang had high-tailed it off the reservation betwixt sundown and the rosy dawn. Time passed, and Ten Sleep missed the genial O. B. Jones. Many was the regretful comment as folks rode past the little deserted wikiup on the outskirts. Still more time passed and the dirt roof fell in.

Meanwhile Rang had fared far and middlin' fast, and with one eye on his back track. After maybe a week he steadied down and loitered on the way a little, wandering here and there and enjoying of the scenery, except that he always wandered in the same direction, which was away from Ten Sleep. He traversed a variable expanse of landscape, and after a month or two he comes riding down out of a stretch of barren hills into an even more barren expanse of desert which he suspects is somewhere in Southern Arizona. Locating a spring at the foot of the hills, he slips the pack from his led horse and camps. He was preparing a leisurely breakfast next morning when a lone horseman came along the trail and pulled up abreast of his bivouac.

Rang blinked a few times, surveying the stranger's get-up with growing envy, for the fashion plate before him was a living advertisement of what the well-dressed cowboy should wear but don't. And the only reason he don't is because he can't afford it. Rang invoiced the stranger's effects at two years' wages of a cow hand. He was forking a silver-mounted saddle, his horse decked out in a silver-mounted bridle, his feet in silver spurs with rowels as big as pie plates, his legs adorned with lavender Angora chaps and the whole effect topped off with a Mexican sombrero with six-seven pounds of silver.

"This lad," Rang surmises to himself, "must be a real buckaroo who has attended the annual rodeo and won every first prize—bucking-horse contest, bulldogging, broke the world's record for steer roping, took the blue ribbon for the wild-horse race, arrayed himself in his prizes and sent the other boys home empty-handed."

Meanwhile he greeted the new arrival with that genial grin of his. "Step down, stranger," he invited. "I don't profess to be the best camp cook that ever throwed dishwater over a guy rope, but folks has et my cooking and gone right on enjoying fair health, so you may's well take a chance on breakfasting with me."

The stranger unloaded and introduced himself as Walter Braleford and expressed his appreciation of the hospitality. Directly he looked round. "I was just wondering," says he, "if you happen to have a bucket among your effects."

"No," Rang says, "unfortunate, I ain't. Did you want to take a bath? Because if you did I'll be glad to slosh water over you with a stew pan and you can rub down with the dishcloth."

"Why, no, I just wanted to water my horse," Braleford explained.

Rang looked sharp at him for a minute, his face relaxing gradual into a broad smile.

"Now don't you surmise, Walter, that if you was to lead the little horse over to the spring he would dip his muzzle into it and do his own imbibing?" he inquired mildly. "Walter, that disguise of yours certainly misled me. It did for a fact. But I make you now. You're the dissolute son of a wealthy family and they've sent you out here to change your ways, keeping you supplied with ample funds so long as you don't show up at home. I envy you. I'd be the unregenerate black sheep of any family whatsoever that would purchase me an outfit like that of yours. It's by all odds the most radiant that I ever laid an eye on. Am I right?"

There wasn't many that could resist Rang's grin, and Braleford smiled back at him amiable. "Your diagnosis is only part correct," he says. "But I confess to being a mite dissolute. You ride on into Warner's Wells with me and I'll prove it to you at the Terrill House bar."

"Done!" Rang accepted. "What outfit are you riding for?"

"The Mammoth and Stupendous Super Productions," Walter informed.

"Yes, of course," says Rang. "Purebreds, eh? But they don't engrave all that on the side of a cow. What's their brand?"

"A kind of emblem of the sun rising over the mountains, with the Goddess of Liberty standing off to one side and pointing to a ship that's coming into the harbor under full sail while the Indians kneel on the sand in superstitious awe," Mr. Braleford diagrammed.

"To say nothing of the breeze rippling the pine trees and a prairie fire raging before a head wind," says Rang. "Listen, Walter, I expect this Mammoth outfit runs its own packing plant and the brand you've so graphically sketched for me is the one that adorns the labels on a can of corned beef, whilst I was inquiring for the brand that adorns beef on the hoof and prior to being converted into super products. Anyway, do you expect they could use an extra hand?"

"Oh, I begin to comprehend," Walter grinned. "You are referring to a cattle concern and I'm riding for a motion-picture company. And—yes, I imagine they can use an extra hand. I'll see that they put you on. They're going to take some cowboy pictures."

Motion pictures was just in their infancy, but Rang had witnessed a few in Ten Sleep. He was somewhat dubious about his sitting into that game. "An actor, thataway, has to make up to take the part of anybody from a pirate to a preacher, don't he?" Rang suggested. "And I don't expect that there's any disguise that would conceal my true identity."

"You're somewhat individual," Walter admitted, grinning. "But that don't matter."

"No," Rang declined. "My profuse thanks, but for me setting up as an actor—that's out."

They rode on into the little camp of Warner's Wells and took on a few bracers at the Terrill House bar. Then Rang adjourned to the Blue Front Restaurant to absorb a snack of lunch. As he opened the door his eye fastened on the little cashier and he halted in his tracks. She had smooth plaits of raven-black hair, a creamy skin like mellow old ivory and a ripe red mouth. Her eyes were a deep violet-gray, with little dancing imps of devilishness way down inside.

For the space of half a minute Rang stood there blocking the threshold, never taking his eyes off this vision of loveliness. Then he backed out and repaired to the barber chair in the lobby of the Terrill House and had a haircut and a shave and a shampoo, after which he returned to the Blue Front and straddled the foremost stool, where the counter joined the cashier's desk. Now it had been intimated that Rang was a mite susceptible, but he knew for a fact that of all the females he had ever coveted this little cashier was way out in the lead by a dozen lengths. Sitting on the front stool at close quarters, he was in a position to catalogue her good points and he devoted the next hour to a detailed scrutiny.

Of course, Marie—that was her name, Marie—didn't notice this earnest regard that was trained on her in the least. In fact, she seemed unaware that the front stool was occupied at all. When there wasn't any customers at the desk to settle their checks, she stood there gazing at nothing in particular, her face half turned towards Rang and her glance traveling past his left ear, missing it by maybe a foot in a direct line. There was a dovelike gentleness in those violet-gray eyes, as if her thoughts, while far away, was engaged with something mighty sweet.

Now and again she'd reach up a hand, absent-mindedlike, and caress a strand of hair. It made Rang's finger tips tingle to think of fondling those raven tresses himself. Then up would come a customer to pay his check, and Rang observed that each one loitered as long as possible. Some of them seemed to know Marie real well, and it was evident that the rest of them aspired to know her better soon. She had a pleasant word for all, as the saying goes, and her voice was like her eyes, soft and gentle, and it played delightful little tunes all up and down Rang's nervous system. Then she'd lapse back into that pensive regard of the atmosphere somewhere a few inches offshore from Rang's ear, and sometimes she'd smile to herself, exposing a flash of pretty teeth and agitating a little dimple that was downright distracting.

"Thank you. Come back again," she says to each departing customer.

There wasn't ever a bird dog that held a point as steady as Rang's gaze was riveted on that ravishing countenance. And all the time she never even noticed that the front stool was occupied, which Rang considered almost providential, since it gave him an opportunity to study her with rapt admiration from a range of three-four feet without her observing of him at all.

Directly a big fine-looking young chap stopped to settle his check. "And how is our devastating little Marie?" he inquired.

"Yes. Come in again," Marie answered.

"Pretty Thing, you going to take a moonlight stroll with me this night?" he invited.

"Not tonight, thank you so much," says Pretty Thing. "Come in again."

"Tomorrow night then?" he urged.

"Nor then," the little cashier denied him sweetly.

"Marie, you're one exasperating little female," he says, "and I'm in half a mind to shake you. But you're such a lovely child that I expect it's your prerogative to tantalize every male human in Cochari County without ever being chastised for it."

"Yes," she agreed. "Come in again."

Rang regarded the departing back of this individual with mounting indignation. Rang's face indicated that his feelings had been outraged and harassed, and that he had conceived a genuine dislike for that well-dressed back, even though he'd never had a look at the party's face. As he turned his gaze back to Marie it seemed to him that for the first time she was looking directly at him, with her dimple quirking and a little devil of mischief flickering in her

(Continued on Page 90)

Sailing in a Flying Cloud

You "sail" in a Flying Cloud, whether you're drifting along at a sight-seeing pace, or hurtling home in the grip of a storm. No other word but "sailing" so describes the comfortable, sporty travel in store for those who ride in the finest, fastest model of America's longest lasting car—the Reo Flying Cloud.

In it, both power *and* speed, both daintiness of design and ruggedness of construction have finally been combined. And whether you're at her helm or just lying back, watching the miles go by, you'll feel a new ease that even the roughest road can't disturb.

"Sail" in a Flying Cloud. Feel the sweep of its swift, effortless getaway. Step on it and relax as you find its hurricane-like speed so easy to control. Stop it with the brakes that STOP whenever and wherever you need them—brakes whose drums are closed to dirt and water, that work equally well whether you're going forward or backward, that are the last word in braking efficiency.

The Flying Cloud's the "ship" you've been waiting for—sail her away today.

REO
Flying Cloud

SEDAN

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Lansing, Michigan

NO OTHER AMERICAN CAR LASTS AS LONG AS REO - NOT ONE

(Continued from Page 88)

eyes; but right off he knew that he had been mistaken, because she wasn't looking at him at all, but glancing sweet and pensive at the atmosphere just out of line with his ear. He paid his check without daring to risk his voice.

"Do come back again," says the little cashier, and it seemed like she maybe put the least mite of pressure on the word "do." But, of course, Rang knew that he only imagined that, because he could have swore that she had been so preoccupied that she hadn't even been aware of him. He hadn't progressed a block before he began to speculate as to whether he hadn't stopped eating too soon, and if another wedge of pie wouldn't appease the appetite that was crowding back on him again. He wasn't hungry, exactly, but there was a vacant feeling somewhere inside of him, and he had always found the pie was good filling to placate any such sensation of emptiness. But he decided to put it off for a spell, and it struck him suddenly that he might at least take a try for a job with the Mammoth people. That would serve to keep him in Warner's Wells, and he could see that it was a rattling good town with a likely future stretching out ahead. So he hunted up Walter Braleford.

The Mammoth people had settled on Warner's Wells as a good spot on account of the variety, scenic and otherwise, that the vicinity afforded. There was mountain scenery on the one side, with canyons and ragged peaks aplenty; and on the other side was desert landscape of a diversity to satisfy the most discriminating taste—sagebrush mesas, juniper and piñon-clad foothills, badlands and stretches of white blow sand, vistas adorned with flowering yucca, mesquite, cactus and what not. A man could take his desert any way he liked it. The bottoms of the Mogila River lay off some twenty miles one way and there was the mining camp of Moravia a dozen miles the other. The Cohila Indian Reservation was adjacent, as was also old Fort Harper. So the Mammoth company had settled on it as semipermanent quarters and had constructed a false-front main street that could be converted overnight into a Nevada mining camp, a Wyoming cow town, a peaceful village in Iowa or a fishing hamlet in Japan.

Braleford, the chief male star, had taken quite a fancy to Rang during their nice chatty ride into town, and he elected to have Rang double for him in whatever difficult pieces of riding might be beyond his own abilities.

The casting director sized up the applicant with considerable doubt. "I don't just see how he is going to double for you," he says. "He looks too much like himself and mighty little like anyone else I've ever seen. Riding, maybe, on long shots, but never on foot," says he, eying Rang's warped underpinning.

"I'm a mite uncertain on my feet," Rang admitted. "As an actor, I'd likely do better in the saddle than dehorsed."

"And that Long John horse of his is trained to a hair," Braleford interposed. "Some of the trick riding stunts he can pull off beats anything you ever witnessed."

"Does he?" says the director, still looking Rang over sort of fascinated "Well, there certainly ought to be a dozen places that I can work this lad into pictures. I can feel it coming on; new ideas will occur to me every time I see him. He has certainly got an original look about him. Suppose you turn up here tomorrow morning. We're going to take a cowboy picture."

The craving for pie had been gnawing at Rang, and as soon as these details was settled he sashayed back to the Blue Front and was halfway across the threshold before he observed that the front stool was occupied. He stopped dead and fumbled through his pockets like maybe he had lost his money or left his finger-nail file at home or his watch had stopped or something Then he backed out and hastened off up the street, patrolling back and forth until the patron made an exit, when Rang entered and planted himself on the foremost stool, ordered pie and coffee of the Mexican waitress and took a preliminary survey of Marie to see if she was observing him.

But she didn't even know he had come in, being engaged in reading a magazine. It just so happened that she was holding it so that Rang could look behind it and get an unobstructed view of her loveliness without much chance that she'd detect him at it. The yarn she was perusing must have afforded every variety of reading from pathos to comedy if her face was any indication. There were moments when her eyes had a yearning look in them, as if maybe she was loving somebody that she was mighty fond of. Then a smile would twitch at her mouth and that little dimple would start quirking double shift.

Rang thought that if he loitered too long she might notice him, so after maybe half an hour he rose and paid his check. He dined there that evening, resorted to the place later for pie and coffee before retiring and ate a hearty breakfast there the following morning, all without Marie's having noticed that he was admiring her real ardently. Then he rode out to the Mammoth lot. There was a sprinkling of riders in cowboy regalia, a few womenfolks, a stagecoach with six horses hitched to it, a cluster of horsemen dressed as troopers, a frock-coated, black-mustached party to play the part of a gambler, old Chief Spotted Tail with twenty-odd bucks from the Cohila Reservation and sundry others.

"Where's the cows?" Rang inquired of Anderson, the director.

"Cows?" asked Anderson. "What cows?"

"I thought this was to be a cowboy picture," Rang explained.

"Oh, sure it is!" says Anderson. "I'll brief the plot for you while the rest of the cast is assembling. The book we're making this picture from is called The French Countess and was laid back in the French and Indian Wars; but there wasn't enough action, so I injected some ideas of my own into it. Instead of having the hero a colonel of French infantry, we'll make him a young cowboy. It'll still have the Indians and soldiers in it, so it won't alter the trend of the story much. And since you mention it, we ought to have a cow in the story somewheres to make it more realistic, but we can't rustle one at this late hour, so we'll have to intimate her, sort of, by captions.

"Now we'll say that a cow has strayed away from the ranch and the cowboys are all wore out from hunting for her day and night. The hero whips the cowboy bully because he won't take his turn at searching for the missing cow. Then he starts out himself. The Sioux have gone on the warpath. We'll have old Spotted Tail doing a war jig and exhorting his braves to battle. They'll ride off brandishing their tomahawks and shooting in the air and acting up mighty hostile in general.

"Well, the Sioux jump the young cowboy and chase him three-four miles, but he escapes. Then he hears shooting off to the left and sees that the Indians have attacked a prairie schooner. Walter rides through them, both guns barking, and rescues the only survivor, which is Cicely. In the book, the savages slip downstream by canoe and attack the mission where the young French countess is stopping; but we'll have the heroine as a young girl traveling across country with her folks in a covered wagon, and we'll have the savages attack just the same, so as to hold close as possible to the original story.

"The cowboy rides off with the emigrant girl across his saddle and the Indians chase him three-four miles and then veer off to attack the stagecoach. Walter can't ride off and leave the stage passengers to their fate, so he charges back, puts the girl in the stage with a single passenger, who is Perdue there, the gambler. The driver has been shot, but the cowboy mounts one of the leaders, takes the reins in his teeth and fights his way through with a gun in each hand. He reaches safety only to find that Perdue has slipped out and abducted the girl.

"Walter chases him three-four miles to where Perdue joins a gang of rustlers and outlaws. We'll have them to take the place of the British smugglers that gave the French so much trouble in the book and held the French countess for ransom. The cowboy cleans them up and hides the girl in a safe place while he follows the Sioux war party. He chases them three-four miles and they surrender. Then comes the cavalry, with General Ferguson riding hellity-larrup out ahead and waving them on. They find the young cowboy holding the hostile Sioux steady under the muzzles of his guns. General Ferguson decorates him on the spot for suppressing the uprising and the chaplain marries him to the girl, who has fallen in love with him. That will keep the action from lagging," he says. "No slow spots in that."

"Not even a breathing space," Rang agreed.

"Of course," Anderson resumed reflectively, "we can't work in the naval engagement between the French and British fleets like it is in the book, but we can substitute a pistol duel between Walter and the chief of the road agents. That's more in character with the film version of The French Countess anyway."

"Why not?" says Rang. "No use to clutter up a perfectly good cowboy yarn with battleships. What becomes of the cow?"

"Oh, her!" Anderson said. "We'll run a caption to the effect that Walter himself found the missing cow with a new calf after hope was almost gone and the owner had wrote her off his income tax. That'll round out the plot and give it a happy ending."

So Rang started his career as an actor in the film version of The French Countess. Before the day was ended he had become fast friends with half the outfit, and when the day's work was done he cantered right off to the Blue Front, only to find that the foremost stool was occupied by the well-dressed young buck who had pressed the little cashier to walk abroad with him in the light of the moon. His stock, which was already way below par with Rang, dropped another fifteen points. He was somewhat inundated and feeling frolicsome and expansive.

"Let's play like you're the honeysuckle and I'm a hungry bee," he suggested to Marie, as Rang seated himself a few stools removed.

But Honeysuckle didn't think she'd like that game. "Anyway, you'll go to the show with me tonight, won't you, Pet?" he persisted.

"Well," says Pet, "not right tonight, I won't."

"What'll we play then?" he wanted to know.

"Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight," Marie suggested. "I'll do the guessing and you do the wandering and fool me all you can."

"That won't do," he objected. "What's your next favorite game, Sweetmeat?"

"Hide and seek," says Sweetmeat. "You go hide and see how long it'll take me to locate you."

"King's-ex. Time out for injuries," he begged. "Honest, Marie, just to look at you sets my heart to palpitating"

"That's not your heart," Marie diagnosed. "It's that uneasy rat-track whisky surging round in your vitals."

This airy badinage was still in progress when Rang checked out. Later he pointed the party out to Walter Braleford. "Who is that?" he asked.

"That," said Braleford, "is who you thought I was when first we met—the dissolute son of a wealthy family. That is no other than young Arthur Ascott, 3d."

"If he runs foul of me," Rang darkly predicted, "he'll be young Arthur the last and least. What does he do besides that?"

"Working on the theory that the good die young, Arthur is laying himself out to break all records for longevity and making a successful job of it," said Walter. "Other jobs he don't work so hard at. His ostensible occupation is collecting desert insects and reptiles for some Down East museum or other. One day a week he collects them in the desert and immerses them in alcohol. The other six he immerses himself in alcohol and collects them out of the air. Only last Tuesday he plucked a dark-red lizard with purple sideburns, hitherto unknown to science, right off my coat lapel at high noon. Aside from such occult practices, he's good company and simply steeped in wealth."

Rang soon discovered that the front stool in the Blue Front was the most coveted spot in Cochari County. It was wore thin from all the male aspirants that had occupied the anxious seat in hopes of special favors from Marie. Rang continued to haunt the place and feast his eyes on her, which her preoccupation made it easy to do that, and all the while she was entirely oblivious of his presence.

Meanwhile it was downright amazing how much information she had gathered about one O. B. Jones, late of Ten Sleep, Wyoming. She knew, for instance, that he was the most popular man on the Mammoth lot, with a kindly and sympathetic nature that endeared him to all, and a sense of humor that brightened the lives of those about him; that he was so good-natured that folks could go almost any length with him so long as they meant all right; but that he had a level eye which conveyed the impression that it wouldn't be anyways healthy to go the same distance if you didn't mean all right.

Rang had Long John trained to a hair. He could put him into a dead run, touch him in a certain way and he'd fall like a shot rabbit. So when a picture called for Walter to have a horse shot out from under him, which was most every day and sometimes frequenter, Rang doubled for him at twenty-five dollars a fall. When he wasn't doubling he was taking the part of Indian fighter, trapper, freighter or scout. One day he was a bearded general leading the cavalry in a desperate charge and the next day chief of the road agents, a Mexican rurale, Texas Ranger or what not.

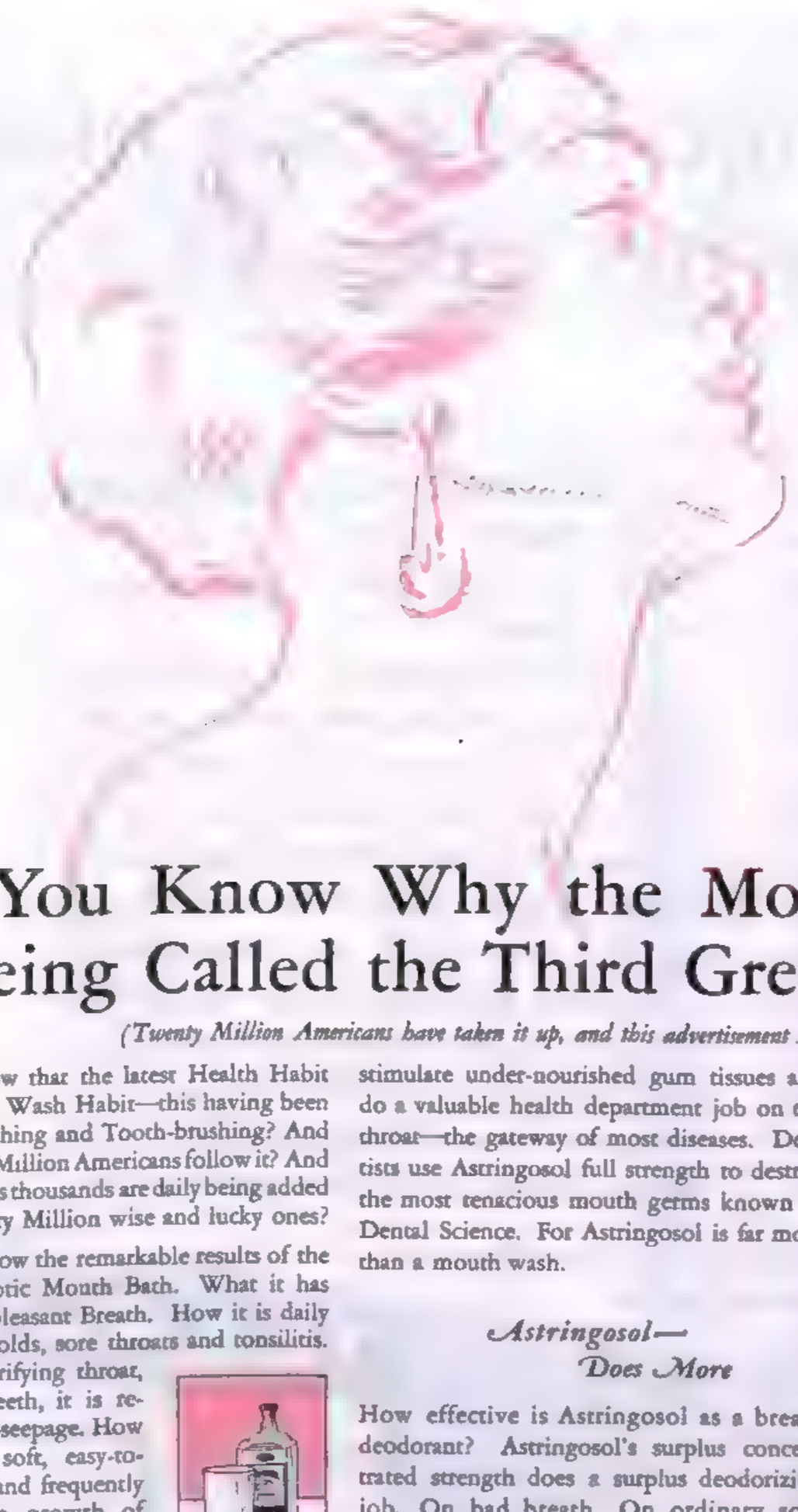
One time he was to enact the rôle of leader of the night riders and he swathed himself in a sheet. Long John wasn't accustomed to being straddled by ladies in long nightgowns and he staged such a frenzied stampede across the sand hills, with the cameras clicking at him, that they worked up a whole picture round that strip of film and called it The Bedouin's Daughter. In a dozen different ways he made himself indispensable round the Mammoth lot. Likewise, in addition to making good money, he had other sources of revenue besides his pay.

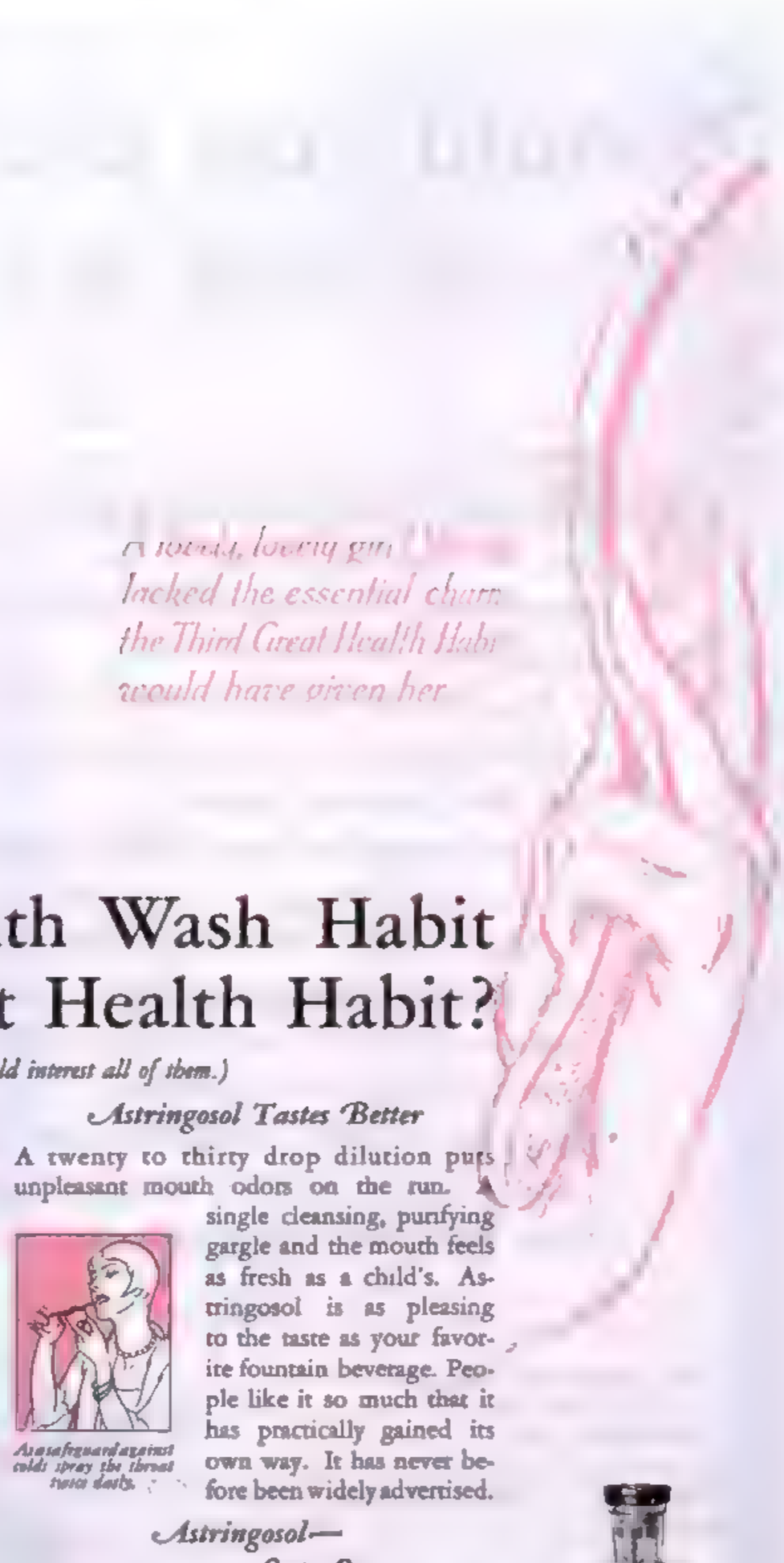
The company paid old Chief Spotted Tail three dollars a day for each and every Cohila buck that performed in a picture. He relayed on to his retainers whatever portion of this sum seemed just and fair to him, which sometimes run as high as ten cents on the dollar, but not often. The rest of it he kept as his split of the gate receipts. Spotted Tail was an inveterate gambler, and whatever money he received reverted to Rang in the natural course of events, you might say, because he whiled away the time between shooting scenes by shooting craps on the desert sands, a pastime to which the chief of the Cohilas was passionately addicted.

The company might as well have paid the Injun money over to Rang in the first place, since it inevitably came to roost in his overalls pocket eventual. This, along with frequent squinting at his hole card—at which Rang had been schooled in Ten Sleep, and there was nowhere better educational advantages along such lines than there—inflated his income to such a point that he hadn't drawed a cent of salary, but was allowing it to pile up in the company treasury.

On all such little matters Marie was intimately posted. Also she was vaguely conscious of the fact that O. B. Jones was so melted down in love with her own devastating and bewitching young self that it was a sheer touch of heaven for him just to sit

(Continued on Page 94)





Do You Know Why the Mouth Wash Habit is Being Called the Third Great Health Habit?

(Twenty Million Americans have taken it up, and this advertisement should interest all of them.)

Do you know that the latest Health Habit is the Mouth Wash Habit—this having been added to Bathing and Tooth-brushing? And why Twenty Million Americans follow it? And why countless thousands are daily being added to the Twenty Million wise and lucky ones?

If so, you know the remarkable results of the daily, antiseptic Mouth Bath. What it has done to Unpleasant Breath. How it is daily preventing colds, sore throats and tonsilitis. How, by purifying throat, gums and teeth, it is reducing germ-seepage. How it *firms up* soft, easy-to-bleed gums and frequently prevents the growth of dangerous micro-organisms under the free gum-margins. And how poisons are thus eliminated which otherwise would filter into the system and possibly cause rheumatism, neuritis—even kidney and heart trouble.

A few drops of Astringosol will do the business for Unpleasant Breath.

Knowing these facts, you will be interested in a discussion of mouth washes. Have you tried one in CONCENTRATED form—like Astringosol? It is the final answer to unpleasant breath, because you can use it in as strong a solution as you wish. Strong enough, in fact, to prevent bad breath from *bobbing up again after a little while.* Strong enough (by using a few drops on a moist tooth brush) to banish the active enamel-destroying agents between the teeth. Strong enough to stimulate under-nourished gum tissues and do a valuable health department job on the throat—the gateway of most diseases. Dentists use Astringosol full strength to destroy the most tenacious mouth germs known to Dental Science. For Astringosol is far more than a mouth wash.

Astringosol— Does More

How effective is Astringosol as a breath deodorant? Astringosol's surplus concentrated strength does a surplus deodorizing job. On bad breath. On ordinary sore throats. The small amount you need is an argument in itself. The water which dilutes Astringosol turns to a milky opalescence — proving how concentrated Astringosol really is. Yet it is quite harmless in any strength. You'll readily find out the strength you prefer. Very little does the business.

Economical. You DROPout Astringosol.

Astringosol Tastes Better

A twenty to thirty drop dilution puts unpleasant mouth odors on the run. A single cleansing, purifying gargle and the mouth feels as fresh as a child's. Astringosol is as pleasing to the taste as your favorite fountain beverage. People like it so much that it has practically gained its own way. It has never before been widely advertised.

As a safeguard against colds spray the throat twice daily.

Astringosol— Costs Less

Mouth washes, until now, have usually been *poured out*—and pouring is expensive. You DROP OUT Astringosol and twenty to thirty drops go twenty to thirty times as far as poured-out antiseptics. That amount will fix unpleasant breath—the added water costs nothing. Of course, a small bottle lasts a long time at this morning-and-evening-gargle rate. And a two or three cent-a-day cost is not very much when you are fixing unpleasant mouth odors and going a long way to prevent colds, sore throat and pyorrhea at the same time.

Use Astringosol twice a day. Visit your dentist twice a year.

For a free three-day sample of Astringosol write name and address on this coupon and mail to Dept. 24, Frederick Stearns & Company, Detroit, Michigan.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Made by the makers of ZYMOLE TOOTH PASTE

FREDERICK STEARNS & COMPANY
Established 1855

WINDSOR Canada · DETROIT U. S. A. · SYDNEY Australia

ASTRINGOSOL

STEARNS CONCENTRATED ANTISEPTIC

DOES MORE · COSTS LESS · TASTES BETTER

Should you change the *grade* of oil as hot weather comes?

FIVE out of six car owners *should change* to a heavier grade during the hot weather, in order to get the full power and oil-economy of which their engines are capable.

Five out of six car owners *should use* a heavier grade of oil to protect their cars from summer wear.

How many do change? How many do know the proper grade of oil required?

Hot weather affects cars differently. Lubricating systems differ. Engines "turn over" at from less than 2,000 to more than 4,000 revolutions per minute. Cylinder pressures and operating temperatures vary. All these things and many more have their effect on engine lubrication, and on the grade of oil needed.

It is a question the average motorist cannot readily answer from his own knowledge—but there is one way he can be certain.

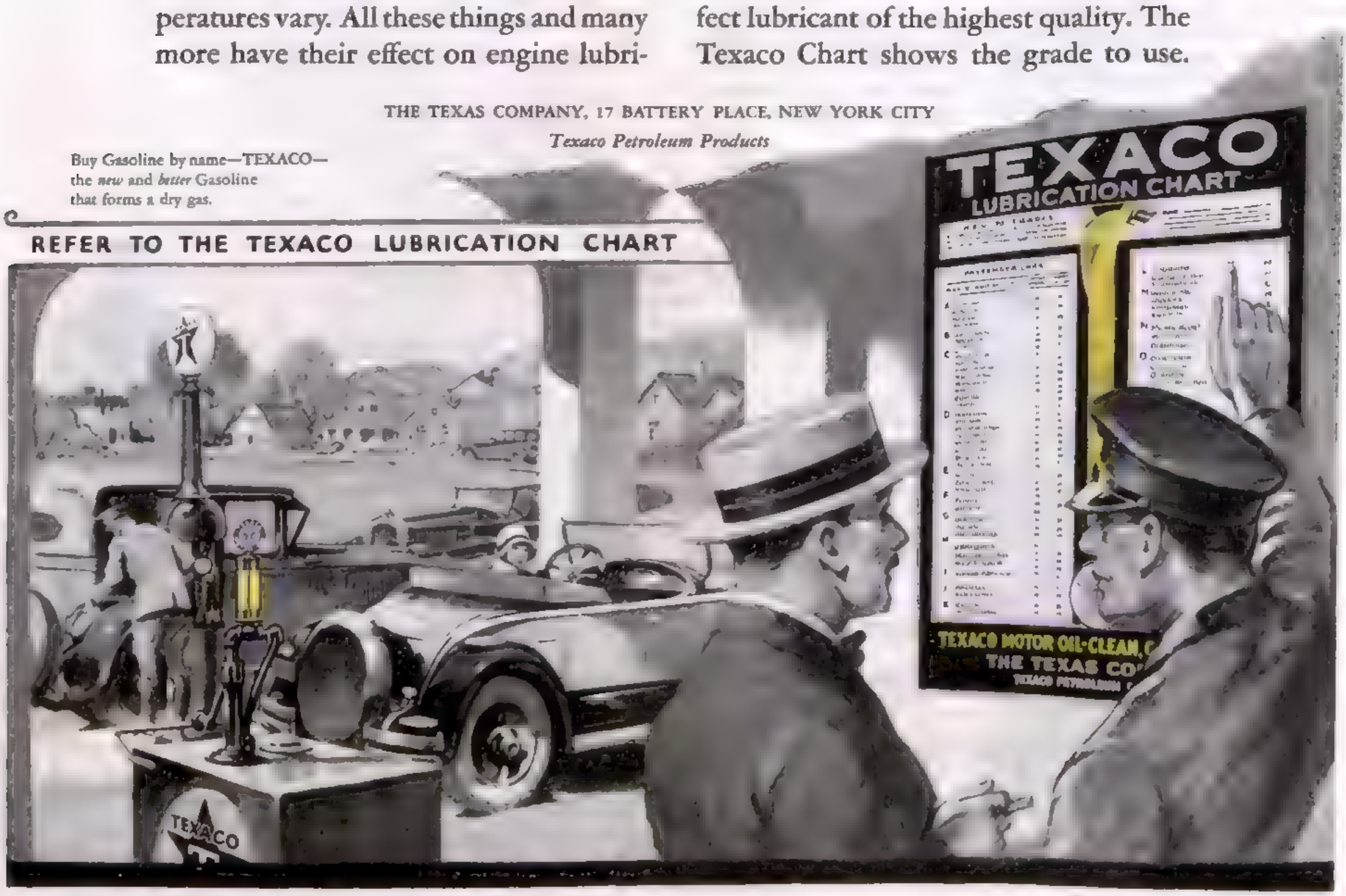
Texaco automotive engineers are constantly studying every phase and development of engine lubrication. Their findings and recommendations are incorporated in the Texaco Lubrication Chart. Refer to this chart and always use the correct grade of golden Texaco.

Prolong the life of your car and the pleasure of your driving, with clean, clear, golden Texaco Motor Oil—a perfect lubricant of the highest quality. The Texaco Chart shows the grade to use.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, 17 BATTERY PLACE, NEW YORK CITY

Texaco Petroleum Products

Buy Gasoline by name—TEXACO—
the *new* and *better* Gasoline
that forms a dry gas.



TEXACO
LUBRICATION CHART

KEY TO GRADES

L—TEXACO Motor Oil Light
M—TEXACO Motor Oil Medium
H—TEXACO Motor Oil Heavy
EH—TEXACO Motor Oil Extra Heavy
S—TEXACO Motor Oil Super Heavy
F or FF—TEXACO Motor Oil for Ford Cars

NOTE: These recommendations are based on the assumption that the engine is mechanically in good operating condition. Mechanical faults, such as worn pistons or loose bearings, should be corrected at once, though frequently a heavier grade of oil than indicated on the chart will temporarily improve conditions. In making these recommendations, Texaco Lubrication Engineers enjoyed the fullest cooperation of motor vehicle manufacturers.

PASSENGER CARS

NAME AND MODEL	WARM WEATHER	FREEZING WEATHER
AJAX	H	M
AMERICAN	H	M
ANDERSON	H	M
APPERSON	H	M
AUBURN (6)	H	M
(8)	M	M
BARLEY	H	M
BAY STATE	M	M
BENZ	EH	H
BREWSTER	S	H
*BUICK	H	M
CADILLAC	EH	M
CASE	H	M
CHALMERS	H	H
CHANDLER (Spec. 6)	H	M
(Big 6)	H	H
CHEVROLET	M	M
CHRYSLER (50-80)	H	H
(60-70)	H	M
CLEVELAND	H	M
COLE	E■	H
COLUMBIA	H	M
CUNNINGHAM	H	M
DAGMAR	H	M
DAIMLER	EH	H
DANIELS	H	M
DAVIS (93-94)	M	M
(others)	H	M
DE DION	H	M
DIANA	M	M
DORRIS	H	M
DORRIS	H	M
*DUESENBERG	H	M
DUPONT	EH	H
DURANT	H	M
ELCAR (4s)	H	H
(6s and 8s)	H	M
ERSKINE	M	M
ESSEX	H	M
FALCON	S	M
FIAT	H	M
FLINT (18)	M	M
(others)	H	M
FORD	F	FF
FRANKLIN	CH	H
GARDNER	H	M
GRAY	H	M
H C S	H	M
HAYNES	H	M
HERTZ	H	H
HISPANO-SUIZA	H	M
HUDSON	H	M
HUFFMAN	M	M
HUPMOBILE	H	M
ISOTTA-FRASCHINI	H	M
JEWETT	H	M
JORDAN (6)	H	M
(8)	M	M
KISSEL (6)	EH	H
(8)	H	M
KURTZ	H	M
LAFAYETTE	H	H
LANCHESTER	S	H
LA SALLE	EH	M
LEXINGTON	H	M
LINCOLN	H	M
LOCOMOBILE (Jr. 8)	H	M
(others)	E■	H
MARMON	H	M
(Little)	M	M
MAXWELL	H	M
MC FARLAN (8)	H	M
(others)	EH	H
MERCEDES (Knight)	S	H
MERCER	EH	H
MINERVA	S	H
MOON	H	M
NASH	H	M
OAKLAND	H	M
*OLDSMOBILE	H	M
OVERLAND	H	M
OVERLAND "4" WHIPPET	H	M
"6" WHIPPET	M	M
PACKARD	H	M
PAIGE	H	M
PEERLESS (8)	H	M
(6)	EH	H
PIERCE-ARROW	H	H
PONTIAC	H	M
PREMIER	H	M
RENAULT	H	H
REO	H	M
REVERE	H	H
RICHELIEU	H	H
RICKENBACKER	H	M
ROAMER (6s)	H	H
ROLLS	H	M
ROLLIN	H	M
ROLLS ROYCE	H	H
STAR	H	M
STEARNS KNIGHT	S	H
STEVENS-DURYEA	H	M
STUDEBAKER	H	M
*STUTZ	H	H
*VELIE	H	M
WESTCOTT	H	M
WILLS STE CLAIRE	EH	H
*WILLYS-KNIGHT	S	M

* With cars having distilling apparatus for reclaiming lubricating oil or cars equipped with crankcase ventilating devices it may be advisable to use a lighter grade in winter if this apparatus completely eliminates dilution.

FOR GENERAL LUBRICATION

Transmissions	In Warm Weather	TEXACO THUBAN COMPOUND
	In Freezing Weather	TEXACO THUBAN COMPOUND B

NOTE: Certain transmissions are lubricated by oil received from the engine lubricating system for example, Ford, Overland and Gray.

Differentials	In Warm Weather	TEXACO THUBAN COMPOUND
	In Freezing Weather	TEXACO THUBAN COMPOUND B
Universals		TEXACO MARFAK GREASE

General Chassis Lubrication

Pressure Grease System (e. g. Alemite or Dot System)	TEXACO MARFAK GREASE or TEXACO CHASSIS LUBRICANT
Grease Cups	TEXACO CUP GREASE
Wheel Hubs (Ball or Roller Bearings)	TEXACO MARFAK GREASE
Steering System	TEXACO MARFAK GREASE

TEXACO

TEXACO MOTOR OIL-CLEAN, CLEAR, GOLDEN
THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 90)

and gaze at her, and she so arranged it that the gazing was dead easy and as uninterrupted as possible. All this convinced her that his taste in womenfolks was discriminating and unexcelled.

Also, she relented a little in her aloofness to young Arthur Ascott, 3d. Rang often found him occupying that coveted foremost stool in the Blue Front, observed her walking abroad with this cub of wealth, and on two occasions followed the pair of them into the Élite Picture Palace, selecting a seat which afforded a view of Marie. Oddly enough, on both occasions she turned her face in his direction frequently and held that pose for minutes at a time, a half smile on her lips and her gaze straying aloft, which gave her the look of one who was listening to the happy harpings of the angels. At such moments Rang felt almost religious. The next she'd turn and giggle confidentially in young Ascott's ear and Rang would feel downright satanic. He had come to view Arthur, 3d, with a genuine dislike that was positively first in the list.

One thing, though, that Marie had not posted herself on to the extent that she might. Her information had been gleaned casual and roundabout from the male members of the Mammoth outfit, each of whom was willing and anxious to recite how much the female contingent of the Mammoth personnel was interested in himself, but who similarly omitted mentioning the fact that those same ladies, one and all, was addicted to Rang Jones—that they sought his advice, confided their worries to him and generally camped on his trail. All of which wasn't anything but natural, since folks always gathered the impression that Rang was right smart of a man, an impression that his rugged facial contours served to enhance rather than to conceal. But someway, what with his silent adoration of her own entrancing self, it hadn't occurred to Marie that there might be others in the offing that was anyways interested in Rang.

He was sitting there one day as usual, stealing a peek at Marie, who was preoccupied with her reading while her smile and her dimple and her yearning eyes still further subjugated him, when in romped Cicely Rutherford, the golden-haired idol of the Mammoth fans. This vision halted on the threshold and peered inside as if she was looking for something particular; then her eyes lighted up as if she had found the particular thing she was looking for and she floated up to Rang, paying no mind whatever to Marie.

"Hello, old gloom eradicator," she says, giving his shoulder a friendly little pat and sliding graceful onto the next stool. "I've been looking high and low for you. How does it come you're feasting at this time of day? Miss your lunch?"

"No," said Rang, grinning at her friendly. "But pie agrees with me between meals. What's up, Buttercup, that I'm favored by having you on my trail thataway?"

"I'm just about to be rescued from a band of Mexican guerrillas by a dashing young army officer. That will call for a swift running mount. Now Walter is a dear and I love him most to pieces, but under the circumstances I'll feel easier in my mind with your good right arm round me than with Walter's. I always have an uneasy apprehension that he might let me slip and leave the lovely little Cicely impaled on a yucca plant to the everlasting sorrow of the movie fans."

Marie was no longer engrossed with her reading, and her eyes, instead of brooding tenderly upon some distant vision, was trained on this nearer vision that leaned against Rang's shoulder, and with the penetrating look of a mother who is about to be deprived of her favorite offspring and allows that she'll stage one hell-roaring combat to prevent it

"So I've requested that they shoot the scene from a mite farther off and that you double for Walter," Cicely concluded She chanced to look up and catch Marie's regard fastened on her

It is down in the cards that some women's understanding of their own sex is real swift and discerning. Likewise Cicely now divined the reason for Rang's devotion to pie so soon after the lunch hour. So by way of giving matters a push she allowed her blue eyes to melt ravishingly into his and says, "Now, you nice old thing, I do wish they'd let you act opposite me right along. You're a dependable sort of citizen, Rang—except, maybe, where the ladies are concerned. I'm afraid you're a philanderer. I got a line on you from Walter yesterday that surprised me. Ain't you downright ashamed of yourself to be down here cutting up with us movie girls and leaving a bruised and battered heart behind you in Ten Sleep?"

"I related that to him in strict confidence!" Rang declared, flustrated.

"Which is the same way in which he related it to the mob scene in The Redskin's Last Stand only yesterday," says Cicely. "You'd ought to be arrested, Rang. I'd certainly advise any trusting female against lavishing her affections on you. Be round in half an hour, Rang," she says; "that's a dear." And she gave his arm a friendly little squeeze in parting.

Rang kept his eyes on his plate while he pondered apprehensively as to what construction Marie might put on Cicely's chatter—that is, if she had even noticed it at all, which he devoutly hoped she hadn't. When he glanced up it was to find himself gazing into a pair of violet-gray eyes that were soft and friendly.

"You're Mr. Jones, the actor, aren't you?" she queried sweetly. "I've so often tried to get up my courage to speak to you when you've been in here, but I suppose girls do bother you. It must be wonderful to be an actor."

Rang was right pleased and fluttered to find that Marie had even heard of him. "I don't have to act," he says, "but just ride around, sort of."

"I just adore to go to picture shows," Marie announced dreamily. "But I don't suppose you care for them. I would just love to go every night."

"When could you go with me?" Rang blurted.

"Well," Marie said reflectively, "I couldn't possibly go before tonight." And she flashed a smile at him that pretty near unhinged his reason.

Just sitting there next to her in the Élite accelerated Rang's pulse forty beats to the minute, so that it outrun the picture which was rapid itself. When she leaned over so that her shoulder rested against his it was just as if every cell in him had been connected up with an orchestra that twiddled joyous refrains all up and down his nervous system. But of course Marie didn't have the least notion of how it affected him or she wouldn't have done it even once, much less every minute or two. And every now and again she'd get so thrilled at the predicament of the folks on the screen that she'd give his arm a tense little squeeze without being anyways conscious of what she was doing. There was one real emotional scene, and right in the midst of it something soft and warm crept into Rang's hand and snuggled there for quite a spell before she realized what was going on. Then she straightened up, mildly reproving, and primly remarks, "I never hold hands. Please don't."

But Rang's courage was sprouting and he recaptured it, whereupon the pressure of his fingers was gently returned. All told, it was by big odds the most satisfying picture he'd ever attended, even if he didn't see a foot of it. For three-four days Rang lived in a heavenly trance Then he entered the Blue Front to find Marie once more intrenched behind a magazine and she accorded him just the coolest kind of a little nod She declined to go to the picture show with him that night

"Maybe you know Arthur Ascott," she says. "I promised to reserve tonight for him"

Rang saw her strolling with Arthur 3d, seeming to accord eager interest to everything he was saying, which was sustained and copious, so she never once looked at Rang, though he passed them maybe a dozen times as they promenaded. The next day it was the same. No, she didn't have a definite engagement, but she was rather expecting that Mr. Ascott might drop round. He so often did, you know. And didn't Rang think he was a most delightful and entertaining person? So polished, such family background, and so democratic that one hardly suspected him of being so tremendously wealthy, did one? And any girl should be proud to have him for an escort. What did Rang think?

What Rang thought was wholly unmentionable, and he was drifting mutely toward the door when she summoned him back. He might wait until Mr. Ascott came, and it was just possible that he would be detained on business and might not drop round as usual; and, of course, in case Mr. Ascott didn't come ——

Mr. Ascott didn't. Having been instructed in no uncertain terms by Marie herself that he was not to come, Mr. Ascott stayed away; and after waiting for him considerably longer than Rang thought either necessary or advisable, Marie finally allowed herself to be persuaded to take a stroll with Rang as a substitute measure. He moved wherever she led, not knowing or caring whither, and presently found himself seated on a big rock half a mile outside of town.

"How did you happen to bring me here?" Marie inquired.

"I thought it was a nice place to come," he said, looking round to make sure where he was.

"Yes, it's lovely here in the moonlight. I'm so glad you selected such a nice spot for confidences. Now tell me about your fiancée. Is she delightful and charming? But of course she is."

"My which?" Rang demanded. "Fiancées, thataway, is something that I'm just out of."

"But you're engaged to a lady back in Ten Sleep," said Marie. "Walter Braleford told me."

"No such a damn thing!" Rang denied.

"Tell me about her," Marie insisted.

So Rang told her, and what he said must have been sweet music to her ears and balm to her wounded heart aplenty. Rang presently found Marie nestling up against him. She shivered a mite, though the night was warm, and his arm slid round her shoulders.

"I think she was a bold, brazen creature to make such advances!" Marie declared with pardonable heat. "And I'm glad you left her flat, Rang. You did just right. Any proper woman never would reveal her love for a man until he asked her. Now take my case, for example. Much as we've seen of each other, I've never once allowed you even to suspect the state of my feelings, now have I?"

"Not even that many times," Rang gulped. "What are they?"

"Would you really like to know?" she inquired, pensivelike.

"I've just got to know!" Rang declared.

"You're so masterful," she sighed. "Well, since you absolutely insist, I don't mind telling you that ever since you began caressing me with your eyes I've been loving you so much that it hurts. But I never would have so much as whispered it if you hadn't just wrung the confession out of me."

Her face was turned up toward the moon and her lips was half parted. "Don't you dare kiss me, Rang," she says; so Rang, masterful lad that he was, overrode all objections and disobeyed her injunctions flat. A period of time elapsed, as the saying goes Then she sighed and says to him, "Rang, you're a crafty schemer We've been here two-three hours and never interrupted once I'll just bet that's why you led me to this spot"

"I did have something of the sort in mind," Rang admitted.

They started strolling back to town arm in arm before Marie began exercising the natural prerogative of the female, which is to supervise, oversee, transform, regulate and dominate all the affairs of the male. The reason that Old Man Solomon built up such a flourishing business was because he had a thousand overseers instead of only one—and they was so busy superintending each other's affairs that they didn't have much time left in which to supervise his, so he was free to go his own gait.

His was one of the most remarkable households known to history. If he came in late some afternoon to Sarah's, after a highball contest at the club, and Sarah took him to task for being three minutes tardy, he would announce casual that he had been out to Isabella's and hadn't been able to make the grade. Nights when he was engaged in scanning his hole card with the Prime Minister, Secretary of the Navy, a general returned from the wars and a few others he could go drifting into Nellie's at three-four o'clock of a morning without finding it necessary to declare that his books had been off balance or that a traveling salesman or out-of-town customer had dropped in at the last minute to detain him at the office. He'd just remark that he had been out with Sadie and the kids or that Edith had the toothache and he'd been sitting up with her, which settled that. But women have turned thumbs down on the Solomon system from then on down to date, and nary another male human has attained to such a frictionless domestic state. Unless a woman can crowd a man into a corner every so often, after he's been out with the boys and feels that a lie is expedient, and then catch him at it, she's relinquishing one of the chief weapons that give her sex the upper hand.

Likewise, they learned about menfolks from Solomon, and discovered that one woman can rule the roost where a thousand only cluttered up discipline. So Marie snuggles up to Rang, fondling his arm, and says she, "And now, Rang, from henceforth on out it don't appear anyways necessary or advisable for you to continue so chummy with that little yellow-headed movie star, Cicely Rutherford."

"Sho!" Rang deprecated. "Cicely and me are just good chums."

"That's just what I was remarking, lover," says Marie. "And if you cherish the love of a raven-haired, ripe-lipped young beauty that I could name but won't, more than you esteem the favors of a taffy-haired baby vamp, why, just don't—that's all."

"Don't what?" Rang asked.

"Don't be calling her Buttercup, like you did that day in the Blue Front when you thought I wasn't listening in on you," says Marie.

"But, Flower-Face, that there was only ——" Rang started to object.

"And furthermore," Flower-Face amplified, overruling the objection before it was stated, "it won't be necessary for you to hold her so close up against you after this when you're fogging round the country rescuing her on Long John."

"But I draw down twenty-five dollars per rescue when I'm doubling for Walter thataway," Rang explained.

"Take twenty and hold her farther off," Marie advised, thus assuming financial control as well. "And, Rang honey, listen, I want you to get some nice gray shirts instead of those pink ones you've been wearing, and a pretty navy-blue tie instead of that light green one. I'll pick out an orange-and-black scarf for you myself to replace that purple affair of yours. Then we'll send the old outfit to the museum, darling. I declare I don't see however men get along without a woman to look after them. But you won't have to worry any more after this, hon"

Hon hadn't been noticeably worried in the past, but he began now to see that this had been an oversight; but he was right proud and happy to know that he was going to be relieved of any worrying that might have to be attended to in the future. Marie was going to do all that for the pair of them. Well, sir, Rang squired Marie around real fond and fatuous, with the course of true

(Continued on Page 99)

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Balloon Comfort With Complete Safety and Long Wear

By a patented process, "*Fillerless*" Cord, Fisk has eliminated cross strands, equalized strain on cords, and sheathed each cord in pure live rubber. Fisk Balloon Cords, made by this process, combine a cushioning "give" for comfort, a wiry strength for safety, and the familiar Fisk tread, thick, tough and durable, skid preventing, puncture resisting, through long, long wear. It costs you no more to buy Fisk Balloon Cords—it costs you less to use them.

"FISK SAYS IT WITH MILEAGE"

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Young Americans under sixty insist upon the mode. Peg-top trousers and long skirts belong to other years. Style is progress. The mode in motor cars is no exception.

Today's motor car has four-wheel brakes. Speed dictates them. It's safer to be up-to-date—and smarter. The Whippet Collegiate is the season's best seller in Roadsters for these reasons:

Four-wheel brakes—If you were paying $2,000 you'd insist upon them.

Seats for four passengers—Take 'em or leave 'em.

Speed—Too fast. We admit 55 miles per hour.

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Oversize tires—Another plus-value feature that speaks for itself.

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or stout, the Whi
Force-feed lubric
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n—Like that of the Willys-
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Collegiate Roadster $605, Touring $625; Coupe $625; Coach $625, Sedan $725; Landau $755. Whippet Six—Coach $795; Touring $765; Roadster $825; Coupe $795; Sedan $875; Landau $925. Prices f. o. b. factory and specifications subject to change without notice

COLLEGIATE ROADSTER

Genasco Asphalt Shingles

Water-proof ~ Weather-resisting ~ Fire-retardant ~ Long-lasting

The value of Trinidad Lake Asphalt for roof protection is today as fully recognized as its advantages for street paving have been for a half-century. Nature not only gives this wonderful product to the world in an abundant supply, but also seasons it and develops its protective qualities.

Subjected to the scorching tropical sun, to torrential downpours of rain, to lashing winds of hurricane fury, Trinidad Lake Asphalt becomes seasoned so as to withstand the ravages of time and the elements.

Trinidad Lake Asphalt Cement is made from Trinidad Lake Asphalt and imparts to Genasco Latite Shingles and Genasco Sealbac Shingles all the wear and weather resisting properties possessed by this nature-made waterproofer.

GENASCO LATITE SHINGLES are made of tough long-fibred rag felt, thoroughly saturated and then coated *on both sides* with Trinidad Lake Asphalt Cement. This undercoating is the exclusive "Sealbac" feature which protects against condensation from beneath.

Every Latite Shingle has a patented "key", *invisible on the completed roof*, which locks each shingle tightly to those underneath. The turned-under corner holding the "key" makes a double-thick butt which casts a "shadow line", adding a touch of distinction to the finished roof.

Because Genasco Latite Shingles are held so firmly together, they are not only desirable for new buildings but are *particularly adapted for use over old wood shingles*—saving all the trouble and expense of ripping off the old shingles, and no exposing the buildings to the weather.

Genasco Latite Shingles have proved their durability and economy, and they are beautiful with their surfacing of unfading natural colors—rich warm red, cool sage green, blue-black, and the new "Mix-Tone".

This house shows roof of Genasco Latite Shingles

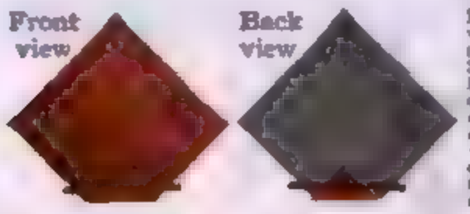
GENASCO SEALBAC SHINGLES give unusual service to building owners who prefer the straight convertional type of shingle. They are made of the same high quality materials as Genasco Latite Shingles—including the exclusive "Sealbac" feature, which besides protecting from the attacks of condensation underneath, also assists in the closer adhesion of the shingles tc each other.

Genasco Sealbac Shingles are furnished in both individual and strip, with the non-fading surfacing of red, green, blue-black, and "Mix-Tone".

Whether you roof or re-roof with Genasco Latite Shingles or Genasco Sealbac Shingles, you are sure of the wonderful protection afforded by *native-lake* asphalt—by Trinidad Lake Asphalt, "nature's everlasting waterproofer" from Trinidad Asphalt Lake.

It's real economy to use Genasco Asphalt Shingles on any building—home, garage, stable or barn—and both Latite and Sealbac Shingles are to be had from leading contractors, builders, building-supply dealers, roofers and carpenters. Ask to see them, or send us the coupon for interesting booklets.

This house is roofed with Genasco Sealbac Shingles



Front view — Back view

Front and back views of a Genasco Latite Shingle showing the patented "key"—*invisible on the completed roof*—which locks each shingle tightly to those underneath.

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love revolving smooth as a fresh-greased axle for pretty nigh onto forty-eight hours before it struck rough going.

The first intimation he had of squally times ahead was when he went cantering into the Blue Front and found Arthur, 3d, mounted on the front stool beaming at Sugar Plum and her beaming right back at him. She accorded Rang a nice cheery little nod, like maybe she'd seen him before somewheres but wasn't real certain. Then she flits with Arthur without one backward glance, her delighted laughter drifting back to Rang's ears. For a brace of days he was pretty low in his mind. Marie, it seemed, was also engaged to go out with the fashionable and wealthy Mr. Ascott on the ensuing evening.

"Whatever is the matter?" Rang asked her.

"Matter?" says Marie, innocent as everything. "Why, what makes you think anything is the matter, dear boy? Everything's just as usual."

"But you're romping round with this infernal bug hunter again," Rang said. "What does that mean? What have I done?"

"Bug hunter? Oh, you mean Arthur! But that is a rather disrespectful way to speak of a renowned scientist. It indicates a light mind. What do you know about bugs?"

"I expect bugs are all right in their place," said Rang.

"But what is their place?" Marie demanded triumphantly. "Now Arthur knows what their place in life is. He knows all about bugs. He has conducted the most amazing amount of research into their life habits and all. The insect world is positively the most fascinating subject to delve into with one who is conversant with its secrets. Just think of the insect tragedies and wars, their little loves and housekeeping arrangements. Simply gripping! You'd be surprised!"

"I am already. Mystified, too," says Rang. "Now to get back to ——"

"Yes, it is all intensely interesting," Marie interrupted. "I rather think I'll go in for insects. Such a broad field. You've no idea!"

"Not an idea in the world as to what is the matter," said Rang. "And I want to know."

"Now you take the potato bug," says Marie.

"Damn the potato bug!" Rang barked. "How do we keep drifting off the subject? Let's get back to it."

"Back to what?" Marie inquired.

"The subject," Rang floundered.

"What subject?" Marie queried, wishing to be as helpful as possible. "What's the matter, dear?"

"That's what I want to know," Rang states. "What is the matter anyway?"

"Not one thing in the world that I know of," Marie declared. "What made you think there was something the matter?"

"The way you are acting," said Rang. "What have I done? I declare I don't know."

"Then I'll tell you," Marie volunteered. "Yesterday, in that masked-bandit scene, you dashed off with Cicely Rutherford in your arms—a fine bit of horsemanship. But acting is one thing and acting up is something else again. And I saw you acting up with her after the acting was all over. You lifted up your mask and leaned down to kiss her. I saw you."

"Sho!" said Rang. "I was just leaning down to give her a light off my cigarette."

"Maybe so. But hereafter you can just as well rustle a match for her. It'll look better."

True love slipped back into the old oiled groove again and run along smooth and placid for maybe one whole day before it hit the skids again. Marie held Arthur Ascott, 3d, over Rang's head to keep him treading the chalk line, and at the least symptom of wavering, real or fancied, she reverted to the fascinating research into the private family life of insects. Rang could see it coming on that he wasn't going to have any sustained prenuptial tranquillity unless he could devise some means of pushing Arthur permanently out of the picture. And it was equally apparent that Arthur wouldn't be permanently pushed by anything much short of homicide.

Rang argued this out to a logical conclusion with Marie. "Now looka here, precious," he invites reasonably. "Just for you I've give up all my girl friends outside of business hours."

"Which was real sweet and thoughtful," Marie complimented, kissing him.

"Then why don't you do likewise for me?" he said.

"But I have!" Marie protested. "I don't hardly have a girl friend left, in business hours or out, my time being so much occupied with you."

"I mean the bug hunter—Arthur, 3d," Rang explained. "Why don't you give him up?"

"But why should I?" Marie demanded.

"Well," Rang says again, "I've give up all my girl friends."

"But Arthur is no girl friend, you big silly," Marie giggled. "So just where is the connection? Sometimes you're so downright illogical that it's amusing."

"But he is a man friend," Rang suggested plausibly.

"So he is," Marie agreed. "You have many a man friend yourself. Did I ever ask you to give up your men friends? Well, then we have both given up our girl friends and we'll both keep our men friends. What can be fairer than that?"

Rang had to confess that she drawed a logical conclusion there, and just to prove it she went out with Arthur for the evening because Rang had played in the same sketch with Cicely in the afternoon. Arthur handed him a grin in parting that made Rang's indignation sizzle to the boiling point. He laid the matter before Walter Braleford.

"I incline toward homicide, as being more direct and effective," he said. "But killing folks is against the law nowadays and it might get me into trouble. Nevertheless, I aim to play it low-down on that deleted horned toad at the first favorable opportunity, which he plays it that way on me whether the opportunity is favorable or not. I'll dry-gulch him a hundred miles from nowhere. I'll render him more difficult to locate than one of his favorite insects that's gone into hibernation for the winter, dad-burn his deleted skin! Blast his expurgated anatomy! If he don't stay away from my girl, I'll make him hard to resuscitate!"

But just about the time that he was worked up to the point of perpetrating something wild-eyed and frantic, Marie always pacified him with soothing words and loving gestures. In twenty seconds flat she could coax him from choler to cooing. All in all, though, the course of their young love run more placid than it does for most, because the main part of the time she was mighty sweet and loving to him. It was like Braleford told him.

"Rang," says he, "when a man is young and in love there is just no out for him. If his love is not returned, it's plain devilish; and when it is returned, it is frequently worse than that, which latter is your case. It's dead certain that Marie loves you to distraction, otherwise she wouldn't be setting up nights planning new methods to keep you flurried and flustrated. It's a sure sign that she worships you."

"Well, love is all that matters," Rang philosophized, and let it rest at that. For a long time now Marie had been banking all his money for him, on the grounds that Rang would spend it foolish. That suggestion had come from Rang—or he thought it had, which amounted to the same. One night Chief Spotted Tail and a long procession of Cohila bucks rode out of town toward the reservation.

"I thought they paid Spotted Tail for his henchmen's labors every evening," says Marie.

"So they do," Rang agreed. "He insists on that."

"And it's almost equivalent to putting that much money in the bank for you," said Marie, "since Spotted Tail always hunts you up to put his fortune to the test against those trick dice of yours."

"Which it's real providential that he does," said Rang. "Otherwise he'd invest it in mescal or jackass brandy, which some of these Mexicans ain't above peddling to him. It's a blessing to the whole reservation for me to relieve these bucks of their surplus funds."

"So it is," said Marie. "Too bad you were unlucky tonight."

"But I wasn't. I separated Spotted Tail from the day's proceeds prior to sundown—a hundred or so, and I figured to bring it round to you, but I used it to help out a friend who'd encountered a bad run of luck," Rang explained.

"I suspected as much when I saw you conversing with that big stiff from Tucson that blew in here yesterday," says Marie. "Rang, honey, you're that big-hearted and generous that you'd give away your last penny. And what sort of bait did this Tucson party use to angle for your funds?"

"He was just telling me what all had happened to him in the past three months," Rang explained. "First his business burned up and the insurance had just run out. His wife was back attending his mother's funeral when she came down with typhoid and died sudden herself, leaving their two little daughters on the charity of strangers. He's trying to rustle enough to go back East and bring 'em out home to Arizona. Honest, Marie, he was that grateful when I made him a little loan that it would have done you good to take a look at his face as he went on his way."

"No doubt," she says. "But you send the next applicant in to interview little Marie. Then you take a look at his face as he goes on his way. You'd be surprised!"

And it can't be denied that Rang's finances were prospering under Marie's supervision. The figures were piling up in the bank book to sizable dimensions and the future loomed mighty sweet and rosy. They had made it up to acquire a home place somewheres, build a little log nest for two, or maybe three, and set up in the cow business. The only cloud on the horizon was the fact that Marie kept Arthur Ascott, 3d, in the offing so as to make sure that Rang conducted himself offish with Cicely and other ladies of the Mammoth concern, and Rang's first unfavorable sentiment toward Arthur had growed into a deep-rooted aversion.

The French Countess had gone over big, after they had altered the title a mite so as to accord with the story and called it The Lone Cowboy. Headquarters was clamoring for more and still more cowboy pictures. Rang had come to understand that the film version of a cowboy's chief occupation was to put in his time riding at a run on the sky line, hunting down outlaws, flashing his guns on any marshal who dared interfere with his frolic and chasing him under the bed, and skylarking round and raising hell generally—anything, in fact, but what a cow prod draws his pay check for doing. And it was fifteen years or more later before anyone tried the novel experiment of having cows in a cowboy picture. And yet, strange to say, it was a cow that brought Rang to grief, in a manner of speaking.

A range cow suddenly found herself possessed of a new calf of which she was mighty proud. Following the procedure that is customary in the best longhorn circles, she cached this newborn prodigy in a patch of sagebrush. She shoved her tongue against him and slicked down his hair. Then she says to him in longhorn, says she, "Now you stay put, you sassy little rascal. Don't you so much as wag an ear or roll your eyes or the coyotes will get you while mammy is away rustling a bite of grass. And above all, if some meddling rider comes this way you just sit tight and don't let him see you."

The calf obeys instructions to the letter. The Mammoth people was engaged in taking a cowboy picture wherein the heroine had struck out into the desert afoot to escape the unwelcome attentions of a sheepman, and the hero was tracking her out to where she had dropped exhausted. Unfortunately for all concerned—and particularly for Rang, as it happened later—the place Cicely had selected to become exhausted in was only a rod or so removed from the spot that the cow had selected in which to cache the apple of her eye. Everything had worked out nicely up to date. Here came Walter, riding across the desert and leaning from the saddle the better to see the presumable tracks that he was supposed to be following. Anon he shaded his eyes with uplifted hand and gazed, stern and purposeful, at nothing.

Rang was sitting Long John and waiting till his turn came to perform, when suddenly Anderson emitted a yelp. "There's one of the dod-gasted cows you've been wanting to put in a picture!" he exclaimed. "Look at the nerve of her, would you? She's going to cut into the field of the camera and spoil this whole scene. There ain't any cow in the script. Go run her off."

Rang started out to haze the old sister off of the landscape. Suddenly she h'isted her tail and let a bawl out of her. There was Cicely, who had got over being exhausted and was peeking over some sagebrush and giving the outraged mother a terrified once-over. Rang hung his spurs up into Long John and loosed a shrill cowboy yelp at her, but the cow wasn't to be diverted from her purpose, which was to protect her calf. She dropped her head, rolled her tail and lunged straight for Cicely. That lady was quick-witted and fleet-footed. She took off across country with the speed of a scairt jack rabbit, with the cow a close second. Rang didn't have time to unbuckle his rope strap and shake out a loop. He just lifted Long John alongside and quit the saddle, his hands slipping along the old lady's back and seizing her horns. Then he flung his feet earthwards and set himself. Right there he pulled as neat a piece of bulldogging as ever was witnessed, and he flopped Mrs. Longhorn bottom side up in nothing flat.

Cicely turned and saw him sprawled out there with the cow and feared for the worst.

"Help him! Help him, you fools!" she called out to the bystanders, who hadn't recovered their wits up to date. Then she ran right back to him and tried to grab a leg of that cow.

"Fend off, Buttercup!" Rang called up to her. "She'll kick a rib out of you. I've got her all pretty and solid. Have Walter get my rope off of Long John. She'll be on the prod right when I let her up and I'll have to stretch her out while the rest of you move off somewheres to take that shot. She's got a calf round close to here, likely, and will be raising a ruckus all over the lot, once she gets on her feet."

But Cicely was no longer listening. She'd pulled the first faint of her strenuous young career. After matters had been straightened out, but before Cicely had revived sufficiently to do more than lie quiet and blink at the sky, Rang rode on into town to have his finger 'tended to, which it had been broke in the scuffle. Then he ambled on into the Blue Front to see Marie. Knowing her sentiments about Cicely, he deemed it expedient not to mention his skirmish with the cow and why, and he trusted to luck that the matter wouldn't come to her ears.

But this omission was a tactical error, for luck wasn't with him. He'd been there maybe ten minutes when Cicely came trooping in with Anderson, Walter and three-four girls of the company.

"Rang," says Cicely, "you pulled out before I was in any shape to express my thanks." She leaned over and kissed him right smack. "Except for you I'd be flitting round the landscape impaled on the business end of a cow. Thanks, old scout, and much more of the same."

Then she turned round and marched out again, for in spite of her light and breezy

(Continued on Page 102)

OUT OF THE WEST

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THE SEALPAX CO., *Baltimore*
Makers of Lady Sealpax, Little Brother and Little Sister Sealpax

Sealpax

(Continued from Page 99

manner, a brace of tears had trickled down her nose.

"So!" said Marie.

"It ain't so!" Rang defended himself automatically. "No such a thing!"

"I saw it with my own eyes," Marie contended. "How do you account for that?"

"Easy," said Rang. "If only ——"

"It seemed easy to take," sniffed Marie. "If only what?"

"If only you'll listen to me."

"I've looked," said Marie, "so I might as well listen."

Rang explained—that is, he thought he had explained, but it seemed that he hadn't.

"That little yellow-haired minx loves you, Rang," Marie stated.

"Which Cicely would certainly have a relapse if she heard about it," Rang contended. "Why, girl, she's about to mate up with Walter Braleford, who is my best friend."

"She's telling you that just to lead you on," Marie insisted.

"Lead me on where? Besides, she didn't tell me. Walter did."

"He's deceiving you."

"What would he be deceiving me for?" Rang demanded. "And what if he is?"

"She needn't come in here kissing you and crying down the back of your neck," Marie snapped. "She did it just to plague me and to show off to you."

The more Rang explained, the more ground he lost. Feminine logic prevailed, which it always does, since it can't ever be answered in kind; and presently Rang was reduced to vibrating his fins feebly and backing water wherever the current was most placid.

"But now listen, treasure-trove," he besought.

Treasure-trove, however, had the bit in her teeth, tail over the dashboard, and was running wild and unrestrained all over the verbal landscape, and she was in the mood to declaim, not to listen. It narrowed down to her putting in that evening and the next with Arthur Ascott, 3d, while Rang mouched around, feeling at outs with the world and low in his mind. Something had to be done about Arthur, but he didn't know just what could be done. After a few days of such sort of schooling, he rode out one morning across the desert to be alone with his thoughts, which was ingrowing and poisonous.

After a spell he saw Ascott riding past, some distance off. For some days Arthur had been doing his collecting at the Terrill House bar. This seemed to be his day to collect on the desert. The only thing that occurred to Rang at the moment was to make a devout wish that Arthur would perish and fail to return.

Then riding along comes old Spotted Tail and twenty-odd Cohila bucks, stripped to their breechclouts and armed to the teeth, all ready to take part in the film version of Old Black Joe. Rang was regarding them, detached and gloomy, when his famous inspiration come to him. It was well known to all and sundry that Cohila bucks, when primed with mescal or its equivalent, were mighty uncertain customers and prone to run amuck, wherefore the soldiery at Fort Harper were real active in suppressing such parties as undertook to supply the Cohilas with liquor and in suppressing such Cohilas as had been supplied with it. There was just a chance that if Spotted Tail and his retainers should jump Ascott in the desert and act up real hostile and frenzied, he'd suspect that they were stoked with jackass brandy and out to while away the time by collecting his scalp. In which case he would be apt to light a-running, same as any other sensible mortal under similar circumstances; and if the direction of his flight could be deftly guided in the right direction and sustained for a lengthy period, he would at least be out from underfoot for a day or two, which would be a crumb of satisfaction anyway. It was a slim chance, but in Rang's present desperate frame of mind he was willing to take any sort of a chance whatsoever.

"You like to make some money?" he inquired of Spotted Tail.

"You got the dice?" says Spotted Tail, brightening up.

"No, I mean regular money," said Rang, and he explained the play. It sized up to Spotted Tail and his retinue as a likely chance for a frolic and they was for it to a man. "It chiefly hinges on whether you can act as if you're charged up with fire water," Rang pointed out. "Otherwise it falls flat."

Spotted Tail intimated that it might be better if Rang was to fix them up so that that part of the entertainment wouldn't have to be simulated. If they were actually charged with mescal, they wouldn't have to pretend, he plausibly submitted.

"True enough," says Rang. "Also, you'd likely forget yourselves and lift this pilgrim's hair, which would get us into ill repute with the powers that be. You get in behind him and act warlike and hostile. Head him any direction away from Warner's Wells and keep at it. And for this little byplay I'll contribute two hundred lovely dollars."

This burst of generosity on Rang's part wasn't so philanthropic as it might seem at first glance. It would be more in the nature of making Spotted Tail a loan, since it was dollars to doughnuts that it would revert to Rang again at the first session of rolling the freckled cubes.

The Cohilas charged off across the desert and Rang rode on a piece and dismounted to sit on a rock to ponder on the strange and unfathomable ways of womenfolks. He didn't have much hopes for the success of his scheme.

Presently he heard a few faint quavering war whoops, then a rattling of musketry. For about five minutes all the sounds of Indian warfare drifted to his ears. Then all was silent. After a spell he saw the Cohila war party returning at a high lope, and it struck him somehow that they was riding mighty determined. They charged up to Rang and he noticed that they didn't appear to be in any hilarious humor. It was apparent that the joke had somehow miscarried, but he hadn't yet grasped the fact that it had back-fired.

"Well?" he queries casually.

Spotted Tail squirted a few yards of heated Cohila at Rang, interspersed with all the worst epithets in seven border dialects, before he steadied down to give a concise account of events in understandable Injun English that Rang could interpret. It seemed that they had gone charging down on Arthur, simulating firewatered ferocity and emitting war whoops aplenty. He hadn't seemed impressed. He was squatting at a cache where he kept some of his collecting paraphernalia and he continued to squat there on his haunches. Thinking maybe he was paralyzed with fright, the Cohilas closed ranks so as to give him a chance for flight. They circled round and round him at a distance of about sixty yards, whooping and firing their rifles at him. On about the third lap he became annoyed at the ruckus and took steps to put a stop to it.

Now in addition to collecting desert insects and reptiles, it seemed that he also collected the skins of desert birds, and his implement for collecting same was one new pump gun and a profusion of bird-shot cartridges. He presently extricated this implement from his cache and unhooked six loads of bird shot into the huddled ranks of those naked savages, spraying ponies and Cohilas impartial. This served to turn a blood-curdling charge into a screeching stampede beyond shotgun range. Arthur had then gone calmly about the pursuit of his business and the Cohilas had set out a lot less calmly in pursuit of Rang. Along

with what bird shot had been implanted in their anatomies, the conviction that Rang had framed this on them a-purpose had been implanted in their minds.

And Rang chose that inopportune moment to laugh. It struck his sense of humor to picture that stampede of ponies and Cohila bucks under the impetus of bird shot. He laughed loud and long. Also, for about the first time in his life, he laughed alone.

"Spotted Tail," he chortles, "this here joke seems to have back-fired. It was what you might entitle a boomerang joke."

"This boomerang business maybe not so funny you think," says Spotted Tail, squeezing a brace of bird shot out of his hide with either hand. His sense of humor, it seemed, was atrophied as to boomerangs. He announced, however, that staking Rang out alongside an ant hole was his idea of a real humorous proceeding, which he intended to put on that sketch at once if not sooner, and a good time would be had by all.

Now the thinking apparatus of a Cohila is never very stable at the best, and right then the assembled Cohila intellect was at its very worst and foaming over. It dawned on Rang that this outfit meant business. They was looking him over real bleak and forbidding. He knew that if he didn't flit mighty sudden he was slated to sit in at a funeral, which would be his own, and he'd attend it gradual. He sized the situation up and the prospect wasn't anyways inviting. He was hemmed in on the south, east and west. Rang had always been noted for making quick decisions and he made one right then. He decided to head north. He stepped up into the middle of Long John with a bang and was off to a running start.

Rang got the breaks in his favor. First and foremost was the fact that the Cohilas were supplied with blanks for a movie massacre and shy on ball cartridges, which had deterred them from retaliating for Arthur's bird-shot fusillade, knowing that blank cartridges were no match for a shotgun at close range. Next was the fact that Long John was the outrunningest horse in the country and he was fresh. But the Cohilas pursued him mighty earnest. At sundown there was still a goodly parcel of benighted savages fogging on behind him. At sunrise there was half a dozen left clinging on his trail.

The Mammoth outfit never did get to take the film version of Old Black Joe for upwards of two weeks; not until the cavalry from Fort Harper rounded up Spotted Tail and the rest of the Cohilas in the northern end of the state, where they was still conducting a sincere and systematic search for Rang. But they didn't locate him.

Folks in Ten Sleep waked up one fine morning and was overjoyed to discover Rang Jones repairing the dirt roof of his cabin, which had caved in during his absence.

"So that," Pap Sanders concluded, "is how Rang sacrificed his chance to become the leading cowboy star of moviedom and settled down to a quiet life in Ten Sleep—all on account of his not being able to figure out what a woman was going to do."

"Yeah," said the horse wrangler, "but it wasn't any chore for me to figure out what she was going to do. Right from the start it was apparent that she'd abscond with Rang's bank roll and mate up with Arthur, 3d. That was the only logical thing for her to do."

"Then likely that was why she didn't do it," Sanders surmised. "For once, buddy, in common with Old Man Solomon and a sizable sprinkling of other male humans, you have actually made a false prophecy as to a woman's line of conduct. Marie, I'd have you know, came gallivanting up to Ten Sleep, bank roll and all, and took up with Rang. But she didn't come direct. She traveled roundabout, sort of, by way of Mexico City, Montreal and Omaha, Nebraska, so that Spotted Tail and his braves couldn't track her."

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Better Always Better

DM 181

THE GREAT TRADITION

(Continued from Page 7)

The tracers raked Comstock's lower plane and tore up the fabric just inside the V strut. In amazement, the Texan pulled up and Immelmanned.

Again Petitjean followed and gave him a burst of ten from his guns. The triplex windshield on Comstock's cowling starred into a thousand cracks. He whip-stalled furiously—and then suddenly he knew. The little perfumed monkey hadn't made a mistake. He had followed him to kill him deliberately, alone and above the clouds, where no one could see—to kill him coldly and easily himself, for the insult.

Comstock stood half up in his cockpit and screamed curses into the pounding bedlam of his engine. Then he hunched forward and dived on Petitjean. The captain slipped under him and came up behind. Comstock swept over in a half loop, but again Petitjean squirmed out of his line of fire. Comstock was flying and firing blindly now in his rage.

For hours, it seemed, they had been ducking and diving for the final burst of shots. Then, quite without warning, the Texan's engine coughed and sputtered miserably, his nose wabbled in the zoom and he stalled off on one wing. He whipped down into a spin, with Petitjean after him, still firing. He could feel the staccato beat of the shots as they raked his tail planes. He tightened his lips and waited meanwhile he tore down upon the golden ruffles of the clouds. "Let me get out of this - let me get out for Jake and myself —for Pau and Chevvy—just one more crack!" he prayed. But he knew in his heart that Petitjean would burn him—follow him down and burn him so that there would be no chance of his living to tell the rotten tale.

Suddenly the soft wet grayness of the clouds closed over him. For minutes he spun through them, waiting, then slowly he ruddered out of the spin and looked at his whirling compass needle. His engine was quite dead now and his controls were loose and wabbly. The needle trembled back and pointed. Nose down in a slow glide, he dived out of the clouds at nine thousand feet and turned westward. "Safe now, if I can only make the line. He won't dare try it where they can see our markings from the ground." His voice rose in an exultant scream. "And I'm alive—I'm going to live! And there will be another time!" Slowly he glided on toward the line. "They'll be after me now—in a minute—with the guns—but I've got to go slowly—keep my height—get in! Got to get in!"

There were shrapnel bursts above him now—bursts that crawled slowly down and lay in the air behind him like the splashed tops of charlotte russes. He clamped his jaws shut and glided on.

Quite plainly he could see the gray stains of ruined villages, sticking up out of the brown mud like disordered piles of shattered skulls. Then, with a swoop and eight hundred feet to spare, he flashed through the rifle fire of the boche trenches, staggered across the French line and piled up behind a slight rise just beyond the support trenches.

It was long after sundown when he reached Vieupeyroux. Four of his teeth were gone—bashed out by the compass—and his right eye was green and blue from the cowling rim, and quite closed. He climbed out of the camion and stalked into the entrance hall.

Le Coq d'Or is the fourth house from the corner where the Rue Maréchal du Plessis runs into the Rue Passy to form that small moth-eaten *place* the name of which no one has yet discovered. The pickets of the low iron fencing that runs round the grass plot of the *place* have roughened tops, where knobs or little molded kings' heads that formerly decorated them have been knocked off for loot or for bullets. Nobody seems to know, nor to care, for people come into the district solely to visit Le Coq d'Or.

Comstock stood for several seconds on the dimly lit landing and straightened the collar of his tunic, rubbing his hand. Then he opened the door and stepped inside. His eye was bandaged and poulticed against the light and his face was not pleasant to see.

Chevagnac sprang up from the table. "So!" he said. "We heard you were down. You came back?"

Pau grinned. "He always comes back. Not so, my ancient friend?"

"Sure," said Comstock. He looked at the closed door and poured wine into a glass. "They brought me at sundown in a camion. And we meet again. Four nights ago ——"

"Sh-h!" said Chevagnac. "Let us forget the little Jake." He drained his glass and loosened his collar. "Eh, Marie?"

The girl smiled and patted his arm. Comstock looked at her.

The door opened quickly behind him, and Madame Meseroux, her face pale to the lips, stood upon the threshold. Her black eyes caught Chevagnac's suddenly. "M'sieur!" she panted. They stared at her. "M'sieur"—she raised a beckoning finger—"come, please, quickly—alone."

Chevagnac pushed back his chair, startled. "You wish me, madame?"

"At once!"

He looked at her stupidly and straightened the skirts of his tunic.

Pau laughed mulishly. Comstock shrugged and filled his glass again.

In a moment Chevagnac came back. He closed the door and stood against it with both hands behind him, gripping the knob. He looked first at the girls and raised his eyebrows for them to go. Marie pouted and started to come toward him. He stamped his foot.

"Go!" he shouted. She tossed her head and slammed the other door as she went out. Chevagnac stepped forward and brushed a hand across his forehead.

"*Eh bien*," he said. "A night's work."

"Have you lost your reason?" Pau was half up in his chair. Comstock looked at them both and waited.

"*Non*," said Chevagnac. "Upstairs—come."

He led them out onto the darkened landing and started up the rickety stairs. On the floor above, he stopped while they filed silently up behind him.

"What is it?" hissed Pau.

Chevagnac put his hand on the door knob and opened it. Pau went in first, with Comstock after him. Chevagnac closed the door. The latch clicked loudly in the stillness.

It was a smaller room than the one they had come from. There was a table with a white cloth splotched with a stain of red where a wineglass had overturned and spilled its contents. There was a saucer next to the stain—a saucer choked with cigarette ends. Chevagnac turned up the sputtering blue flame at the one gas jet and flooded the room with pale flickering light.

"Name of a ——" Pau jumped backward. On the floor under the table edge was Petitjean with his eyes and mouth wide open and his arms sprawled loosely. Pau knelt quickly beside him and felt under the disordered decorations on his tunic. "As dead," he said, "as he'll ever be."

Chevagnac nodded. "I know," he said. He pointed to Petitjean's cheeks, where the black blood was settling under the skin on both sides of his nose. "His neck is broken."

Pau straightened suddenly. "We must go." He turned toward the door.

Chevagnac shook his head. "No," he said. "Not to leave him." He raised his hands. "You know what I thought of him as a man—what we all thought. Nevertheless, there is work still to be done. What you see here on the floor belongs to the

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world. It is a tradition of the ages. It cannot die this way or all history will be worthless." He drew his lips back from his teeth. "Think of the next war, my friends," he sneered. "Where will you get defenders if they learn in the streets and in the Chamber and in the newspaper office that the path of glory leads merely to a broken neck in Le Coq d'Or? Come!" His laugh rang harshly. "We will do a job tonight to be proud of. Madame will not dare speak—for her life. And we shall lock the secret in our own hearts forever." He straightened his shoulders. "Come, Pau, his feet. You, my friend"—he turned to Comstock—"you will help? Good! It is the greatest hoax of all time! You lead the way and keep the passages clear of the curious. We shall return in his roadster to Vieupeyroux."

Carefully they lifted the limp body and moved toward the door. It sagged between them like a half-filled sack of grain. Comstock picked up the cap and turned down the light as Pau and Chevagnac went out to the landing.

Down the creaky stairs they crept with their lolling, ogling burden. On the street floor, Comstock pushed ahead of them and opened the entrance to the alleyway. They trudged out into the wet blackness of the night.

Petitjean's car loomed dimly through the mists. They placed him in the seat and Chevagnac crawled in behind the wheel. "His hands before him, so, and his legs straight out," he whispered. "It will be an hour yet—and who can tell? One stiffens so when one is not alive. You, Pau, you will hold him so." Comstock climbed to the running board and the car purred into life. Chevagnac bent forward over the wheel. Presently they were crawling slowly through the darkened streets toward St.-Parres-les-Vaudes and the open country.

It was perhaps ninety minutes later—a wet, creeping ninety minutes of darkness and mist and silence—that they topped the last rise above Vieupeyroux. Chevagnac turned to the left to circle around the village.

The car bumped and jolted on the rutty back road. Pau cursed once, softly and earnestly, and Chevagnac's arms twisted and writhed mightily about the wheel to keep the crawling roadster from vaulting the cut-back banks and hurtling over into the drain ditches.

"What then?" said Pau.

"The aerodrome, of course. You think I brought him this far to put him to bed?"

"Name of ——"

"Silence!" hissed Chevagnac.

Pau growled darkly. And because it takes many centuries to become accustomed to the work of the guillotine, he was silent.

Presently Chevagnac stopped the car and climbed stiffly out. "Wait," he said, and stalked off through the darkness.

"Ugh!" said Pau. "A cigarette, my ancient friend. His face is cold. This is devil's work." Comstock gave him a cigarette and the two stood smoking into their cupped hands, waiting.

To the eastward now there was a faint suggestion of grayness. Wind stirred gently in the tree tops and the grass rustled in ghostly whispers about their feet. Pau shivered.

Presently Chevagnac came stumbling toward them. "Quickly now!" he hissed. "There is a light in the quarters of the mechanicians. Carry him and follow me."

He led them tripping and cursing after him. Up over the slight rise they puffed with the thing that had been the Eagle between them. Around the back of the hangars they crept, Chevagnac in the lead. He stopped them just before they bumped into the shadowy outline of the lone Nieuport that stood upon the tarmac.

"Now you see?" said Chevagnac. "He dies as a gentleman dies. Quickly! His arms into his coat—so. His helmet now. Strap it, Comstock—and his goggles. The cap—toss it there upon the ground carelessly. Now then lift him in and hook his belt. Feet upon the rudder bar tightly. They are stiff enough to hold. You, Pau—the propeller, when I give the word." He leaned forward into the cockpit and pulled the joy stick back until the tail planes came slightly above level. He hooked it in place with Petitjean's stiffened arms and tied a piece of twine about the cold gloved hands. "Now, Pau!"

The motor barked once and came suddenly to life. Pau jumped backward. A moment while Chevagnac warmed the engine, then he waved to the two others to pull out the chocks from the wheels.

The Nieuport trembled and rolled slowly across the ground in the dead still morning air. It gathered speed quickly. Halfway across the 'drome the tail skid left the ground. They could no longer see now because of the mists. But they could hear it.

It was off now in a long low climb. Their ears strained until they knew it had cleared the tree tops. For a moment more they listened as the engine sang down the air into the silence of distance. Then Chevagnac tapped them. "Quickly! Run! We must be in Vieupeyroux asleep before the word spreads. On your honors—silence forever about this! Run!"

It was 9:30. Sprinting feet pounded on the flagging in the corridors of Vieupeyroux. Doors slammed open and shut and men sprang out of bed.

"Petitjean—he is dead! Went up before daylight. His car—they found it behind the hangars. Drunk, he was—again. Crashed at Jouay. His neck—*pouf!*"

Chevagnac pushed open the door. Comstock was alone in the room. He awoke suddenly and sat up on his cot.

"The Eagle is plucked."

Comstock folded his hands, and stared at his swollen knuckles. He nodded.

"Your hand," asked Chevagnac—"it is bad?"

Comstock looked at him closely.

"Last night—you remember—you hit a lamp-post?"

"How did you know?" the Texan muttered.

"Its jaw was broken as well as its neck. Come, let me fix it. There is only one hand in the world that can hit so. We may need it again. Now that M'sieur Tac-au-Tac is gone, we must be careful of ourselves—look out for each other."

Comstock stood up. "Chevvy," he said, "you are a white man. Shake!"

"*Au contraire,*" said Chevagnac. "A lucky man. You saved me a job. I should have had to shoot—for the sake of the squadron. And Pau, he would have used a knife. Come, *mon ami,*" he said, "*déjeuner.*"

SPENDTHRIFT NEWS

(Continued from Page 11)

of mosquito after it had fed on a yellow-fever patient. But he was fifty, and the older the patient, the deadlier the disease. So he was dissuaded. James Carroll let himself be bitten and nearly died of yellow fever. Jesse Lazear let himself be bitten and quite died of yellow fever. But there was an old and almost universal belief that yellow fever was caught by coming in contact with or near to clothing, bed linen, and so on, that had been used by a victim. Might the disease be communicated that way as well as by a mosquito? Obviously that point must be settled if yellow fever was to be exterminated.

To settle it, they built a shack, carefully screened from mosquitoes, but piled with foul linen from the yellow-fever camp. A young doctor named Cooke and two private soldiers, W. G. Jernegan and L. E. Folk, shut themselves up in that reeking den—subtropical weather in Cuba—shook the dirty sheets and towels well, to make sure that whatever yellow-fever germs there might be in them would get thoroughly scattered about; then lived there for twenty days, sleeping on the very sheets on which men had died of yellow fever.

Able-Bodied Beggars

They came out unscathed, but if the doctors' theory had not been sound they would probably have died. Nobody could know positively until the experiment was tried. To cinch the point, they built another shack, airy, scrubbed, fumigated, speckless as they could make it. John J. Moran, a clerk at army headquarters, volunteered to live in that beautifully clean little cabin—with a mosquito that had bitten a yellow-fever patient. He came within an ace of dying of yellow fever, but the question was cinched then.

That is why we now have a Panama Canal. It was the death-carrying mosquito that wrecked De Lesseps' attempt to build one. That is why you now go to Havana, New Orleans, Mobile, at any season of the year, with no more thought of yellow fever than of witchcraft. Walter Reed lived on a small government salary and regretted on his deathbed that his wife and daughter were so ill provided for. Therefore Congress voted the widow a pension of $1500 a year. James Carroll, the first volunteer for the mosquito bite, that almost proved fatal, left a wife and five children when he presently died. Congress voted his widow a pension of $1500 a year. Jesse Lazear did die of yellow fever and his widow got a pension of $1500 a year. The other volunteers who risked their lives received, theoretically, the thanks of a grateful posterity and a couple of hundred dollars in money.

It is impossible to calculate what these men did for humanity. And that is what they got for it—the theoretical thanks of a grateful posterity being sheer bunk. Already posterity has forgotten them. Reading of these miserly pensions and doles, I burst with indignation, and thought, "That is what you can expect of Congress!" But after I had thought a while longer I took off my hat to Congress for being, in this case, far more enlightened than the public which it represents.

I am as much "public" as anybody else is. For many years my trade required me to read newspapers much more extensively than the average citizen does; so it may be presumed that I am better informed on matters of public moment than the average citizen is. But so far as I can remember, I had never even seen these men's names. Probably, long ago, I did read some of them in a newspaper—and forgot them in a month.

I am the "public." My income last year, according to the National Bureau of Economic Research, was $89,682,000,000. Aside from the necessaries of life, and what I save, that income is spent for whatever goods and services take my fancy. I should expect to get the kind of goods and services that I am willing to pay for exactly in proportion as I am willing to pay for them. I have no right to expect anything else.

If you will learn to be a crack baseball player I will pay you $75,000 a year. I will print your name in big type in every newspaper in the land every day and your picture at least once a week. I will make you so much a national hero that you can sell your indorsement of cigarettes and candy for twice the salary of a justice of the Supreme Court. If you will learn to be a champion prize fighter I will pay you $500,000 in a year, and admiring crowds will choke the street whenever you appear. If you will learn to be a popular movie star I will pay you $1,000,000 a year and smother you in mob adulation such as would make a medieval visitor suppose that the relics of a saint were about to be exhibited for the miraculous cure of all the bodily and spiritual ills of the faithful.

If you will save me and my children from yellow fever I will pay you, possibly, $5000 a year and cheerfully elbow you into the ditch as a nameless nonentity while I rush to admire my baseball player, prize fighter and movie star.

Surely I have no right to be saved from yellow fever. It is a donation, charity, not something I earned. My poverty consists in this: I am an able-bodied beggar taking alms that I do not deserve; so completely poverty-stricken that I do not even know the names of the men who benefited me, although I am reading something or other all the time.

Of course a few names have been impressed upon me, almost always because they happened to do something dramatic that my ignorant imagination could grasp. For example, Pasteur. Almost everybody recognizes that name—the man who cured mad-dog bites. Those who know say that Pasteur did other work that was far more important to science and to humanity than were his successful experiments with rabies. But that feat was dramatic. The mad dog with slavering mouth and the frightful death in convulsions made a universal figure of dread. My simple barbarian mind readily visualized Pasteur as a new Saint George slaying the dragon. So in a very tepid sort of way, or a frigid sort of way, as compared with my enthusiasm for a home run, I paid him some respect.

A very few names—three or four—get remembered and respected by the public. But Babe Ruth wouldn't care for the applause of a crowd that couldn't tell the difference between a baseball game and a basket-ball game. There can be no genuine respect for an individual's performance without some knowledge of what the performance signifies. A stone-deaf man clapping his hands at a concert is only making a silly gesture. As to what scientists in any line are doing, I—and the public—seldom really know whether it is baseball, polo or seven-up. That is a beggarly state for one on the plateau in an age when science is changing the physical conditions of life so rapidly that a man of 1827 would be more at home, physically, in Cæsar's Rome than in New York today.

A Poor Excuse

This beggarly state cannot be excused on the ground that science deals with intricate and subtle problems expressed in technical language that only an expert can understand. I am not talking about an expert's understanding, but only about an average, passably intelligent layman's understanding. Anybody with sufficient intelligence to read a baseball score can understand Paul de Kruif's book. Certainly that is a very different matter from an expert's understanding. But it gives the picture, the final significance outlined in plain terms. If everybody—or a sufficient number of everybodies to constitute a "public"—knew that much, Theobald Smith, Walter Reed, James Carroll and Jesse Lazear would be as well honored and as well paid as Ty Cobb or Gloria Swanson, and I should feel sure of being well served by successors in their line.

I am no pauper moneywise. I had nearly $90,000,000,000 to spend or save last year. I am not a fool; I have brains, although the circumstantial evidence against me may look conclusive. I have time—oceans, light years, universes of time; time enough to fill up all the grand stands of the country whenever a good game is put on; time to play golf and cards, to sit and gossip, to dawdle, to travel. I have incalculable quantities of time. I read enormously too. I devour printed pages as a whale does herring. Look

(Continued on Page 111)

Before you choose a shingle

Try an' burn it!

DEMAND a fire-proof shingle—not only for its safety, but because it will actually save you money. Before you choose a shingle, "Try an' burn it!"

Even the white-hot flame of the blow-torch cannot harm these beautiful Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles. They are more than *fire-resistant*, or *fire-safe*. They are FIRE-PROOF.

That's the kind of roof that Johns-Manville now offers you at little more than the cost of ordinary, flimsy shingles. A shingle that means complete protection against roof-communicated fire! A shingle that should never cost a cent for repairs. A shingle that you will never need to replace as long as your home stands.

You will like the interesting, broken line beauty these hexagonal shingles give your roof. They may be laid either side to the weather, exposing the cool gray of one side or the blended autumn colors of the other.

Get this beauty, economy and protection for your roof at little cost. Any Johns-Manville dealer will give you full particulars.

Re-roof for the last time

Leave the old roof on. Lay these beautiful everlasting shingles right over it. No fuss, no dust, no litter of torn off shingles on the lawn. No danger from rain while the work is in progress.

Then forget your roof. It will be everlasting—no costly repairs. It will be fire-proof—you need never fear flying sparks. You re-roof for the last time when you re-roof with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles.

Asbestos

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RIGID ASBESTOS SHINGLES

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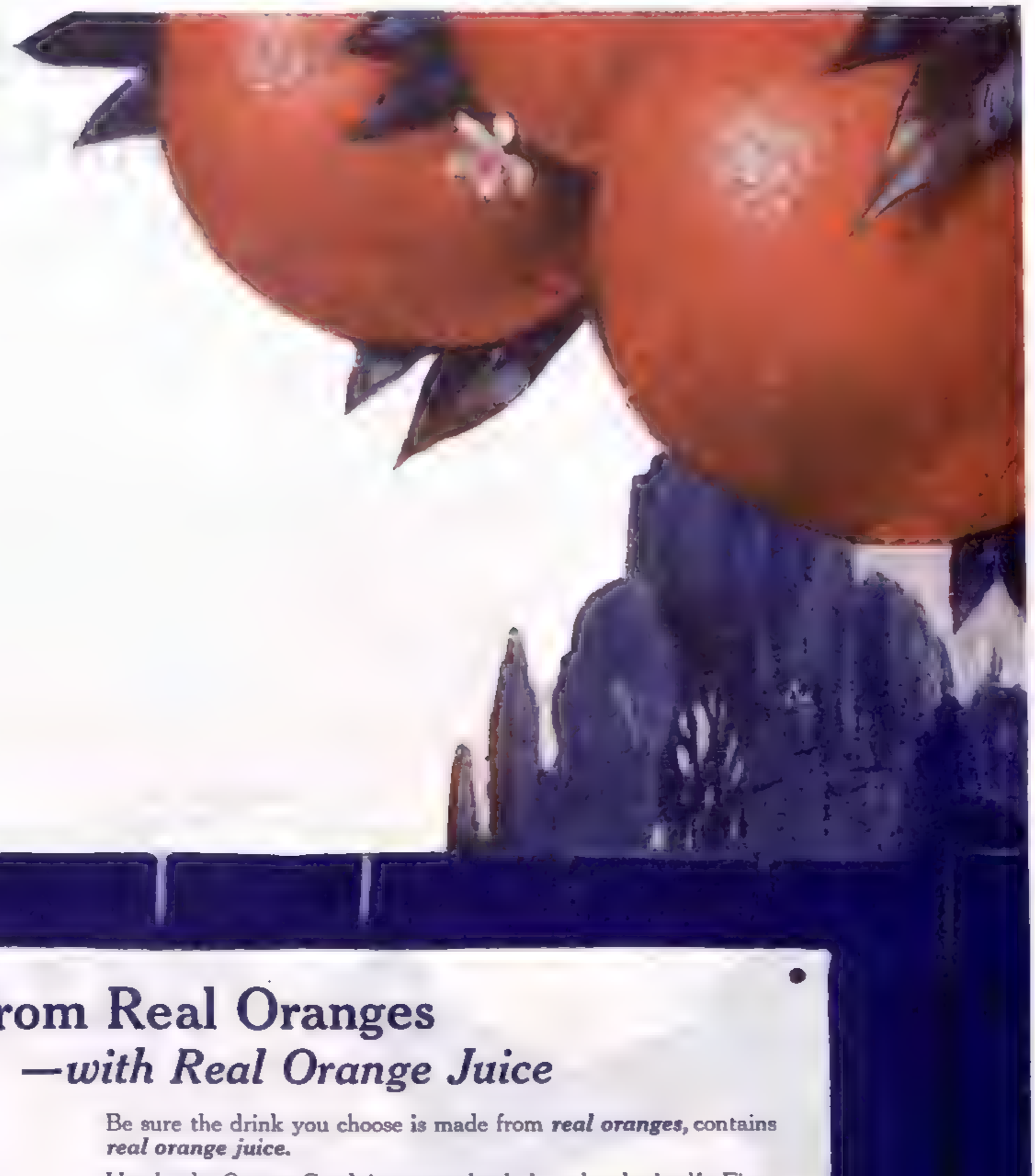
BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE CITIES. FOR CANADA: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LTD., TORONTO

Like oranges?
Drink Orange-CRUSH!
Orange-



From Real Oranges
—*with Real Orange Juice*

Be sure the drink you choose is made from ***real oranges,*** contains ***real orange juice.***

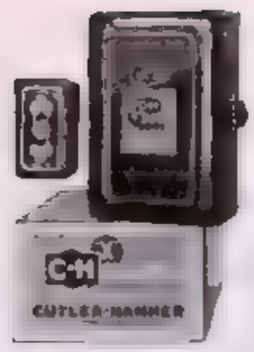
Here's why Orange-Crush is so completely in a class by itself: First, the juice of luscious oranges—next, the delicate flavor of their peel—next, the zestful tang of the fruit acid found in oranges, lemons and limes. Added to this, a pure food color such as you use in your cakes and candies—pure cane sugar—healthful carbonated water—***and nothing else.***

Remember—there is ***only one*** Orange-Crush. For your protection, look for the Krinkly Bottle.

CRUSH

Serving Every Man in Industry – Thirteen *Unseen* Workers

How carefully you choose Motor Control decides alone how well you employ them



So marked has been the trend toward push button control of motors, and so wide-spread is the use of motors today, that Cutler-Hammer "Across-the-Line" or "X" starters—which meet the requirements of hundreds of the more common A. C. motor applications — are handled as staples by the electrical trade. They come in strong cartons, clearly labeled, complete with push button station for each starter and are carried in stock by electrical jobbers. As only four sizes need be stocked to handle all motor requirements up to 150 amperes, many industrial plant storerooms carry a supply ready for immediate installation.

Many records of production common today are possible only because electric motors put into America's factories the equivalent in manpower of almost a quarter billion workers. This *unseen* army—the "manpower" of motors—has made possible higher wages for every man employed, and yet has pushed down costs and speeded production to a point where America dominates in the competitive markets of the world.

It is not surprising that executives rarely suspect these *unseen* workers of idleness. However, in practically every plant exist many instances where this "manpower" of motors is actually loafing on the job

You can be sure your *unseen* workmen are *all* producers only by the careful choice of Motor Control. Installing motors merely puts these *unseen* workers at their posts of duty. How well they are employed, how efficiently they work, is determined by the completeness with which the Motor Control you select applies their efforts to the production jobs in hand.

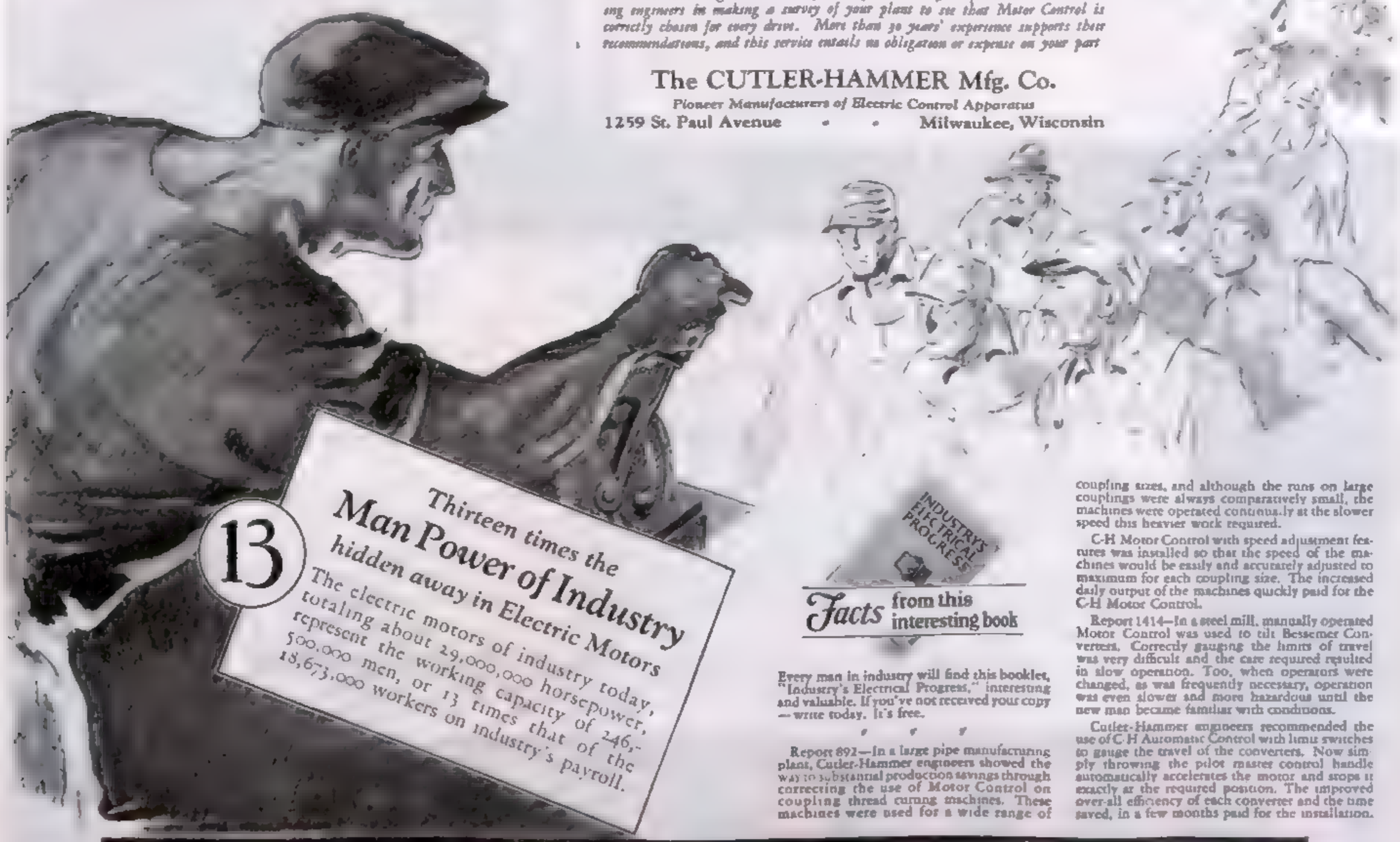
Make sure your plant is obtaining the economies you have a right to expect from electric power. Ask for a check of every motor drive to make certain Motor Control has been correctly chosen. In the purchase of new machinery, in which motors and control are furnished by the machine builder, demand C-H Control. The C-H trade mark on ALL your Motor Control is your best assurance of efficient, dependable production.

Cutler-Hammer engineers are ready to cooperate with your plant men or consulting engineers in making a survey of your plant to see that Motor Control is correctly chosen for every drive. More than 30 years' experience supports their recommendations, and this service entails no obligation or expense on your part

The CUTLER-HAMMER Mfg. Co.

Pioneer Manufacturers of Electric Control Apparatus

1259 St. Paul Avenue • • Milwaukee, Wisconsin


13
Thirteen times the
Man Power of Industry
hidden away in Electric Motors
The electric motors of industry today, totaling about 29,000,000 horsepower, represent the working capacity of 246,500,000 men, or 13 times that of the 18,673,000 workers on industry's payroll.

Facts from this interesting book

Every man in industry will find this booklet, "Industry's Electrical Progress," interesting and valuable. If you've not received your copy — write today. It's free.

* * *

Report 892—In a large pipe manufacturing plant, Cutler-Hammer engineers showed the way to substantial production savings through correcting the use of Motor Control on coupling thread cutting machines. These machines were used for a wide range of coupling sizes, and although the runs on large couplings were always comparatively small, the machines were operated continuously at the slower speed this heavier work required.

C-H Motor Control with speed adjustment features was installed so that the speed of the machines would be easily and accurately adjusted to maximum for each coupling size. The increased daily output of the machines quickly paid for the C-H Motor Control.

Report 1414—In a steel mill, manually operated Motor Control was used to tilt Bessemer Converters. Correctly gauging the limits of travel was very difficult and the care required resulted in slow operation. Too, when operators were changed, as was frequently necessary, operation was even slower and more hazardous until the new man became familiar with conditions.

Cutler-Hammer engineers recommended the use of C-H Automatic Control with limit switches to gauge the travel of the converters. Now simply throwing the pilot master control handle automatically accelerates the motor and stops it exactly at the required position. The improved over-all efficiency of each converter and the time saved, in a few months paid for the installation.

CUTLER-HAMMER

Industrial Efficiency Depends on Electrical Control

(Continued from Page 106)

at any city news stand—the stacks of newspapers, the heaps of magazines. In 1923 more than 35,000,000 newspapers were printed every day, and 48,000,000 copies of weekly publications every week, and 92,000,000 copies of monthly publications every month. That year I spent more than $2,000,000,000 for printed matter. Certainly, if I wanted to know, in a layman's general sort of way, what was happening that was of real significance to the world, plenty of men would come forward to explain it to me in plain terms that I could grasp with only a comparatively small expenditure of time and effort. Indeed, such men are coming forward all the time; but when you consider a public of nearly 120,000,000, with so much money and so much time, reading so many tons of printed pages every day, those men make but a meager little chorus over in a corner. The public pays scant attention to them, because it is distracted by trivialities.

Several years ago half the notion-shop windows in the country began to display mah-jongg sets. Three months before, nobody had ever heard of mah-jongg. Three months afterward everybody was talking about it and studying the books of rules. Daily newspapers and weekly and monthly publications were sprinkled with references to winds and dragons, seasons and flowers. Pretty little pieces of bamboo and ivory, or of stained pine and imitation bone, became as familiar objects of domestic furniture as knives and forks.

Then one began to hear of cross-word puzzles for the first time. Three months later one heard of nothing else. Probably 90 per cent of the newspapers of the United States printed a cross-word puzzle daily, with answers to the one of the day before, and learned articles on the art of cross-word puzzling. A million household dictionaries were hunted out, dusted off and put in use. Millions of people who had been in the lifelong habit of merely frowning at a strange word in print, without ever troubling to look it up and find out its meaning, spent tens of millions of hours diligently searching their dictionaries in order to work out their cross-word puzzles.

The Shortest and Surest Way

In fine, if you have some new way of amusing me, some novel, funny or intriguing game that will help me to loaf more pleasantly and assist me in squandering time—why, then there is no trouble at all in getting my attention, my money and my time. I will not only cheerfully give you my time and money but I will really work, employing my brains diligently to learn the rules of the game, patiently thumbing the dictionary by the hour in order to work the puzzle. I will do everything that I would need to do in order to get a layman's outline of the situation in almost any field of science. And if you have an intriguing new game all those millions and millions of sheets of printed paper will be at your service to advertise it free of cost. Daily papers and periodicals will take it up and spread information about it to every corner of the land. They will keep at it day after day until every literate person in the country is as aware of mah-jongg and cross-word puzzles as of weather reports.

That is what I mean by spendthrift news. We get relatively more of it all the time. In the forty years during which I have been professionally engaged in studying printed sheets in the United States and preparing sheets for print, the intellectual level of such sheets taken in the mass has been constantly falling.

My metropolitan newspaper this morning contains eighteen columns of news and gossip about sports—and the sporting season has hardly opened as these lines are written. Also, this particular newspaper gives far more than the average space to matter that may help a reader to know something about the world in which he lives and to live more profitably in it. Of late so-called newspapers that have practically nothing to do with news as the word used to be understood have gained enormous circulations by a frank and blatant appeal to complete mental vacuity. A man must read a ton of them to gain an ounce of profitable information. That is even worse than throwing money to the dogs. It is throwing time and opportunity—life—to the dogs.

It is now recognized in the newspaper profession that the shortest and surest cut to a big city circulation is fool pictures and exactly the sort of gossip that old wives repeat with bated breath as they rock and knit on village porches. We have always had that gossip, whispered in the sewing circle, snickered over in the frowzy village pool room. But it used to be a furtive behind-the-door sort of thing, occupying much the same relative position as the garbage can. Now it is not only in the city show windows but elbowing worthy goods out of them.

Wrecks on Display

Periodicals spring up and flourish, vastly on the same staple. All spendthrift stuff—squandering time not only to no profit but to an outright loss; another digit in red ink at every investment. The printed sheet from which one may gain useful information, a profitable idea or a refining emotion decreases relatively to the mass of printed sheets.

I recall a statement by a successful motion-picture producer that he would like to make better pictures, but there is no profit in them. Like him, we are all tuned up to the mass-production idea. Whatever a man is going to make, he wants to make an enormous lot of it and flood a huge market with it as quickly as possible. The picture that only half a million people would buy is out of the question. Ten million—twenty million people must buy it. The publisher looking for big, quick profits works on the same idea. He must get a huge circulation at once. Of course, with that idea, he will seek the lowest common denominator—whatever will attract the biggest crowd in the shortest time.

He knows that the further down you dig in the human composition, the less brains you find, until you come to a dull savage or duller ape. The more elemental—and brainless—the appeal, the quicker and wider it strikes.

Always a crowd will run to gape at an automobile wreck because it embodies the crudest, most elemental drama—a crack on the head with a club. Part of the crowd might stay to hear the mechanism of the car explained, but that takes time; the reaction is slower, involving some use of the intelligence. The quick-action publisher prefers to put on another automobile wreck. And sex always, for even idiots and monkeys will immediately react to that.

We must admit that he is under a great temptation. It takes exceptional character nowadays to build slowly and wait patiently for results. Some men will do it, working on the 4 per cent compound-interest, savings-bank plan, which does finally roll up a big total. The richer the depositors, the richer the bank. But the big pull is all for quick action.

All this spendthrift news, coming daily, weekly and monthly in such extent and variety, must exercise a great power of suggestion. It must tend strongly to make spendthrifts of us. We have, in plain fact, come to make agreeable loafing, squandering time, one of our chief national interests. For example, no other national interest occupies anywhere near so much newspaper space, day in and day out, as sports do. This summer Babe Ruth's name will be printed oftener than President Coolidge's. "News" about him will take up more newspaper columns than news about any twenty unofficial men from whom we might get a penny for our intellectual bank accounts—unless one of the twenty has the misfortune to get involved in an especially scandalous divorce case.

The Sunday School Picnic Lacks a Can of "X" Liquid

The members of the Ladies' Auxiliary secretly believe the radiator is something you warm your feet on in the winter. But they see no excuse for its leaking anyway, and Cy Miller, the flour merchant, will get a piece of their mind after Wednesday prayer meeting.

Cy didn't expect the radiator to leak—but then neither do millions of other truck and car owners who always keep a can of "X" Liquid *in the car*, handy for just such emergency.

"X" Liquid in the famous orange can is just a few ounces of precaution that instantly, *permanently* cure any radiator leak.

Every good dealer handles "X". See one of them and buy *your* can today.

"X" LIQUID can be poured through a cloth. Therefore it cannot clog. It is harmless to all metals, rubber and leather. In preparing your car for Spring and Summer, don't neglect the cooling system. Send for the folder "How to Take Care of Your Radiator."

You Can Get Home on a Flat Tire But Not With a Dry Radiator

"X" LABORATORIES
25 West 45th Street, New York
Factories: Boston and Toronto

"X" LIQUID

"X" Liquid has been used for years by Standard Oil, Gen. Elec., Am. Tel. & Tel., etc., and the U. S. Govt. on ALL Aeroplane endurance flights from the Trans-Atlantic Flight in 1922 to the MacMillan Arctic Expedition in 1925

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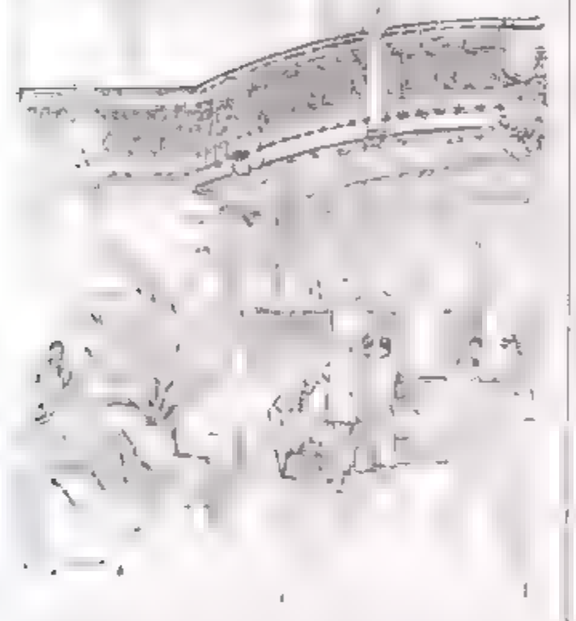


The Great Northern is in Chicago's central business section, within one block of State St., the great shopping thoroughfare and close to the theater, financial and wholesale districts. The Field Museum, The Art Institute and Soldier Field Stadium are within walking distance.

400 LARGE, BRIGHT, LIVABLE ROOMS
$2.50 a day and up
Exhibit rooms, $4, $5, $6, $8

Operating features departing from old standards, together with a singularly advantageous location have won for Great Northern Hotel the favor of many distinguished tourists and the steady patronage of a substantial proportion of business travelers. No conventions are booked, rates never fluctuate and guests are roomed promptly on arrival. The guiding principle throughout all departments is quality without excessive charge. For two persons in any room the additional cost is only $1 a day. No extra charge for service of meals in guest rooms.

Why not the
"Comfortable Great Northern"
on your next visit to Chicago?

Dearborn Street from Jackson to Quincy
Telephone Harrison 7900

We have come to take all this quite seriously, as though agreeable loafing were one of the most important and admirable objects of human life. We brag about our attention to sports; but the Indians, whom we cheerfully brushed aside in the sacred interests of a higher type of civilization, could run, jump and shoot as well as we can. This Niagara of spendthrift reading matter must tend to impress a spendthrift pattern of life upon the general public. I think there is no question that a spendthrift pattern of life is increasingly impressed upon numberless susceptible minds. Fortunately—for one saving point—it doesn't directly apply to money.

By and large, we do save money; but a steady flood of printed suggestion invites us to stop saving at that point and to cease all mental effort. You are not to think after you have got your money in the bank. If Descartes' famous proof of existence—"I think, therefore I am"—is sound, then the American motto would be, "Save money and die by ceasing to think."

Apparently the standardized pattern of American life is coming to be this: Make enough money to live on, then lock your brains in the safe-deposit box along with the bonds and spend the rest of your life in the manner of a perambulatory clam. That is no decent preparation for old age.

Newspaperman's News

To justify this program, we use a tremendous amount of bunk, keeping our faces straight while we pretend that a man who simply makes and saves some money is doing the utmost that his neighbors and his country and his Maker have any right to expect of him. We are always implying that just to make a living, in whatever way, is such an enormous strain that all we can do, the rest of our time, is to sleep in bed or sit and gape at something that allows our brains to sleep waking.

Every newspaperman knows that a lot of the stuff he prints in his paper is purely conventional. It is newspaperman's news. He prints it in his paper because other newspapers print it. They print it because he does. But nobody has the slightest notion whether newspaper readers are interested in it in proportion to the space it takes up in the papers.

For example, my first job at handling newspaper copy was in Chicago. In those days the Washington Park Club was Chicago's most distinguished social organization, and the club's yearly week of horse races kept us in a fine flutter of horses and gowns, jockeys and millinery, equine pedigrees and the first families in the boxes; but especially the climacteric day when the great race, the Chicago Derby, was run. Then perspiring men reporters and breathless lady reporters ravished the dictionary for adjectives and adverbs of appreciation. The humblest newspaper, I believe, published a full page, and the most ambitious ones two pages, with all the names of all the people in the boxes and what the females wore, and many pictures. Photography was not used to illustrate newspapers then, but our artists made pen-and-ink sketches. It seemed to be a general belief in the profession that newspapers rose or fell with Derby Day.

The story is too long to tell here, but the newspaper that employed me—one of the big ones—soured on the Washington Park Club and its horse races. The managing editor announced to an astonished staff that he was going to can Derby Day that year. Our paper dismissed that enormous event with a brief and contemptuous notice. It created a great sensation—in newspaper offices. Out on the street, not a soul cared a rap. The paper never lost a subscriber or a line of advertising.

That was an example of newspaperman's news. Of course, among the 1,500,000 people in the Chicago newspaper field at that time, only a few thousand had ever cared particularly about Derby Day. The others read about it because it was in all the newspapers. They would exactly as lief have read about something else. Half the time the news is whatever the newspapers happen to print. If they printed something entirely different, that would be the news. Being in the newspapers is what makes it news, and not anything intrinsic in the thing itself. To a considerable extent the newspapers manufacture their own news by printing one thing rather than another. If the thing is printed—especially, printed in many papers—public attention is attracted to it and it becomes a news subject. But if something entirely different had been printed in its place, that other thing would equally have become news.

Any happening, however trivial in itself, may be made a news subject by simply focusing public attention upon it. A senator stubs his toe, lurches, saves himself from falling by clutching a chair. If it happens in his library it is not of the slightest consequence; the senator himself forgets it in one minute. If it happens on a platform, in view of a thousand people, it is news. What makes it news is the audience, not the thing itself.

Newspapers are always manufacturing news on a great scale by placing trivial happenings before an audience—particularly, trivial happenings that are smutty. Under a civilized rule the evidence in a repulsive divorce case—without the faintest public significance—would be suppressed. Newspapers make news of it by calling the attention of millions of readers to it. Then the editor says solemnly: "The public is much interested in this subject. My sacred duty to print the news compels me to publish columns about it, however trivial or nasty it may be."

But he himself made it news by setting it before an audience. He did that, not in pursuance of a sacred duty but solely for his profit—to gain circulation. It is as though a bootlegger should plead: "The public will buy this gin, so my sacred duty to the public requires me to sell it—at 400 per cent profit." The one plea is as valid as the other.

As to a lot of so-called news, papers print it, not in pursuit of any duty to the public but only because they believe—often without really knowing much about it—that printing that, rather than something else, will be more profitable.

No doubt, a lot of the stuff printed under the heading of sports is merely newspaperman's news. One paper prints it because another does. The objection, of course, is not to sports, but to making a cult of them, treating them in the English fashion—as though they were one of the highest expressions of human life. Such is the power of suggestion coming from innumerable printed pages, that a man who has got his golf score down to 85 feels as virtuous about it as a pious Mohammedan who has made a pilgrimage. He will tell you gravely about the benefit to his health.

In Danger of Suicide

The popular idea of an intimate connection between sports and health is nine-tenths bunk anyway. There is nothing particularly healthful in sitting on a bench to watch other men play baseball, football, box, and so forth. You no more need to participate in an elaborate plant in order to keep healthy than you need to join the National Bakers' Association in order to get bread. The cult of sports is based on the absurd notion that we Americans are in imminent danger of killing ourselves with hard work—especially, hard mental work. We invented that foolish theory as a justification for giving ourselves up to mental loafing as soon as the whistle blows.

Anyone who reads at all, even though his reading never goes beyond a daily newspaper, must become aware, however indefinitely, that a flood of dynamic ideas is pouring over the world, changing it as the continental ice caps once did—only, so to speak, overnight instead of taking tens of thousands of years.

I can remember the first telephone. Now, out of a small detached box in my living room, I hear a man speaking, a woman singing, a band playing 2000 miles away. I was a well-grown lad when I first saw an electric light. Now super-hydroelectric power is a live subject. I had a son in high school when England startled the world with the first Dreadnaught. Yesterday I read an interview in which an American admiral said that the submarine and airplane had already made battleships obsolete.

There have been physicians of a sort as far back as the record goes, but it is only within my lifetime that men have begun, in a systematic way, to trace down the causes of disease. During the greater part of my life, "immutable as the law of gravitation" was a stock oratorical phrase; but Einstein has shown its mutability. It is the most mutable of times. In every branch of science a new theory hardly gets its chair warmed before a newer one appears to crowd it out. Huge Russia cheerfully sets off at a weird tangent. Mussolini tries a novel experiment in government on Italy. Rigid old China breaks up in a fantastic swirl that one can hardly make head or tail of.

In my boyhood, America still echoed, in a dying fall, with indignation at Charles Dickens because he satirized us; self-complacency was said to be our chief characteristic. Nowadays one of our best-advertised novelists gains renown and fortune by telling us we're vulgar. Change everywhere. The plastic and graphic arts are full of extraordinary images that are supposed to express new ideas. A changing, changeful flood pours over the world.

A Matter of Habit

To reach the plateau of life, really knowing so little about all that, is beggarly. Because I know so little, I am little able to pull my weight in the boat; I ride mostly as an object of charity. I cannot even pay my mite of respect to the men and women who are striving to make life larger and richer for me, because mostly I don't know who they are or what they are doing. Instead, I join the hoarse yells of acclaim that greet a baseball player. That is beggarly.

What is even more important to my selfishness—I miss a world of absorbing and enriching interests that would keep me happily and profitably occupied if I had the key to them—a world that may be roughly connoted by the words "science" and "art." A tremendous spectacle, of the greatest significance, is enacting before me; but I can glimpse it only darkly, and dawdle and yawn, and look around for somebody to play bridge or golf with me, and am bored. Having the daily bread in the pantry, all I can think of is something to kill time. Instead of indirectly praising that manner of life, we ought to be heartily ashamed of it.

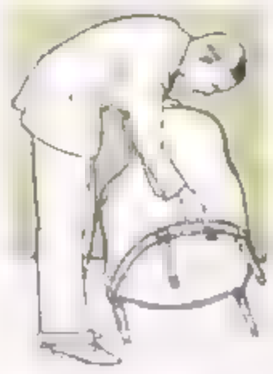
I want especially to warn young people against the torrent of spendthrift news that rains down on them—stuff to read that is utterly trivial when it isn't utterly vile. No more get in the habit of reading it than you would get in the habit of taking opium. The one is as strictly a matter of habit as the other. If you skip the dirty divorce cases for a little while, you will be surprised to find that you have lost the appetite for them. And if you read anything that stimulates higher qualities for a little while, you will find you have gained an appetite for that. Spendthrift news will leave you a beggar as surely as wasting your money income will.

We Americans talk complacently about our efforts in behalf of public education—as though you could educate a public by sending two-thirds of it to school for 168 days a year during childhood and early youth. Nobody gets educated in a public school. The most he gets there is knowledge of the tools for education. Whether a man is, in some degree, educated or essentially illiterate will depend first of all on what he reads after he leaves school. He must make the choice between profit and loss for himself. If he chooses wrong he will live to regret it.

Decorative, informal, inexpensive, and truly American

An Indian squaw sat before her wigwam. Her bronze fingers wove deftly, swiftly. A basket of curious beauty grew, strand upon strand, while her papoose played at her side. Centuries later, her primitive art was to be reflected in what an eminent decorator, after careful consideration, has designated as "the only truly American furniture."

Lovely among examples of this native furniture is the *Carrollton*—latest of *Karpen handwoven fiber* designs. In its ebony, Indian motifs of Navaho red and green are set like brilliant jewels. Summer lives perpetually in the flowered cretonne of its yielding, sagless Karpenesque cushions. There is gracious ease in every graceful line, and staunch strength in its seasoned hardwood frames and steel-cored, vertical fiber strands.



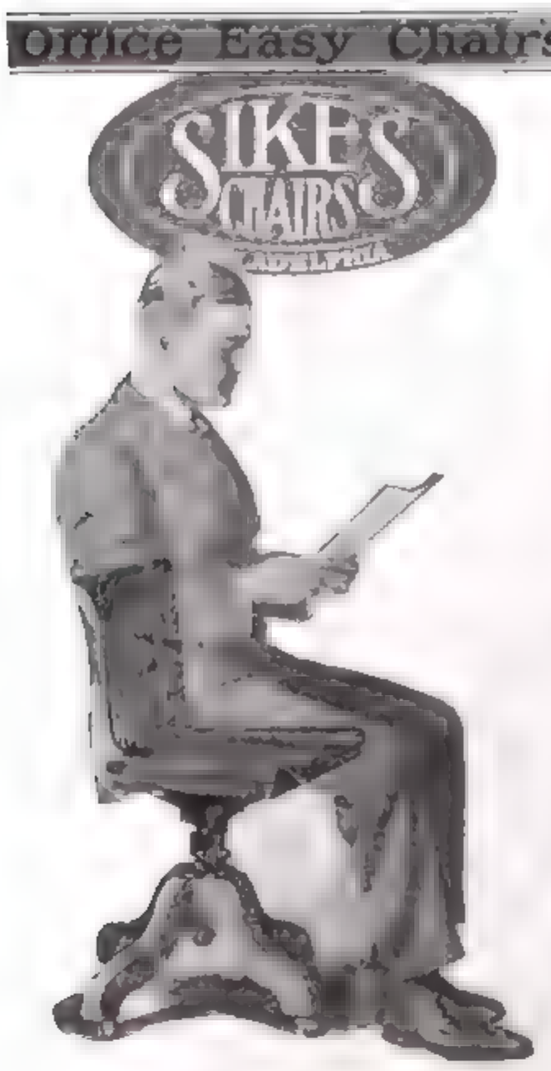
Add its other characteristics: its low price, its long life, its lightness; and one readily understands why the vogue for handwoven fiber pieces grows daily—for living rooms, clubs, and rest rooms, as well as for porches and sunrooms. But in choosing it, as in buying upholstered furniture, there is only one way to be certain of famed Karpen quality. Look for the Karpen nameplate before you buy.

The name of the dealer who can supply you with the *Carrollton* group, and our absorbing booklet of good furniture, *The Glorious Adventure of Home Furnishing*, will be gladly sent to you. Just mail the coupon below to S. Karpen & Bros., 801 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago; 37th and Broadway, New York; or 180 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

ASK FOR KARPEN FURNITURE • • FIND THE NAMEPLATE BEFORE YOU BUY

Send this coupon for your copy of "The Glorious Adventure of Home Furnishing"

Name Address



A New Sikes Energy and Space Saver

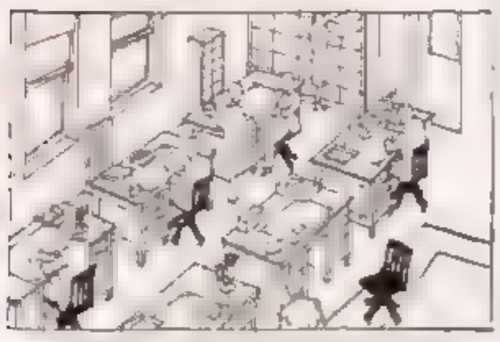
A FAGGED out clerical worker is as inefficient as a machine operating at less than full capacity. Office floor space rents at too many dollars a square foot to let it go to waste.

The latest Sikes creation was originated to cut down wasteful overhead. X63½ is the commonplace name of this very uncommonplace chair—a compact and comfortable little utilizer of clerical energy and office floor space.

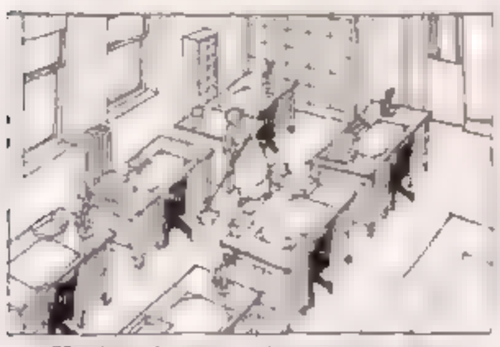
X63½, like all Sikes Chairs, is formed to fit the human form. Seat and back are specially designed for restful, day long comfort—to give that ease of body which alone makes possible an alert functioning of the mind. When in use X63½ takes up a minimum of space. When not in use, he slides unobtrusively under the desk. The bigger your office force or the smaller your office, the more you will approve of little X63½.

Ask the nearest Sikes dealer to show you X63½.

Sikes



"X63½" Chairs in the office by day



X63½ Chairs in the office by night

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

CROOKED

(Continued from Page 25)

Turning on his heel, he walked out of the room and down the hall to the kitchen. For half an hour, while she made herself ready for bed, she heard him moving about, and curious finally, a little apprehensive, too, lest she might have said too much, she slipped a wrapper over her nightdress and crept down the hall to have a look.

He was seated at the kitchen table. He had cooked himself one of his celebrated rabbits—the rabbit a mute echo perhaps of the party that had never been, though it now lay untouched on the plate. Bent over the table, he had put his head down on his arms.

"Charley!" cried Bertha in dismay.

Charley looked up at her dully, then he rose. "I'm too tired to hear any more," he said. "I guess I'll go to bed."

VII

THERE was no more said that night. He turned off the light presently and clambered in between the coverings; and wakeful, her nerves still taut, she lay and listened to him tossing fitfully. It troubled her to hear him. Perhaps she had not gone at it in the right way. Perhaps, too, she had gone too far. In the dark she reached out and touched him. "It's all right, dear, please," she whispered. "Don't," said Charley brusquely, and he drew himself away from her touch. A long while afterward, still listening remorsefully, she knew from his breathing that he was asleep.

At seven the alarm clock let go with a bang. She had forgotten to turn off the alarm the night before, and she was out of bed, drugged with sleep and drowsily fumbling for her slippers when she remembered. Every morning, Sundays excepted, she rose hurriedly at that hour, took in the milk and the paper, then put the kettle on the gas range to boil. Afterward she hurriedly bathed and dressed, letting Charley drowse to the last moment. She never had overslept.

Not once had he been late in setting out for the office. Today, however, as she now recalled, there was no need for her to hasten. Kicking off her slippers, she was creeping in between the covers again, when he sat up slowly among the pillows.

"You don't need to get up yet," she reminded.

He threw back the covers and rose. "It's seven o'clock," he replied.

"But, Charley ——"

"That bank opens at nine," he said dully.

She knew he meant by that the bank on which she had drawn the check for the dress. "You don't have to worry, dear. You can get the money. There are your three bonds, and ——"

"I have the money," he said doggedly—"my month's salary."

She debated briefly. "Perhaps I can take the dress back," she suggested.

He didn't reply. His slippers flapping on the rug, he trudged out of the door, and a moment later she heard him turn on his bath. Getting into her slippers again, Bertha went and took in the milk, then put the kettle on to boil. When he had finished with his bath she hurriedly washed and dressed. As hurriedly she got the breakfast ready, trying as best she could to appear natural and everyday in her air. Meanwhile, his chair drawn up to the window, Charley intently studied the morning paper.

She guessed intuitively what part of it engrossed him. To make sure, she contrived to get a glimpse at the page—Help Wanted—and once again her heart sagged dismally. So he meant to hunt another job!

"Breakfast, Charley," she announced.

They ate virtually in silence. After he had finished with his coffee, his eggs and his toast, he rose, picking up the newspaper as he did so. "I won't be home till late," he said.

She, too, had risen. "What are you going to do?"

"Me? Hunt a job," he answered briefly.

In Bertha's voice when she spoke was every implication of what she had felt—said to him, too—the night before. "A job just that?"

He was struggling into his overcoat. That he understood what her words and their tone implied was evident from the color that mounted faintly into his face. "What else can I do?" he inquired.

She had not thought of that. The night before, the position he'd held at Hodge & Peters' had seemed slight and inconsequential, hardly worth considering, in fact; but now that he had lost it, what, indeed, was he to do? Rome was not built in a day. Men can't leap from nothing into positions of high pay, high responsibility, overnight. She studied him for a moment, her look queer.

"Wait, Charley." He had his hat on and had turned to the door. "Would you like—well, tell me if you would," she said hesitatingly—"do you want me to see Mrs. Hodge?"

Charley stared, his face uncomprehending. "Her? What for?"

"If you say so, I'll see her. I could beg her pardon."

"What good'll that do?"

"She might speak to her husband," said Bertha, and as she said it a laugh sprang from him.

The laugh was harsh, mirthless. "And get me back my place? Thanks," said Charley, and his jaw set; he added thickly, "I'll see her in hell first!" In turn, Bertha, too, could have cried out with feeling. She would not have gone to that woman to escape starvation—to escape destruction. She had proposed it only as a test of him. She hardly was prepared, however, for the next change in his air. "You keep your hands out of this," he ordered thickly; "you've done enough. You hear?"

So that was the thanks she got! "Very well, Charley," she answered quietly.

He had opened the door, but now he closed it. "I'll tell you something. You may be right, and I may be nothing but a boob, a piker, as you say—only that makes no difference. I'll do what I think is right, try to get on the way I think is the right way; and I'll have to be a good sight more beaten than I am now before I change. I'll tell you something else too! If I cared to do it, right at this minute I could do what you seem to want me to do. I could make a killing. In a day's time—less, maybe—I could land money enough to put us on Easy Street. Yes! You needn't think I'm so much of a simpleton as you try to make out. I may be a fool, perhaps, but I'm not a thick-headed one. I can see a chance, if that's what you're after, just as well as any man! And just the same," he added deliberately, "I'm not going to take that chance. Not even for you—you hear?"

She heard well enough. Bertha had no doubt either that he'd had chances, yet hadn't taken them. That was why he had stood still, lagged behind. No, he wouldn't take a chance even when he had it.

Charley's face was flushed. "I'll tell you why. It's because I'd rather be satisfied, as you say—not sorry. I want to sleep at night, not lie awake and wonder!"

She answered quietly, "I haven't asked you to lie awake, do any wondering." And he laughed harshly.

"Never mind! I've done my best, and I've done what I think is right. Nothing's going to change me, either—not for a while, anyway."

But what was the use? A moment afterward, as she walked down the hall to the kitchen, she heard the front door slam.

VIII

SHE had failed. She knew that now, though it hardly was news to her. Almost from the first, in fact, she instinctively had realized how little headway she had made with him, or was making; and while she busied herself with her morning household tasks of clearing away the breakfast things, making up the beds and dusting the tiny living room, she debated with herself what the next step should be. As she knew, there was nothing novel in the situation, her predicament. Perhaps in every flat in the house a scene such as she had had with him had taken place. It had taken place, perhaps, in every household along the drab, dusty street. In some instances the women involved had succeeded. In others, the vast majority, they had failed. However, if some, even a minute number, had won, she, too, could win. She knew, too, without any question in her mind, that if a man wins that thing men call success, it is more often than not due to the zeal and effort of some woman interested in him.

There was no egotism in Bertha's view. It was so definite, so established, that it hardly was worth discussing. The difficulty, however, was with the medium on which she had to work. Nagging and recrimination, as she saw, were of no avail to rouse him to activity; and though she determined not to lapse into anything so vulgar and degrading as the backbiting and recrimination of the usual woman tied to the usual ineffective, unsuccessful man, she still decided she must keep up with the struggle. Something must be done to stir him. Some way must be found to rouse him from his lethargy, the satisfaction that had kept him complacent for so long. True, now that he had been booted out of Hodge & Peters' employ, not much complacency was left to him; but, as she realized, once he found a new position, another job, it would take only an interval to let him lapse into his former contentment. It would, at any rate, unless she saw to it that he didn't, and at the thought her jaw set itself. Well, she'd see to that!

In tune with the whir of the vacuum cleaner she was pushing vigorously to and fro, her mind buzzed with the thoughts riding helter-skelter through it. One thought was why some men should succeed while so many, the others, failed. Why was it? In Charley Maddox's case, of course, she had decided on the reason—his satisfaction with what he was, his willingness to remain merely diligent, hard working, loyal. But why should he? There were two sorts of men in the world, she figured—the hired men, then those that hired them, and why should he be content to remain the hired? With her ambition, her abounding energy as well, she knew she herself never would consent to remain a hireling, a mere wage earner, and that he, her husband, should was galling—galling not only because of him; it was more galling because of herself. A clerk's wife—that term! She felt now her own responsibility in the fact!

What should she do? She had learned enough already to satisfy herself that she could expect little help or inspiration from the man she wished to help and inspire. Like all men doomed to remain clerks, mere hirelings, he lacked the something that made some men employers, others the employed. What the sense was she didn't know, but she had a guess. The rolling stone may gather no moss, but how about the stepping-stone that lets itself be walked on, stepped over? And as to Charley Maddox, she had no illusions. The boyish simplicity, that and the unselfish thoughtfulness which so long had endeared him to her, seemed less an asset than a liability now.

She brushed away a moment's irritability. She knew clearly she would get nowhere if she let irritability get the upper hand. With a clearness of mind that did her credit, she saw that if she were to accomplish anything, it must be accomplished quietly, with tact and with intelligence; no nagging; no wrangling of any sort. He must be roused, of course, awakened to the futility of drifting along as he had drifted; though how she was to do it she yet had no

(Continued on Page 116)

That's *got* it!

I KNEW what I wanted all the time. That's *got* it . . . that P. A. taste. I'm sold! And now I'm going to make up for lost time by working P. A. on both shifts. The minute I got a full whiff of that Prince Albert fragrance, I felt I was on the right track.

Now I know. I couldn't ask for more. P. A. has everything I ever wanted in a smoke. It couldn't be more to my liking if I had grown the tobacco myself. The very aroma that comes floating out of the tidy red tin is a treat. And that's only a starter.

When you tuck a load into your pipe and light up, that's the real thrill. That taste! That mellow, mild, can't-get-too-much-of-it taste! Cool as the spray from the bow of a boat. Sweet as a grape, plucked fresh from the vine. Fragrant as a pine-bough.

Mild, too, with a mildness that saves you from tongue-bite and throat-parch. Mild, yet with that rich, full tobacco body that lets you know you're smoking and makes you glad you *are!* Try Prince Albert, Men. Then you'll say with me: "That's *got* it!"

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1927, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

A NEW THOUGHT—
FOR OLD FURNITURE

There's a new vogue in furniture today—the introduction of gay, painted pieces to make dull rooms happy and bright. And the true home-decorator (the woman who plans and decorates her home herself) can take advantage of this vogue to make her home attractive in an economical way.

Buy a can of Murphy Brushing Lacquer. Refinish a bed or chair that's sturdy but unattractive looking. You'll be delighted at the ease with which Murphy Brushing Lacquer flows on and spreads over the surface. Note how smoothly and evenly it dries—and how quickly! In almost less time than it takes to tell about it, you can have a bright, *new* piece of furniture. Not so surprising, though, when you remember that for more than sixty years the name "Murphy" has meant the unusually good on any sort of finishing material.

Murphy
BRUSHING Lacquer
MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY
NEWARK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL

(Continued from Page 114)

idea. The trouble was Charley. Easy-going as he might be, there was a streak of stubbornness in his nature that she more than once had encountered. It was the same streak, in fact, so often found in men of his type, the men that lag behind, and as such, it often is the inevitable obstacle to their success. A hidebound outlook. An unalterable habit of doing things as they've always done them. A fixed belief in the right way—or what they think is right. He was in a rut, in short, and the problem was how to rouse him out of it.

She had it finally.

It had just struck ten when the telephone in the front room rang. Bertha jumped. It was the first time the bell had rung that morning, and in her momentary absorption, her mind intent on the thought that had all at once leaped into it, the sudden jangling of the bell was like a shock, an alarm. Instinctively picking up the instrument, she was about to take the receiver from the hook when she halted, her brow puckering. In the momentary tenseness of her mind she felt a vague, creeping sense of apprehension. What now? What if there had been some slip-up and the check, the one she had written last night, had been turned back at the bank marked No Funds? She was moist as she lifted the receiver from the hook.

"Yes?" she mumbled.

A voice came over the wire, and as Bertha heard and identified its familiar chatty tone, she could have laughed with relief. What a fool she was to worry! The voice was Minnie Harnett's.

"So sorry about last night's little party, my dear. Ken and I would have adored to come, but we just couldn't, positively. Another engagement, I think I told you. Besides it was a business engagement, a man from out of town. Ken, you know, has another deal on—thousands, and ——"

Bertha let her fib along. She knew well enough how and where Minnie and her husband had spent the evening. It was at the theater, after which the Gershons had joined them at a night club.

"What do you want, Minnie?" she interrupted coldly.

Minnie gave an exclamation. "My, how cross you sound! Nothing's wrong I hope, dear. I just rang up to ask if you wouldn't lunch with me. We can go downtown somewhere."

"Thanks; not today," answered Bertha.

She already had her plans. They hardly included merrymaking such as Minnie Harnett's invitation suggested. She was curious, nevertheless, at this sudden change of front—Minnie's effusiveness. A woman of that type, one perennially on the make, doesn't grow caressing so abruptly without reason, and the reason soon became evident.

"Oh, but you mustn't say no!" exclaimed Minnie. "I just have to talk with you. It's about Charley." Charley? Bertha's astonishment was clear. Over the wire Minnie's voice returned, its note dulcet—a little too much so. "Hasn't he lost—I mean, he's given up his place, hasn't he? I wanted to talk to you about it."

Did she? Though she wondered at Minnie's lively interest in Charley's doings, she knew well enough how Minnie must have had the news of what had happened to him. The Gershons, of course, must have overheard enough the night before to give them an inkling, though that part of it was immaterial. The point was, why had Minnie been so quick to telephone?

Said Minnie volubly: "Ken just rang up from the office and wanted to know. It seems he has something in mind for Charley—a place with the firm, maybe. They need a man like him, one everyone knows—and trusts," Minnie added brightly. As also she added, "Charley, you know, is so honest!"

Bertha thanked her. A quick excitement, revulsion and a thrill of elation for a moment made her giddy. Regretting her first coolness, she made amends for it by chatting volubly with Minnie. What luck! Bertha could have shouted with glee—with relief too. Just to think of it! Here she'd been, moping about all the morning, down in the mouth and thinking the world had gone to smash, when this was coming to her! Harnett, in fact, was from all appearances coining money. His firm was booming. Why, once Charley was in with them ——

Plop! Bertha felt her heart thump dismally. She remembered what Charley had said of Harnett and Harnett's methods. He would turn down the offer flat. Flat—yes. It would be like him too. Her face hardened, a new decision in her eyes and the set of her mouth, and she was turning away from the telephone when the bell rang again.

Bertha took the receiver from the hook. "Well?" she said.

The voice that came over the wire now was quietly reserved, yet agreeable. "May I speak to Mrs. Maddox?" it inquired. "This is Mrs. Maddox," replied Bertha gloomily, and the voice at the other end of the wire murmured pleasantly. It was Mrs. Reade. Without effusion or pretense, she came directly to the point: "I'm sorry about last night, but it couldn't be helped, as I said."

Bertha still felt stiff. "It's of no consequence—not the least," she said, her tone consciously distant, though the unseen Mrs. Reade didn't seem to heed it. "I telephoned to find out whether you and Mr. Maddox would be at home some evening this week. Mr. Reade is anxious to see your husband again. They were friends in college, you know."

Bertha debated briefly. Reade had risen swiftly; already he was a person of importance downtown, and she had heard echoes of the world Reade and his wife moved in—the people they knew, the entertainments they already were able to give, the style they had put on. Against that was the way Bertha and Charley lived—the flat, its cheap shoddiness, all that the flat involved, made clear. The thought, that bugaboo, instantly resolved her. "So sorry," said Bertha, and she could have bitten her tongue for it. "I'm afraid, though, we're taken up for every night this week."

"The next week then?" pleasantly suggested Mrs. Reade. Bertha said she'd telephone.

She was fairly savage when she hung up the receiver—savage with herself for such *gaucherie*, savage with Charley that he should let her into any fix such as that, savage at things in general. This was the end though. She'd see if it was to go on!

Then came the reaction, a woman's familiar refuge. Flinging herself on her bed, Bertha lay there, her slender figure shaking. It was only for a minute or two, however. The clock in the front room struck half-past ten, and brushing the moisture from her eyes, she rose. She had not forgotten her decision.

Hurriedly she put on a street dress and a hat. As hurried as she was, though, it was to be seen she lent an exceptional care and attention to the details of her toilet. Trim to a degree, her air smart and equally attractive, she still was hurrying as she closed the flat door and went down the stairs. Twenty minutes later Bertha emerged from a downtown station of the Subway and picked her way across the street. Fifth Avenue was two blocks beyond—the heart of the shopping section—and though she had not come there to shop, the building she first entered was one housing what is reputed to be the largest, as well as the costliest, shop of its kind known anywhere. Sporting equipment is its specialty, women's sport wear among it, and as the door man pushed open the door for her Bertha halted for an instant.

"Where may I find the manager?" she asked.

"Sixth floor, ma'am," replied the man.

Ten minutes later Bertha emerged. She still was walking briskly. A couple of blocks beyond she entered another establishment, this one a hat shop. "I'd like to see the manager," she said again.

She saw the manager. Some minutes subsequently she again was in the street, a moment later entering still another shop. An hour passed and she still flitted from shop to shop. The character now was in a descending scale of richness, smartness. In some she lingered briefly, in others longer. Noon struck, then one o'clock, and though by this time her gait was less active and energetic, the bright look of expectancy and animation had not left her face. Only her eyes showed she might feel a little ennuied and fatigued; then finally, as the afternoon wore on and the time neared four o'clock, Bertha seemed to find at last some answer to her quest, whatever the quest might be. The place, however, was not a shop. It was a white-tiled, marble-floored eating place of the type known as a quick lunch.

"Is the manager in?" she asked.

Ten minutes later, when she came out into the street, Bertha's eyes once more had brightened. She walked slowly, true, her fatigue evident, yet the air of conquest and satisfaction in her face was not to be mistaken, and signaling at the corner to an uptown West Side bus, she got aboard and dropped into a convenient seat.

A sigh escaped her. Opening her purse she paid the conductor her fare, and then for a moment regarded herself in the small square of mirror fastened to the leather flap. She was smiling faintly. She still was smiling, too, as she climbed the stairs to the third-floor flat. Putting her key in the latch she pushed open the door, and as she did so Bertha gave a startled exclamation.

The front room was in confusion. A chair lay upset in one corner and near it was her writing desk, its top open and each of its drawers pulled out. Papers strewed the floor.

That was but a part of it. A sound in the nature of a muffled crash caught her ear, and her dismay graphic, she hurried along the hall to the bedroom. The light in there was on, and inside the room the same confusion met the eye—the bureau drawers pulled out, the door of the closet thrown wide and the contents of closet and drawer and bureau flung upon the bed. Charley Maddox stood in the middle of the disorder, his coat off; and halting in the act of upturning another drawer into the pile of things already thrown on the bed, he turned and looked at her, his glance hotly accusing.

"Where did you put those bonds?" he demanded.

Bertha silently made her way across the room, and opening a drawer he still had left untouched, she drew out the bonds from their place of concealment beneath a pile of stockings.

"Was all this necessary?" she asked, indicating the disorder.

He snatched the bonds from her hand. "I had to have them," he snapped. Then he added curtly, "It's for that check you gave."

So that was it! "I thought you had the money," she returned, and he laughed, the laugh harsh.

"I didn't get it, if you care to know. They played me dirt downtown."

"Hodge & Peters?"

"That's who! I figured they'd give me two weeks' extra pay, since they'd fired me. Not much, though! You must have laid it on thick when you insulted that woman, Mrs. Hodge."

Bertha gave way to an irresistible impulse to laugh. The final episode coming, as it did, after all else seemed ridiculous—why, she could not say. Charley Maddox, however, failed evidently to share her merriment.

"Where have you been?" he demanded, and she answered briefly, "Downtown."

"Buying yourself more finery?" he inquired bitterly.

Bertha's amusement ended abruptly. She turned away, her face set, and she began quietly to take off her hat. His remark had hit, hit deep, that was evident. Finery, indeed! It was the first, at any

(Continued on Page 119)

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EVERY day thousands upon thousands of housewives go to their neighborhood stores and ask for ScotTissue and Waldorf because they know that both these brands of toilet tissue contain exclusive qualities for the comfort and protection of their families.

That is also why good merchants everywhere do more than supply the ever-increasing demand for ScotTissue Products—they enthusiastically recommend these products as well.

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Ask for ScotTissue or Waldorf, the health toilet papers. Big value rolls that fit the standard, built-in fixture. *If your dealer cannot supply you*, send 25 cents with your own and your nearest dealer's name and address and we'll send, prepaid, whichever brand you prefer. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

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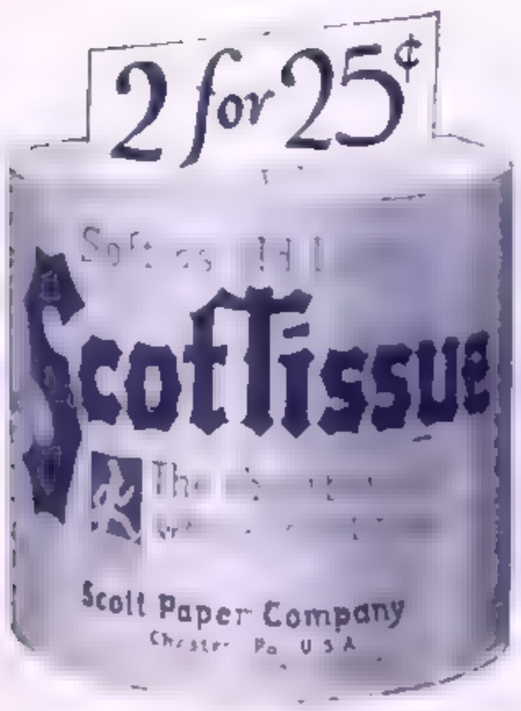

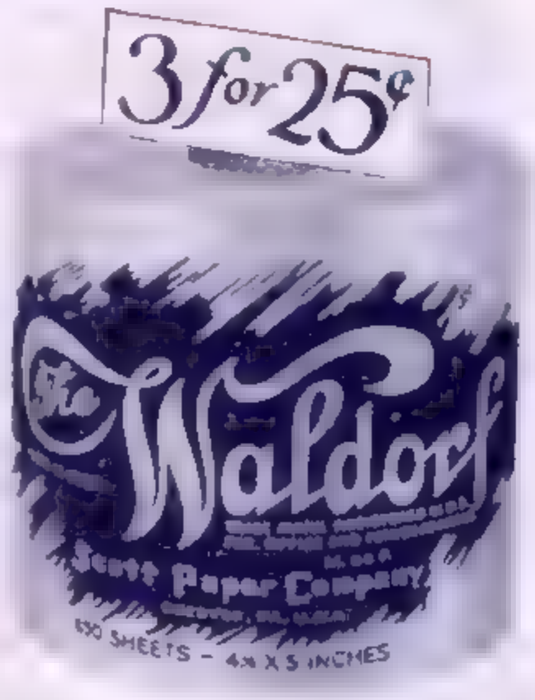

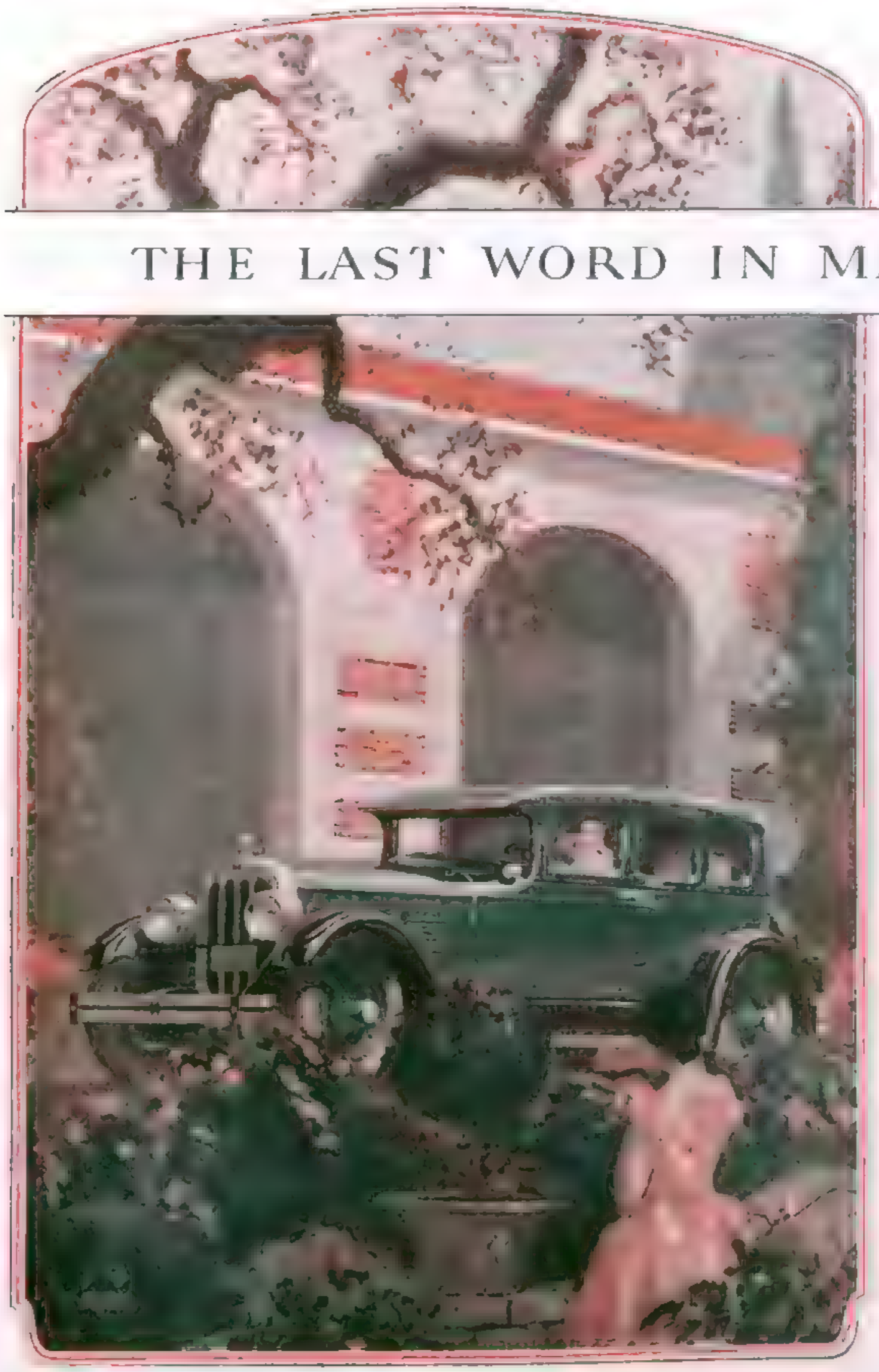

THE LAST WORD IN MAGNIFICENCE

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by

LITTLE could anyone foresee ten years ago, or as lately as five years ago, that the automobile would progress to such beauty, such elegance, such sweet-running performance as you find in this new Royal Eight by Chandler.

With a modernized chassis built low to the ground for both looks and safety—possessing Chandler's *centralized* lubrication system—and with Chandler's great Pikes Peak power principle carried out in eight cylinders—marvelous results are obtained in *smoothness* and *quietness* at all speeds.

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Side by side with this magnificent Eight is a charming new line of Chandler Sixes—the Sixes and Eights totaling twenty-five different body styles—with split-hair prices ranging from only $945 to $2295, f. o. b. Factory. We proudly ask you to compare these cars with anything else on wheels—bar none!

CHANDLER-CLEVELAND MOTORS CORPORATION, CLEVELAND

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ROYAL EIGHTS BIG SIXES SPECIAL SIXES STANDARD SIXES

(Continued from Page 116)

rate, she'd bought for months, though she made no mention of the fact. As she realized, little was to be gained by dwelling on the topic.

"What did you do today?" she asked.

"Nothing," he answered grumpily.

"I thought you went downtown to find a position," she remarked, and as he picked up his coat from a chair Charley grunted.

"They were all taken—the ones in the newspaper." He laughed again harshly. "I'll have to get down by daylight to get one of those jobs. The lines form early."

Inwardly Bertha writhed. "Mrs. Reade called up, Charley," she said inertly, and she saw him start.

"Ben's wife?" He peered at her, his look alert. Bertha, though, was too fatigued to feel more than idle and indifferent. "Nothing much, Charley. Minnie Harnett telephoned too."

Charley was looking at her, his look intent. "Never mind Minnie. What did Mrs. Reade say?"

Bertha told him. "She asked if she and her husband could come in some night this week—that was all."

"All!" His tone was voluminous. "You said yes, of course, didn't you? When are they coming?"

"I don't know," answered Bertha, still indifferent. "I said I'd telephone her some time when we'd be at home."

Charley's mouth fell. Again she saw the telltale color mount into his face. "You'd telephone! You said you'd let her know? Good Lord! Do you mean you put her off?" Dismay and incredulity struggled in his face, and for a moment Bertha felt a qualm of regret, not to say alarm. Before she could speak his jaw shut with a snap. "Don't you know what Reade is, and what he could do for us, if he liked? He does all the hiring down at his company. The Island Trust is one of the biggest in town."

A new sense of weariness and defeat seized Bertha. She pictured to herself what Reade and the place Reade probably had to offer would involve for them—another job; another set of years spent in insect effort, its rewards and its achievements, its final goal, too, just as ineffectual and infinitesimal as the toil itself. "You don't have to go to Reade for a position, Charley," Bertha said heavily. "Minnie Harnett called up, too, as I said, and Harnett wants to see you. We can drop in there tonight if you like."

Charley's jaw snapped again. "We will not!" he said.

She was prepared for that. "Minnie intimated Harnett would pay you as much as Hodge & Peters had. She said something, too, about commissions," added Bertha.

As she spoke Charley laughed, his tone derisive. "Commissions—yes! For selling those tin-can bonds they peddle!"

Resigned, Bertha made no further effort. "Well," she said evenly, her air, like her voice, impassive, "since you seem so decided in what you mean to do—or rather won't do—I'll tell you why I went downtown today. It was to get a place for myself."

Charley stopped short. "To get what?" he repeated.

"A place—a position," repeated Bertha. Then she added, "I got it too." Charley drew in his breath. "Yes," said Bertha, still quiet, "I got a place as cashier in a lunch room. It's a quick-lunch place. The pay is sixteen dollars a week."

IX

"A LUNCH ROOM, you say—a quick lunch? You went and got a place in there?"

"Yes, Charley."

Again she saw the color flood his face. "Why? To shame me?"

Bertha answered, "Someone had to do something." And at the reply she saw him wince again.

She had not directly answered his query whether she had done it to shame him. She knew his nature though. She had realized, too, what would happen were she to let him follow his own inclinations. It would be exactly what men of his class and type almost inevitably do. Like them, Charley would potter about, seeking any work he could find, and the first place offered would be the place he would take. That was why she had gone to extremes, and that she had succeeded seemed clear. In Charley Maddox's make-up, at any rate, was that familiar complex of his class—the white-collared hired man's usual abasement at the thought that his woman, his wife, should also seek employment, and the color surging out of his face, for a change Charley turned pallid.

He said no more, however. He had on his coat and now he put on his hat. Bertha was nonplused. Though she was prepared for a battle, maybe another heated outburst, he turned silently away.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"The bank—they'll be open till five," he answered. As he spoke he put the three bonds into his pocket. A moment later she heard the front door shut, and slipping on an apron Bertha went into the tiny kitchen to get the dinner ready.

What her reflections were would have been difficult even for her to say. A great deal of heat seemed to have gone into the conflict of these few hours, more perhaps than the mere cause might warrant; but warranted or not, the effect had not been any the less a strain. What obstinacy! What thick-headedness! The trouble, too, was so palpable. Bertha, of course, knew little if anything about business; she was only a woman, after all; yet she had been able to put her finger on that loose screw—her husband's limp and deadening contentment. Just the same, Charley Maddox had guessed right when he had asked her, "Did you do it to shame me?" She had

The restaurant, that lunch place, was in a side street off Sixth Avenue. The Elevated trains near by thundered along overhead, and underneath the ugly trestle the street cars clanged and clattered, the uproar deafening and the air rank with smoke from the exhausts of the unbroken procession of cabs, trucks and busses flowing by. Pushing open the door Bertha had halted for an instant, a bit bewildered. The day was the first time she had sought work. The lunch room, too, was visibly lower in scale than the other places where she had applied. However, though neither its appearance nor the look of the few patrons scattered about at the tables and seated on stools at the counter was what might be called inspiring, she hesitated only for a moment. Closing the door she turned to the counter at the right.

A small glass booth presided over by a girl in the sheerest of sheer silk blouses filled the space beside the door, and though the young woman already had caught sight of Bertha's slim, smartly clad figure and was covertly appraising her, Bertha hardly cared. She was dog-tired now, though determined, and forcing a smile, she asked, "May I see the manager?"

The young woman arched inquiring eyebrows. "Selling something?" she interrogated.

Bertha said no, she was hunting work, and with a disparaging "Oh!" the young woman added, "You wanta see the boss hisself then—old man Pabst."

Leaning from the cage she addressed herself to a passing waiter: "Say, Jerry, tell Dutchy a party's here askin' for the job."

Bertha heard her alertly. "Is there a place open?" she asked eagerly, and the young woman nodded. "Mine," she said tersely. Then, as briefly, though not less consciously, she added, "I'm layin' off to go get married."

Bertha said, "Oh!" She was still digesting it when a door of what obviously was the kitchen opened and a short, thickset man with a close-cropped head and bristling, walruslike mustache slouched into view. This was Pabst, the proprietor. He was in his shirt sleeves, his face moist. "Ever cashier any?" he inquired.

Bertha hadn't, of course. She was quite sure, however, that she could. Pabst ran his eye over her leisurely. "You don't look much like a job hunter," he remarked, and Bertha flushed.

"My husband has just lost his position," she replied.

Pabst, however, agreed grudgingly to give her a trial. The pay was sixteen dollars a week, and directing Bertha to report the next morning at seven, the proprietor waddled back to the kitchen.

Tarrying for an instant, Bertha flashed a smile at the girl whose place she was to take. "I wish you happiness," she remarked.

"For marryin', you mean?" The young woman gave her plump sheer-silk shoulders a hunch. "You never c'n tell, dearie," she drawled laconically; adding then in the same drawl, "Anythin's better f'r a girl, though, than hustlin' on a job."

Bertha wondered.

The excitement of the moment waned when she found herself in the street. It waned still further the nearer she approached home. She knew well enough what the effect of the day's achievement would be on Charley Maddox. It would need grit, in fact, to face him with it. But though she'd had the grit and Charley now had been told, what proved to her more trying than a heated, perhaps violent, protest had been his sudden lapse into silence. As she went on with getting dinner ready she listened acutely, waiting to hear him open the door, wondering, while she waited, what his mood would be when he got back. At six o'clock, though, when his key sounded in the latch and she took a peep at him along the narrow hall, there was little change in his air. In silence he trudged into the bedroom and shut the door.

He still was in there half an hour later. As she pushed open the door she found him seated on the edge of the bed, his chin in his hand and staring at the wall. "Dinner's ready," said Bertha.

He was silent through dinner too. She could see from his look that he was thinking deeply, his air as if he were revolving something in his mind. If he still was pondering that final affront, the shame of having her seek employment, he did not speak of it. Toward the end of the meal, though, he looked up abruptly. "I saw Tebo today," he said.

Bertha had risen to get the dessert from the side table. She set it down, then turned to look at him.

"Do you mean he's out?" she inquired—"out on bail?" Charley shook his head. "I saw him in the city prison—the Tombs."

Bertha still looked at him. It would be like her husband, of course, to aid anyone in trouble, but that he should be at pains to do so when he himself was in distress seemed somehow more than was to be expected even of him. "I thought you went downtown to hunt a place," she remarked.

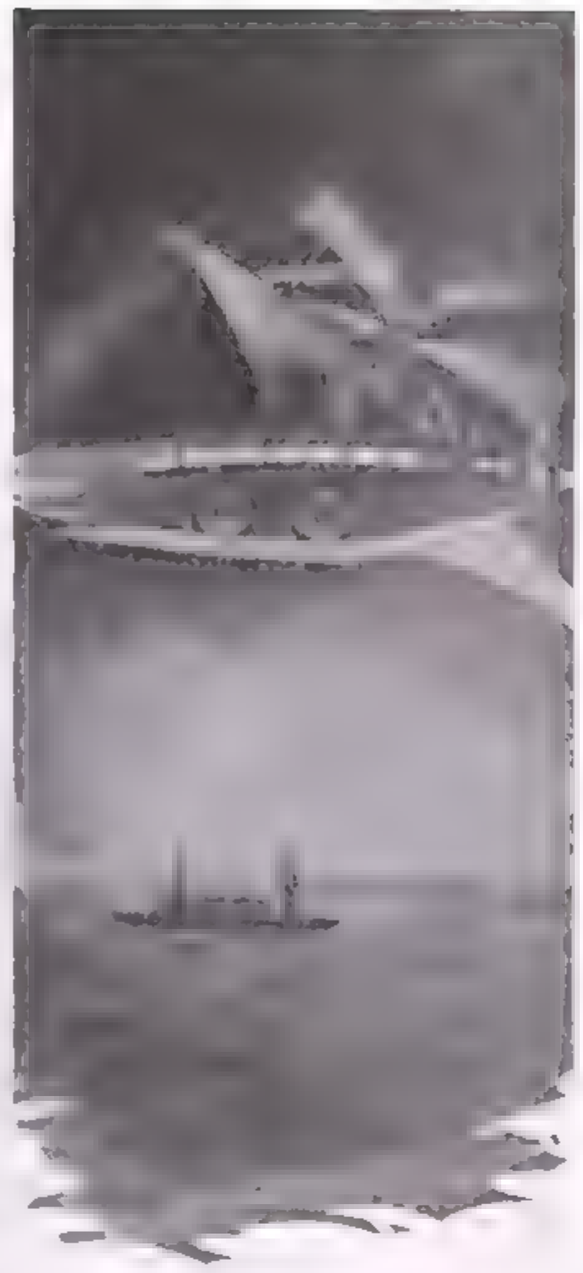
Charley nodded gravely. "That's why I went to see Tebo."

Indeed! Her nerves taut, hardly caring what she said or did, Bertha laughed. "Did you expect Tebo to get you one?" she asked; but the question, so far from arousing him, only made him smile, the smile grave. "I just wanted to talk to him, Bertha."

Bertha did not continue the topic. She was not concerned with Tebo. She was not concerned, either, with the connection between his affairs and Charley's. The connection, if any, seemed immaterial. It was when dinner had finished and she was clearing away the dinner things that the storm broke. An apron slipped over her dress, she had put the dishes in a pan and was setting the pan in the sink, and as she did so Charley came into the kitchen.

Ever since their first days at housekeeping that had been his habit. She always had been grateful, too, for this simple help. Now, however, a vast change had come over Bertha's point of view, and as he reached up for the apron he kept for himself on a hook behind the door she spoke.

"You needn't put that on," she said bluntly. (Continued on Page 121)



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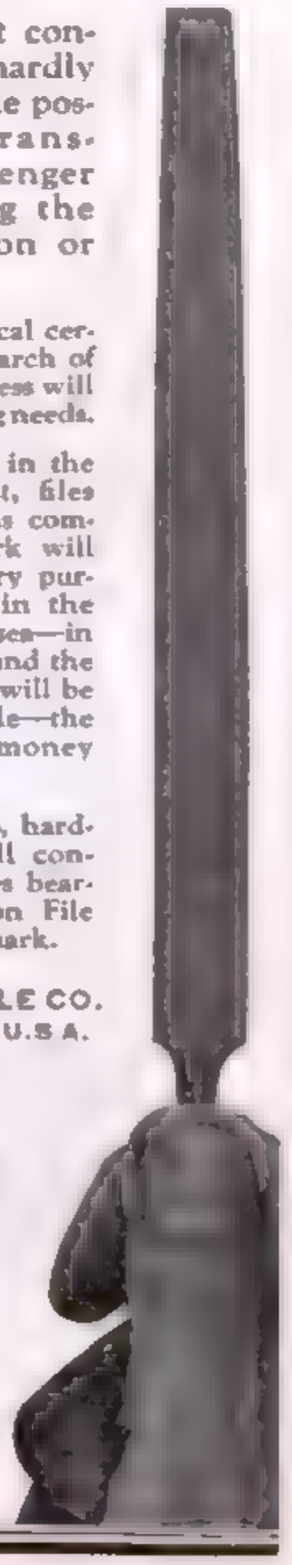

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This photo (from which the painting was made) shows the floods the Valsparred buses in Calcutta were up against. Note the Valspar ad on the bus.

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CLEAR AND IN COLORS

(Continued from Page 119)

Charley looked at her over his shoulder, the look puzzled. "What?" he asked.

Bertha turned on the hot-water faucet. The water drummed noisily in the pan. Men that were doing things, successful men, didn't waste their time pottering about their wives' kitchens. They did their appointed work, a man's work, leaving the women to do theirs. Turning off the hot water, Bertha spoke again: "Then you won't go with me to the Harnetts' this evening?"

"No, Bertha."

"Is that final?"

"Yes, dear."

"I've told you, haven't I," she added, "that Harnett has a position to give you?"

Charley merely smiled. "It makes no difference," he said fixedly, and a wave of helplessness—of hopelessness, too—swept through Bertha like a chill.

The job Harnett offered was nothing. There were other jobs. The fact that Charley Maddox refused to take it also was trivial. Equally trivial was his reason for refusing it. But what was not trivial was that stone wall of his obstinacy—worse, his downright stupidity. Bertha hardly cared now, in fact, what sort of place he was offered or took. What she began to realize now was the futility of trying to change anyone so obstinate and so stupid. Was it worth the effort? Was anything she could say or do of any use? Before she could speak again, though, Charley interrupted.

"Look here, Bertha," he said quietly, "don't you think we two are making a good deal of a to-do over little? I know how you feel of course. You think I've been an easy mark and that I've let people walk all over me and that I haven't got on in business, but how do you know all that's so? I haven't made much money, it's true, if that's what you mean; but I'm young, I am still beginning, and what is there to show that later on I won't get there? Every man has to wait his chance."

It was the word "chance" that caught her ear. "You said this morning that you'd had chances and hadn't taken them," she reminded sharply.

Charley nodded. "Crooked chances, Bertha." He added as quietly, "It's why I turned them down. I wanted to get on."

Talk! He might say that of any chance. How about the chance Harnett offered? Charley's face again had begun to have a hunted look in it. "If you knew ——" he was saying, when she cut him short. It was no time now to mince words. If Harnett was the crook Charley seemed to insinuate he was, why had Harnett stressed the fact that Charley was so honest, so much to be trusted?

"Please," he begged.

Bertha did not please. "Come! If that's the case, if he's so crooked, you so upright and all, why is he so anxious to employ you? Will you answer that?"

"It's because I *am* honest," answered Charley; "he has to have someone in his business who is. They need me, if you want to know, as a blind."

"A blind?"

"Yes." He laughed bitterly. "To blind the suckers," he added. It was like a slap in the face. Honesty, it seemed, was his only recommendation. He had nothing to make him valuable. "With Harnett—yes," said Charley, but Bertha did not heed his reply. Appalled, she was facing facts.

What she had dreaded was so. She had not dared to face it before, but now it was not to be escaped. It was as that woman, Mrs. Hodge, had intimated, the suggestion that had roused her, Bertha, to instinctive resentment and revolt. A simpleton, his only merit honesty, her husband was as that vulgar creature so vulgarly had put it, a boob. Not only that! Mrs. Hodge knew it, Harnett knew it—it was known to everyone—and she was married to him!

"Look here ——" began Charley.

Bertha gave him no chance to finish. "Don't speak to me!" she snapped. "Either you take Harnett's place, that or something as good, or I'm through, I'm done!"

"You do mean then you'll leave me?"

"I mean what I say!" she returned.

He was watching her sharply, still incredulous. "You know I love you, Bertha. You know what you mean to me. I beg you, don't drive me too far," said Charley, his voice curiously slow and painful. In it, too, was a note of warning that at another time she might have caught. But now she was past all that.

"Oh, don't bother me!" she said.

"Very well," said Charley, "that fixes it."

She did not know what fixed what, or how. She did not care. It was not till three nights later that she was to learn the meaning of that cryptic phrase. Even then she did not get it clearly. It took months for that.

x

THREE nights, then the crash. The alarm clock struck the morning after that first night of the three, its discordant clamor sounding at six—not seven, as was usual. At the first stroke Bertha's feet were on the floor. She had slept only fitfully, her mind alive with a recurrence of all the events and memories that had gone through it the past two days or more. As she knew, Charley Maddox, too, had slept only in the same fitful way, though she had not concerned herself with this; and having slipped her feet into her slippers, she spoke. "You needn't get up till you choose," she said; adding, "you can get your breakfast when you do."

She was hurrying out of the bedroom when he spoke: "Where are you going, Bertha?"

"To work. Where do you suppose?" she answered. Charley made no reply.

Hurriedly she dressed. As hurriedly she made herself a cup of coffee. She was determined not to be late that first morning at Pabst's—any other morning, either; and having gulped down the cup of coffee and nibbled at a roll, at once she put on her hat and coat. After dressing, she had not gone back into the bedroom, and picking up her gloves, she was opening the front door when she heard Charley stir abruptly.

"Bertha!" he called. "Bertha!"

Bertha didn't answer. She closed the door behind her and hurried down the stairs. It still wanted ten minutes to the hour when she reached the quick-lunch place.

For an hour or more the restaurant had been opened. It was to catch the early morning trade, small tradesmen, the saleswomen and salesmen of the big department shops, an occasional taxi driver, and so on. Pabst, the proprietor, sat in the cashier's booth, for the moment making change. "Early, ain't you?" he remarked.

Bertha smilingly nodded. "I wanted a few minutes to learn the ropes," she answered.

"That's the stuff!" said Pabst. He showed Bertha where to put her hat and coat, his eyes frankly admiring his youthful, pretty new cashier. "You 'nd me's goin' to get on fine," he grinned, giving her elbow a little squeeze as he made way for her in the cage. There was nothing in the squeeze, though, for her to resent. It was merely friendly and reassuring. She decided she would like the fat man, her employer.

"Now here's the cash register—you know how t' work it, don't you?" he said. Bertha thought she did. She had seen them frequently, at any rate, in the shops where she had traded; and what she didn't know of the machine would be easy to learn. Pabst gave her a nudge. "Here's a fellow now with his meal check. You change for him; I'll look on."

Bertha's heart beat a little swiftly. She took the check and the money, a five-dollar bill, and rang up the amount of the check on the register. As the bell rang and the money drawer sprang out at her she was a little startled; however, she made the correct change deftly, so that Pabst nodded his approval. "You'll get th' hang all right."

He handed her a small slip of paper on which were penciled the figures $164.41. "There's your cash. I jus' checked up," he explained. Then he added, "You're bonded, y' know, I gotta tell you." Bertha flushed faintly. "Don't worry, I'll keep it straight, Mr. Pabst," she said, and Pabst grinned. "I ain't worryin'. I've hired gals enough t' know what's which." Leaving Bertha then, Pabst disappeared into the kitchen at the back.

The breakfast trade was brisk. As the morning wore on she was kept busy making change and ringing up the amounts on the register. It was all thrilling to Bertha. She had, of course, never worked for pay, had employment, and in the fact that she had found the place for herself and was getting paid for what she did was a sense of achievement both real and exhilarant. She had her feet on the ground, for one thing. She could earn her own bread, she had discovered. In that was a liberation, a feeling of heady freedom all women feel once they learn they may earn their own livelihood. Nor did the humble nature of the work or its modest stipend lessen her satisfaction. She was on her own. She was no longer dependent on someone else for food and shelter, and she would stand or fall because of herself, not someone else—say, her husband, who might or might not succeed. That in itself was much—this business of having your success rest on someone else's efforts—that, or more than likely your failure because of the lack of their efforts. All women feel that, whether they admit it or not, and she was no exception. It long had galled her. Why should a woman, herself competent, be restricted like that, held back? Why should she be kept from expressing herself, save through the man to whom she was married? It was unjust, unreasonable. Thank her stars, though, Bertha no longer would have to sit by with folded hands, watching with a woman's fear while she saw the man—in this case Charley—play ducks and drakes with their fortunes. No, indeed!

There was no disloyalty in her thoughts. It all was merely facts. To use an old, homely simile, Bertha was like a bird that has just found wings.

The morning went swiftly. In the momentary novelty of her new job the afternoon, too, sped by. By now her first nervousness had gone. She no longer was flustered by either the newness of her work or her strange surroundings; and sure of herself, she took in the meal checks and made change with surety and aplomb. If it had been to shame her husband into action that she had taken a place like this, she had forgotten that phase of it now. The day's work would end at five o'clock; those were her hours, from seven to five; and it was at half-past four, when she had begun to check over the day's cash, that Bertha got her first jolt.

The door opened and a stout matronly woman came in. Instead of taking a seat at one of the tables, she bent a sharp, inquiring glance at the slender figure in the cashier's cage. The glance was astonished, vaguely suspicious as well. Pabst strolled out from the kitchen. "Hullo, momma," he drawled.

Bertha was near enough to hear a fragment of what ensued. It dealt with her, she at once grasped, and what she read in the woman's face—it was Pabst's wife, that was clear—shot her with a momentary thrill of apprehension.

With a jerk of her thumb, hardly bothering to lower her voice Mrs. Pabst said, "Why, she's a lady!"

Pabst grunted. "That ain't nothing agin her."

Perhaps not His wife, though, seemed not convinced. "You'd otta hired a work girl. I know these fine-feather ones. Why ain't she at home with her housework?"

Bertha longed to tell her why. The injustice of the chance remark was bitter, but she held her tongue, mechanically making change, while Pabst drew his wife out of range. However, though this was one jolt,

(Continued on Page 125)

More Money When You Want It

Would you rather be paid by the month? Once a week? Every day? Perhaps you'll reply, "It doesn't make much difference as long as the cash comes in." But what would you think of an arrangement that will pay you every day, and pay you *again* once a month! Well, here it is:

Here's How

You just put your "John Hancock" on the coupon below and slip it in an envelope addressed to us. That's all—for now. And then what happens? You'll simply receive a letter telling you how every day may be pay day for you as our subscription representative, no matter what kind of work you are now doing. And we offer *monthly bonus* besides!

Edwin L. Hamilton of New York found that our plan paid so liberally that he is now working for us under a yearly contract. If you can spare an hour or two now and then—that's all you need to make good with us. The amount you earn all depends upon the time you can put in the work.

Without Experience

The best part of this plan is that you need no experience to become a successful Curtis subscription representative. On the other hand, the experience you *gain* in doing this work will be worth more to you than all the money you earn in doing it. All right—here we are. Send the coupon. That's the first step.

Send the Coupon

The Curtis Publishing Company
886 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How can I get more money?

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(PLEASE PRINT)

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City .....

State ..... *Age* .....

FOURTH in four great markets with

Today, as always, America is swift to recognize outstanding merit, ingenuity and progressiveness, as evidenced by the startling readjustment in the automobile industry since last July.

Witness the way public opinion—in three short years—has shot Chrysler forward from twenty-seventh to fourth place in actual dollar sales—ahead of twenty-three notably good cars, some of them representing successes historic in the industry.

Today Chrysler is led by only three others.

The reason is obvious: Walter P. Chrysler and Chrysler engineers have been in the very heart of things since the business began—he behind the scenes toiling and planning, dreaming the dream which has come so gloriously true.

Functioning at the head of his own company—unhampered by engineering and manufacturing traditions or obsolete equip-

Chrysler "50"

FIVE BODY STYLES

$750 to $885

50 miles and more per hour

In designing and building the Chrysler "50", Walter P. Chrysler was guided by the conviction that the man who invests approximately $800 is just as much entitled to *value* as those investing more.

To this end, quality is standardized in the "50" as in all other Chrysler cars—quality which can be proven in half an hour by performance-demonstration; quality which makes the "50" the indisputable leader of its price division—with 50 miles and more per hour, 5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds, 25 miles to the gallon, full-sized family roominess.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

Chrysler "60"

SIX BODY STYLES

$1075 to $1245

60 miles plus—with ease

The Chrysler "60" realizes Mr. Chrysler's dream of a type of performance so utterly different as to convince any and everybody at once that the "60" stands alone in its field and at its price.

Drive the Chrysler "60" yourself. Its vigor, aliveness, and riding comfort—which have already brought it an overwhelming volume of popularity—will convince you that anything less in your own car will never again satisfy you.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS

CHRYSLER

PLACE four great lines of cars

ment—giving initiative and vision a free hand—Chrysler has presented to the American public, in the four Chrysler cars, revelations in brilliant performance, mastery of sparkling speed and power, ease of handling, riding comfort, motoring luxury.

Actuated by a manufacturing principle which for the first time standardized *quality*—not merely quantity—Chrysler has given the people motor-car values so indisputable as to make a decision in favor of Chrysler a foregone conclusion.

The dash, smartness, speed, power, beauty and long life of Chrysler cars—breathing the very spirit of American life—have won overwhelming preference in four great markets.

With the result that today motor-car sales records show conclusively that where others have declined Chrysler has gained; and where others have gained Chrysler has gained still more.

Drive Any Chrysler and Learn Its Actual Superiority In Its Price Field

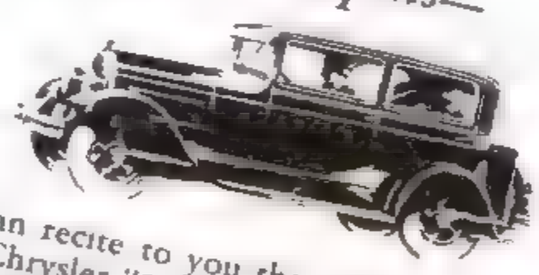
All Chrysler cars have the additional protection against theft of the Fedco System of numbering.

Chrysler "70"

EIGHT BODY STYLES

$1495 to $1795

70 miles plus—



We can recite to you the advantages of the finer Chrysler "70's" speed of 70 miles plus, its astonishing pickup of 5 to 25 miles in 7¼ seconds.

We can tell you what its 7-bearing crankshaft and impulse neutralizer contribute toward greater smoothness; how much more easily you ride because of low chassis design and unique spring suspension; and how much safer you feel because of its four-wheel hydraulic brakes.

But the *real* way to discover these things for yourself is in an extended demonstration—yourself at the wheel!

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

Chrysler Imperial "80"

TEN BODY STYLES

$2495 to $3995

80 miles plus—92 horsepower

It is perfectly obvious in the Chrysler Imperial "80" that Mr. Chrysler and his engineers have wrought performance results so rich and luxurious that you simply cannot afford to be without them.

The Imperial "80" promises you—and will reveal in your first half hour with it—delightful experiences in motoring you have not yet enjoyed—and it will continue to deliver them year after year, because it is built to the Chrysler ideal of "as fine as money can build."

All prices f.o.b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

MEAN MILES PER HOUR

SLER

-and Main Street Runs by the Farm's Front Door

WE all remember when Main Street passed the city limits . . . and became a dirt road. It's different now! . . . and shopping-center merchants know it.

When Main Street reached the farm's front door, it found and brought back eager shoppers . . . anxious for the variety, the late styles, and newest things of all kinds that the department stores stocked.

That good roads and the automobile have revolutionized the buying habits of nearly 50% of our population is a truism . . . but how complete that revolution is today still surprises many manufacturers when they know the facts.

The Country Gentleman has the facts and would be glad to present them to any manufacturer interested in greater volume.

Net Paid Circulation August, 1925, 804,000 Copies; April, 1927, 1,480,000 Copies

The Country Gentleman

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

They Live in the Country, but they Shop in Town

(Continued from Page 121)

the jolt she got a moment later overwhelmed it—a real jolt, one that for some reason struck her cold.

Close to the door stood the cashier's cage, and through all the day Bertha had felt vaguely that every person who passed was staring through the plate-glass window at her. It was as if she were on view, and what if anyone who knew her should pass? Minnie Harnett, say—she or Sophie Gershon. As Mrs. Pabst and Pabst withdrew to the kitchen and Bertha went on working, that feeling of being looked at grew. Eyes bored at her back. She could feel the eyes searching and probing. All at once she swung around on her chair.

She was right. Someone was, in fact, staring at her through the glass. It was Charley Maddox! He stood on the opposite side of the street. How long he had been there she could not know, but that it had been for some time seemed likely. His face grave, not to call it forlorn, he was peering at her fixedly. Then, as his eye caught hers, he started, his look hangdog. Turning away, Charley trudged on down the street.

It was striking six that evening when Bertha climbed the stairs to the flat. Though she was dog-tired, she began systematically to get dinner ready. As yet she had not made plans for the future. True, she had as much as threatened to leave her husband, but she yet lacked courage to take that final, obliterating step. The old story, that—the fight between heart and reason—and as she hovered over the gas cookstove she wondered numbly whether she would be forced to face the test. Curiously, though, she began to worry when at half-past six he had not come home. It was nearly seven, more than a half hour late, when she heard the front door open. Then again her irritation returned.

His manner was quiet—so much so, in fact, that another time she might have detected in it something portentous, perhaps alarming. She was too tired and too annoyed, though, to care. "The dinner's cooked to death. Where have you been?" she demanded. He mumbled a reply, and in rising irritation she repeated it, "Brooklyn? What were you doing over there?" Evasively Charley answered, "Nothing. I just went to see a man."

"At least you might be on time at meals," she returned cuttingly. She could see him wince. Doggedly, though, he made no reply.

There were no further occurrences that night. Absorbed and fidgeting endlessly, he went early to bed. She had not asked him what he had done that day—she hardly cared. In the morning she again rose hurriedly at six, dressed, then hastily got herself a cup of coffee. At seven sharp she was again in her place in the cashier's cage.

Today things did not go so well with her at Pabst's. Early in the morning she made a mistake of sixty cents in one check, and an hour later another mistake of eighty cents left her accounts short almost the entire amount of her day's pay. She would have to make it good out of her own pocket, she knew. On top of that, one of the lunchroom patrons, a flashy, slicked-haired youth whom she had seen eying her the day before, tried to thrust an adventure on Bertha. In the vernacular—the youth's—he tried to date up the new cashier, whom he addressed ingratiatingly as "dearie" and "girlie." Annoyed, not amused, though she could hardly have told why, Bertha sent him about his business with flaming ears, his look vindictive. That was not the point, though. Pabst had overheard the colloquy, and he scowled. "Here, that's no way to slam customers!" he objected; and when Bertha sought to explain, the proprietor cut her short. "Never mind! He spent his money here—you gotta remember that." After that Bertha got the impression that she was being watched, criticized. It was a trying day in all.

Again she got home at six. Again, as hastily as the night before, she began to throw the evening meal together. Tonight, however, Charley was not late. He seemed to have made a point of being home promptly at the dinner hour, but the moment he set foot inside the doorway she sensed a change in his air. It was alert, visibly feverish. Though she said nothing, she wondered what had stirred him. Had he found a position? As he said nothing of it, however, she stubbornly decided not to speak of it. At dinner, however, his new look and bearing struck her more forcibly. All at once she wondered whether he had been drinking.

They finished dinner finally. As Charley rose he halted, standing beside his chair. For two nights now, or since she had flung that taunt at him, he had not offered to help her with the household work. "I saw Ben Reade today," he said.

Bertha flashed a glance at him. "Then you let him hire you, I suppose!"

Charley winced again. It looked for an instant as if he meant to say something quick, perhaps vehement, though he didn't. "No, I didn't let him hire me," he repeated ponderously. Then, as he turned away, she heard him draw in his breath, the breath deep and prolonged, like a heavy sigh. For no reason she could tell, a little touch of apprehension ran through Bertha. There was in her a vague yet vital feeling of apprehension. Thus the evening passed; the night went too; and at seven o'clock prompt she was again back in the lunch room.

At half-past four that afternoon the blow fell. The prelude to it was the arrival, some minutes before that, of Mrs. Pabst, the proprietor's wife. A girl, one manifestly of the working class, not "just a lady," came with Mrs. Pabst. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Pabst," Bertha said pleasantly. The day had gone well, she had made no mistakes, and Pabst again had become friendly, genial. Mamma Pabst, however, surged past, affecting not to hear Bertha's greeting, and the girl with her grinned. Looking back over her shoulder as she and Mrs. Pabst entered the back kitchen, the girl grinned again, her face derisive—triumphant too. All at once white, Bertha caught her breath. She saw Pabst slouch out of the kitchen presently, his look uneasy, his manner apologetic.

"Sorry," he mumbled, "but momma 'nd me we've been talkin' it over, and ——"

Bertha had no need to hear more. "You mean I'm discharged, Mr. Pabst."

"Well, you see," said Pabst, "momma she kind of runs things here, and she's found me another cashier."

Bertha said no more. Mutely, she checked the cash in the cash drawer and turned it over to Pabst. Pabst meanwhile figured on a scrap of paper. "You're a dollar-forty short, that leaves you six-fifty-eight a comin'," he said.

Bertha silently took the money. A few minutes afterward, when she closed the door of the lunch room behind her, the last look she had of the place disclosed the girl, her successor, seating herself in the cashier's cage. The girl still was grinning with derision and victory.

How Bertha got home she hardly knew. She was not one of the sort that weakly and helplessly accepts defeat, yet the outlandish, grotesque nature of the trick fate seemed to have played on her was at the moment devastating. Just when she had found herself! Just when she was getting on her feet! Like smoke, all the airy, rosy fancies she had created were dissipated. Once again, at any rate, she was back at that same dead end of things where she had been only a day or two before; and as she climbed the stairs to the flat, a horror of the flat and all the flat involved rose up before her. It was well on past five, but she had no thought of dinner. She flung off her hat, stripped off her jacket and with the same weary inertia and sense of hopelessness she flung herself on her bed. What should she do? What escape was there for her? Then a remembrance of one of the things Pabst had said came to her: "Momma she runs things here," and at the thought Bertha laughed aloud, the dark flat ringing with it.

This is an unusual case of scale, but it shows what hard water really can do in any pipe line. Soft water eliminates scale completely.

How Much *do you pay for* WATER?

Do you realize what a tremendously destructive and costly substance hard water is, and how much money you are constantly paying out for it, not only at your factory, but in your home as well?

Try an experiment tomorrow when you go to the office. Ask your engineer how often he has to shut down his boilers to clean the scale out of them, and how much it costs for new boiler tubes, repairs and labor every time he does it. Then ask him how much money is spent monthly to repair pipe lines and plumbing.

You see, when hard water is heated it deposits a hard scale that chokes up heater coils and piping no matter what kind of piping it is. That is why you often have trouble with your hot water system, why faucets won't run properly. And if all such expenses could be added together, you would be shocked at the price you are actually paying for hard water.

But you do not need to pay anything. Soft water will eliminate these troubles forever. And you can have soft water in your factory or throughout your home as easily as you now have hard water.

Permutit Water Softening Apparatus is made in all capacities from millions of gallons daily down to the smallest home consumption. It is guaranteed to deliver crystal clear, sparkling water that is actually as soft as falling rain, and as no chemicals are added to the water, it is perfect for drinking as well as all other uses. The cost of operation is almost negligible and the initial cost, moderate. Many thousands have been in use for the last ten to fifteen years.

It will pay you to know more about Permutit Equipment. Write us for information, and be sure to state whether you contemplate using it in a boiler plant, textile mill, laundry, hotel, hospital or private home.

Capable agents for household apparatus are wanted in some districts.

The Permutit Company

APPARATUS FOR REMOVING IMPURITIES FROM WATER

Main Office: 440 Fourth Ave., New York—Branch offices and agents everywhere.

James B. Graham
President of the Lycoming Trust Company and a leading citizen of Williamsport, Pa., calls The Dictaphone an indispensable convenience for modern executives

"A great saver of time"

"It is the greatest possible convenience to have at hand," declares James B. Graham, President of the Lycoming Trust Company

You need only read his testimony to realize how much The Dictaphone can help any executive. A trial (see coupon) will convince even the most skeptical

"IT'S the greatest time-saver I ever had the privilege of using. Available day or night, before or after hours. Convenience itself."

Sharp and clear comes this statement of facts from James B. Graham, President of Lycoming Trust Company, Williamsport, Pa., the largest financial institution in Northern Central Pennsylvania. Mr. Graham is Chairman of the Board of Lycoming Manufacturing Company (makers of Lycoming Motors), of Spencer Heater Company, President of Crescent Refractories Company (makers of high-grade fire brick), and President of the Williamsport Y. M. C. A.

Directness is characteristic of this forceful man. Too busy to tolerate the cumbersome and old-fashioned, he employs the modern Dictaphone method—and gives credit where due. He continues.

"The instant availability of The Dictaphone enables me to place dictation thereon at any time and save untold time. Its greatest convenience is at odd times, when I may be in the office alone. Then I am able to dispose of many matters which may be typewritten later.

"All our executives and secretaries are thoroughly sold on The Dictaphone and would not think of returning to shorthand."

Blanche A. Seward, Secretary to Mr. Graham, transcribes all his dictation, yet has time for other duties as head of one of the departments in his bank.

"Bank work must be completed every day," says Miss Seward. "With shorthand it was almost impossible to do that, as it was possible to take dictation only after banking hours. The Dictaphone ended that and enabled me to undertake other duties.

"I would not think of going back to shorthand. And I cannot believe any girl would, if she gave The Dictaphone a fair trial."

Blanche Seward
declares that, if it weren't for The Dictaphone, she never could handle her present positions as Secretary to Mr Graham and head of a department

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☐ Please notify your nearest office and let me try the New Model 10 without obligation.

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S-5

She laughed shrilly and brokenly. So Mrs. Pabst ran things, did she? Well, she at least did it, it seemed. As for Bertha——

Six struck, then half-past six. At a quarter to seven, when Charley Maddox hurried up the stairs, then opened the door, the flat still was dark.

A sound caught his ear as he stood there, taking the key from the latch. He halted, listening. Again the sound came to him, and Charley gave a cry. His hat still on, he darted down the hall.

Bertha lay outstretched on the bed, face downward and her face buried in the pillow. A deep, dry sob racked her anew, and fumbling, frantic almost, Charley switched on the light. "Bertha! Little girl!" mumbled Charley. He had her in his arms then, and curling an arm about his neck, Bertha was racked with still another sob. How could she ever tell him?

She did, however. "I—I lost my job. I got fired too," she wept.

She was prepared to hear him laugh. The tables had been turned, hadn't they, by that confession of defeat? But Charley Maddox didn't laugh. She felt his arms tighten about her, their constriction fierce. Then, his face, hot if not feverish, was pressed as fiercely to hers.

"You poor, poor little girl!" he said.

That note of pity, its regret as profound as it was sincere, drew the tears from her afresh, but as she sought to draw him closer, a sob wrenching her slight figure, all at once he freed himself. "Sit up!" he said sharply.

With one hand Charley caught her by the arm. With the other he fumbled in his pocket. Even in her distress, Bertha saw and was dazed by the sudden fire in his voice and looked. "Here, take a look at that!" he said, his voice cracking as he spoke, and he thrust a strip of paper toward her.

Bertha gazed at it. She had struggled to a sitting position and was dabbing at the moisture in her eyes. "What is it?" she faltered.

"Read it, can't you?" he repeated.

She read it then, and as the significance of the paper and its inked-in lettering and numerals dawned upon her, she stared at it open-mouthed. A bank check—written on its face were the words: "Pay to the order of Charles Maddox sixteen thousand dollars."

Sixteen thousand! White to the lips, Bertha looked up at him. "Where did you get it?" she whispered.

"I made it," answered Charley. As he spoke he gazed at her fixedly.

He did not tell her how he had made it. He left unsaid, too, where he had made it. All at once, the movement abrupt, he reached down and drew Bertha to her feet. "Here, stop crying!" he said harshly. "It's all right, you don't have to worry now! I've got you the money, haven't I?" He had, indeed—or so it would seem; but before she could speak she felt herself caught up, swept into his arms again. As he crushed her to him she could feel him shake.

"Charley!" she gasped.

Charley let her go. His face afire, he spoke.

"Doll yourself up, Bertha. Put on that dress you bought. We'll go somewhere and raise hell!" said Charley, and as he said it Bertha's heart leaped, a throb of realization and attainment leaped like a flame through her veins.

"Charley!" she gasped again.

He did not seem to hear her though. He had turned away before she could twine her arms about his neck, and putting the check on the dressing table, he stared down at it, his eyes all at once again drawn and tired.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GALLEY PROOF

(Continued from Page 23)

"That crowd," said Don, "want me to go away. By the time I get back to the office most of the merchants will have withdrawn their business."

"'Tain't right," said Pliny.

"So," said Don, "I want to make a deal with you. I'm going to teach these folks what advertising is all about. You say your business runs about forty thousand a year. That's thirty-three hundred a month."

"Jest about."

"If you were the only advertiser, you'd have an advantage over your competitors—if you advertised right."

"Mebby so."

"I've got a scheme that won't cost you a cent if it doesn't work—and will make you money if it does."

"I'm listenin'."

"Let me take charge of your advertising, on this basis: You to pay me monthly 10 per cent on all business you do over thirty-three hundred dollars. If it runs under or exactly that, you don't pay a cent."

"Can't see no harm in it," said Pliny.

"But," said Don, "you've got to be able to find things."

"Seems as though."

"Then," said Don, "let's go into that."

III

AS A RESULT of this conversation, there were lights in the Big White Store far into the night, and for two days before the next issue of the Sugar Hollow Sentinel appeared the store was closed to the public. Don practically ceased to be a newspaper man and labored with Pliny and his clerks as they rearranged and checked and classified the stock. It was no small task.

Merchant after merchant canceled his advertising contract, nor did Don make the slightest effort to argue them into continued patronage. . . . Then, on Thursday, the Sentinel appeared—and nine-tenths of its advertising space was monopolized by the Big White Store. And such advertising! Sugar Hollow forgot or neglected the news, the editorials, the personals, and devoted itself to reading of prices, of values, of the benefits to be derived from trading at the Big White Store.

Don strolled down the street to see. The store was crowded; curiosity had brought the town to its door. And before the door Don met Prosecutor Ellsworth, engaged in the pleasant occupation of escorting Iris Noble. The young gentlemen lifted their hats.

"I take it this is your party," Ellsworth said pleasantly, nodding at the store.

Don paused; but before he could speak, Iris, with a glint in her eye, said to her companion, "I'm going inside a moment. You don't mind waiting, do you?" And with that she abandoned him precipitately.

Ellsworth stared after her and shook his head.

"You never can tell about 'em," he said plaintively. "She just said she didn't want to go in."

Don smiled wryly. "'Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety.' Also, circumstances alter cases."

"I told the crowd," said Ellsworth, "they were foolish to antagonize you."

"I don't mind being antagonized," said Don. "Look at the fun I'm having."

"There'll be a lot of uneasy merchants before night," Ellsworth said; and then, with admiration in eyes and tone—"This was a smart scheme."

"They didn't decide to give me the county advertising, did they?"

"It wasn't just the right day for it."

Don's eyes sought the door of the Big White Store, but Iris remained invisible. He guessed she would remain invisible until he took himself away, and on the whole, he was not displeased. The thing had resolved itself into a sort of game, he trying to get himself presented to her, she mischievously making an introduction impossible. He

(Continued on Page 129)

CRAFTSMANSHIP

An Italian Renaissance Center Piece by the Gorham Master Craftsmen

RARELY in this machine age do you find such standards of craftsmanship and tradition as are Gorham's. Here, indeed, is a survival of the old guild spirit. Master Craftsmen working with the same skill and in the same deft manner as those early silversmiths whose productions you admire in museums.

A creation like the centerpiece above could be produced only under such artistic conditions: and by such Craftsmen. By men whose entire lives have been devoted to their art, whose terms of Gorham Master Craftsmanship are measured by quarter and half centuries.

It is they who create the beautiful Gorham Sterling silverware which is displayed by your jeweler.

Frederick E. Coppage, one of the chasers of the special creation shown above. For 30 years a Gorham Master Craftsman, Mr. Coppage still devotes his skill to the creation of Gorham Sterling

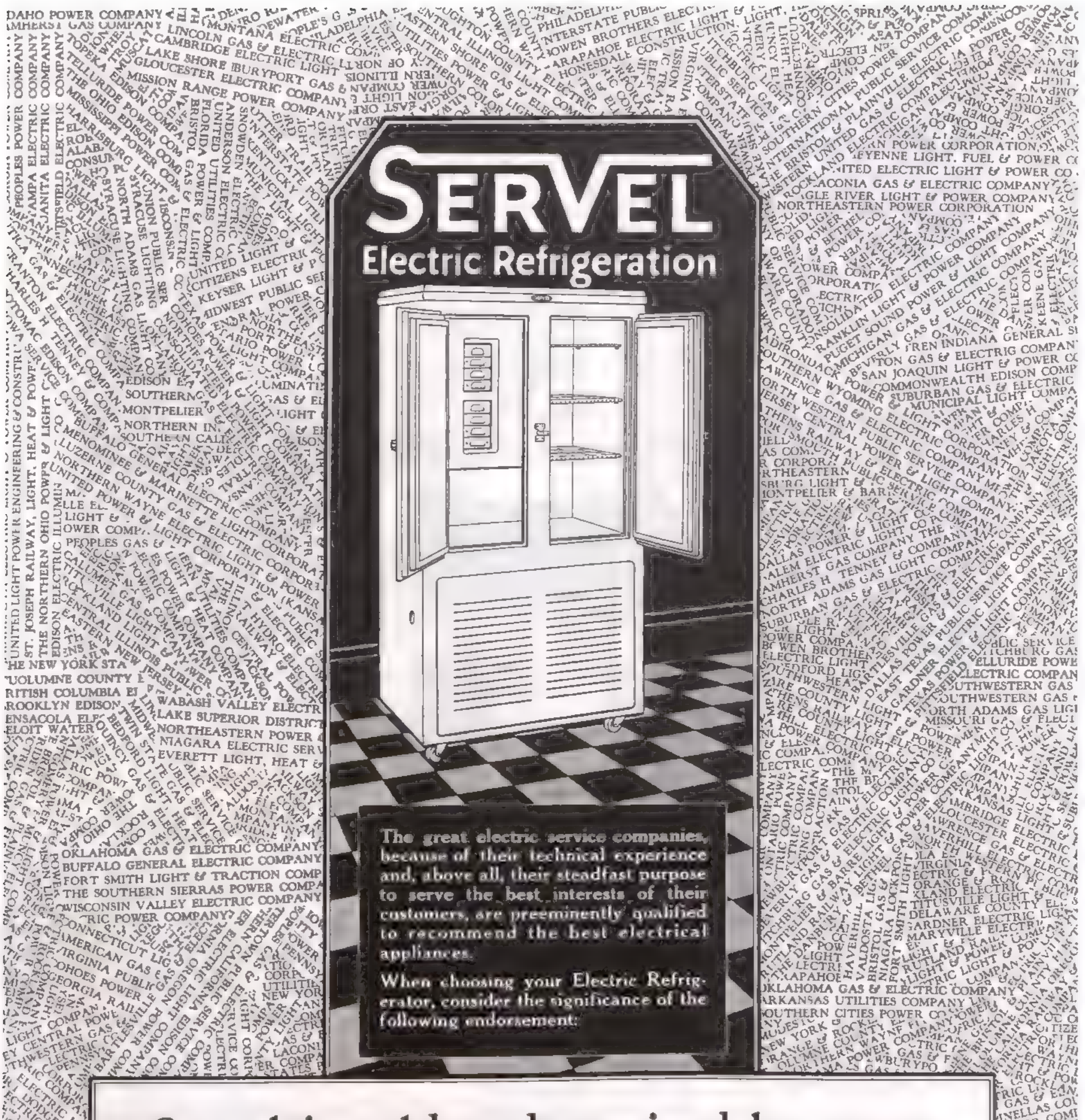
Specially wrought and decorated by hand for a prominent customer.

GORHAM

PROVIDENCE, R. I. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Member of the Sterling Silversmiths' Guild of America

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS


SERVEL
Electric Refrigeration
The great electric service companies, because of their technical experience and, above all, their steadfast purpose to serve the best interests of their customers, are preeminently qualified to recommend the best electrical appliances.
When choosing your Electric Refrigerator, consider the significance of the following endorsement:
Servel is sold and serviced by more electric light and power companies than any other refrigerator . . .

(Continued from Page 126)

nodded to Ellsworth, who, rumor said, was going to marry Miss Noble.

"Well," he said, "I'll be getting along. It looks as if I was going to have to take a rabbit out of a hat."

"Make sure it isn't a wildcat," said Ellsworth.

"It's got long ears," said Don earnestly. "So it's either a bunny or a donkey. Neither of 'em scratch."

A week passed and a second edition of the Sentinel appeared, with the Big White Store occupying almost all its advertising space. Results had been eminently satisfactory for Pliny Adams and for Don. How satisfactory matters had proved for the other merchants of the village he was waiting to see. He judged they could not be altogether gratifying, for a town has but so much money to spend each week, and Pliny had been getting the lion's share of it. There had been attractive daily specials—a sale of shop-worn commodities on the third floor and an astute dropping of prices so that competitors were undersold. The clearance sale on the third floor had served two excellent purposes. It had removed a mass of clutter and it had attracted a lot of that sort of custom which will buy anything if offered cheap enough. Pliny's gross sales mounted to a figure approximating three thousand dollars—a condition which could not maintain itself beyond the day of novelty and rummage sales, but which must have cut sadly into the takings of other merchants. Don pointed out editorially the power of advertising.

On Monday after the second week of it, Porter's Cash Grocery surrendered. Mr. Porter came dourly across the street and into the office. "I decided to take up advertisin' ag'in," he said.

"Ah?" said Don.

"Here's my ad," he continued, tossing a paper on the desk.

"Sorry," said Don. "We haven't room."

"Eh? What's that?"

"Our space is sold," said Don.

"Say, but that hain't right! I got as much right to advertise as PlinyAdams has. Now you listen here ——"

"This," said Don, "is my busy day."

"Pliny's hoggin' all the business."

"He's going after it."

"Well, I got to go after it, too, hain't I?"

"Not in this paper," said Don. "Space all sold."

"Now you listen here to me ——"

"Besides, I can't bother with an ad of that size, nor with one insertion."

"How about the week after?"

"Mr. Adams will take what he has now. Anyhow, you don't believe in advertising."

"I didn't," said Mr. Porter.

Don considered. "There's just one way you can get back in this paper—that's to use space on a yearly contract and at a price based on our new circulation."

"What you mean?"

"If you want to contract for a year to use a half page a week at twenty cents an inch, I'll consider it—that or nothing."

Mr. Porter argued, he fumed, he spluttered, but in the end he capitulated, and having done so he boasted to competitors that he was back in the Sentinel again. It was the beginning of the end. Merchant after merchant came in, blustered, pleaded, but ended by putting his name on the dotted line. As a result of the boycott, Don multiplied by four the total inches of space he sold and by five the revenue from his advertising.

IV

DOCTOR NOBLE, whose chief claim to immortality in Don's eyes was his paternal relationship to Iris, was a caller at the Sentinel office. "Young man," he said, "I've expected great things of you."

"But my promise doth outrun performance, eh?" Don asked gravely.

"Exactly," said the doctor. "I have shown conditions to you, but you have done nothing, and you can." The doctor was by way of being a blunt man. "In spite of your age," he said, "and your size, you have ability."

"A small bullet once killed a big bear," said Don. "Also suits for libel are never frosting on an editor's cake."

"Conditions are intolerable."

"You know it," said Don, "and I'm willing to believe it, but what about twelve good men and true? Especially"—he paused and eyed the doctor whimsically—"if all the machinery and the can of oil belong to the other fellow."

"You mean?"

"I mean that I'm not shooting an arrow into the air to fall to earth I know not where."

"I know that drugs are being smuggled in and sold; I know that the liquor traffic is enormous"

"There was an old fellow who said he could lift the earth if he could find a place to rest his lever."

"I don't follow you."

"Gossip," said Don, "makes a rotten fulcrum. It's apt to crumble when the pressure comes."

"But I know!"

"Can you sit in the witness box and lift your right hand and swear and name names and places and dates?"

The doctor considered and frowned. "No," he admitted.

"Then," said Don, "let's keep the shirt on the back and not wave it in the air. A fighter who telegraphs his punch generally listens to the referee counting ten. It took the boys a few centuries to build Rome, but a crazy fat man with a fiddle burned it in a night."

"I wonder," said the doctor, "if you are dodging the issue. Are you side-stepping, young man?"

"I'll admit," said Don, with a gleam in his eye, "that I'm more interested right now in the county printing than I am in the county morals."

"At least," said the doctor, not without disgust, "you are frank at last."

"The defendant, being required to plead," said Don, "stood mute."

"And well you may," said the good doctor, and with a sigh of great disappointment, he turned on his worn heel and left the office.

"Now," said Don to himself, "for the dirty work."

He turned to his rickety typewriter and with his most skillful three-finger technic tapped upon it for an hour; then, with the copy in his hand, he went out to the composing room to meet Jake's vindictive stare.

"Jake," he said, "set this stuff two-column measure in eight point; strike a proof and then hide the form in the coal cellar. Did you ever forget anything?"

"I forgit almost everythin'," said Jake mildly.

"It makes me proud of you. I bet I raise you yet. When this is set, forget it"

"I don't gen'ally read what I'm settin' up," Jake said. "I jest stick the type."

"At-a-boy! Now become industrious! Scratch gravel! Your reward awaits in heaven."

"I'm a freethinker," said Jake.

"Jake," said Don confidentially, "I admit you're free. You're white because Saturday night just passed, and you're twenty-one. But you're no thinker. The reward stands."

When Don returned to the office, Jake swung upon Horrible and fixed him with a malignant glare. "Kid," he demanded, "did you hear what the boss said?"

"I dote on hearin' him talk," said Horrible.

"But it don't add up to nothin' reasonable," Jake objected.

"Alla same," said Horrible, "it sounds kind of soothin'"

"Git to work," said Jake mildly, "and shet your mouth."

For a considerable time there was vocal silence. Jake's sentient right hand darted between case and stick until line after line of type grew under his left thumb; stickful after stickful was transferred to the stone, until a double column was ready to lock in the form. Then he inked a roller, struck off a proof and carried it, damp and clinging, to Don Oakes. "There she be," he said pridefully.

"Jake," said Don, "you're a printer."

"Boss," said Jake, "I druther stick type than go to the opery. . . . Now about that there reward in heaven ——"

"Jake," said Don very seriously, "it's optional. You can take it or leave it. Here, give me that jawbone."

"Eh?"

"I'm going out to smite the Philistine—with a galley. If Samson had owned a newspaper, he wouldn't have had to hunt up a deceased ass."

Jake glared balefully, swallowed until his Adam's apple bobbed up and down like a cork on a fish line in a school of perch—and he withdrew hastily.

"Horrible," he said when once again safe in his own domain, "he's gittin' wuss an' wuss. If he'd make motions with his hands, I'd understand him better."

"Golly!" said Horrible enviously. "And I never heard him!"

Don, with his galley proof carefully folded in an inside pocket, went out upon the street; his dilapidated automobile was in the livery barn around the corner. But he did not reach it without interruption, for as he neared the bank a very small, petite, graceful young woman, with marvelously large eyes and miraculously slender ankles, came out of that institution of finance. She saw him and stopped. Don was not only surprised—he was a trifle aggrieved. This was not playing their game.

"Mr. Oakes," she said.

He lifted his hat. "You have the advantage of me," he said. "Your face is familiar, but I can't seem to place you."

She did not smile: the humor which had until then lain deep in her eyes was quenched, and they were cold and unfriendly. "The game is ended," she said. "I find I do not care to play with you."

"Did I renege or trump your ace?"

"I think you chose an excellent word—renege. . . . I have been talking to my father. He is bitterly disappointed. I don't know why he should have done so, but he built great hopes upon you, Mr. Oakes."

"Ah?" said Don.

"And so," she said, "I do not care to play games with you. One likes the other players at least to be honest."

Don nodded. "Yes, I deal off the bottom and I try to keep an ace up my sleeve. I've even rung in a cold deck."

"And," she said icily, "you've not the decency to be ashamed"

"Shame," said Don, "is a weakness of lesser natures. As for me, I'm bad and bold, and I shall mount the scaffold with a ribald song on my lips."

"So," said Iris, "I want you to know that I do not care to know you. My friends," she said, "need not be brilliant, but they must be trustworthy."

"So fleet the works of men," said Don, "back to their earth again. Ancient and holy things fade like a dream. . . . Now you understand that you are oppressively ancient."

"I think that is all," she said, turning away.

"On the whole," said Don, "I would say it was ample."

Nevertheless, he was not smiling so merrily as he turned the corner and entered the livery. Moreover, he was wondering "How," he asked of circumambient ether, "can she be contemplating marriage with Mr. Prosecutor Ellsworth, of the courthouse crowd, if her ethical perceptions have such a razor edge?"

However, he did not linger upon the inquiry, but climbed into his car and set off toward the courthouse at such speed as was commensurate with the motor's capabilities.

In the corridor he encountered Deputy Mosher, surnamed Big-Foot for sufficient reasons. "Ah," he said, "my rough little playmate! And are the supervisors convened?"

(Continued on Page 132)

CRACKPROOF

The garden hose which renders

Maximum Service

Sunproof is the same hose with an attractive red cover

Your dealer can supply

CRACKPROOF
OR
SUNPROOF

Manufactured by

PIONEER RUBBER MILLS

Rapidly becoming the world's largest manufacturer of garden hose

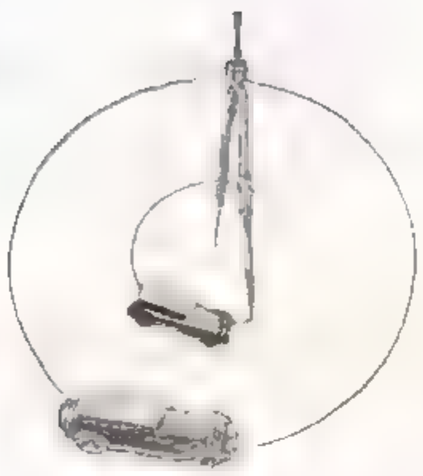
New York · Chicago · San Francisco
Seattle · Tacoma · Portland
Salt Lake City · Denver · Los Angeles

"Wa-al, Sir! T*hat's yer proof!*"

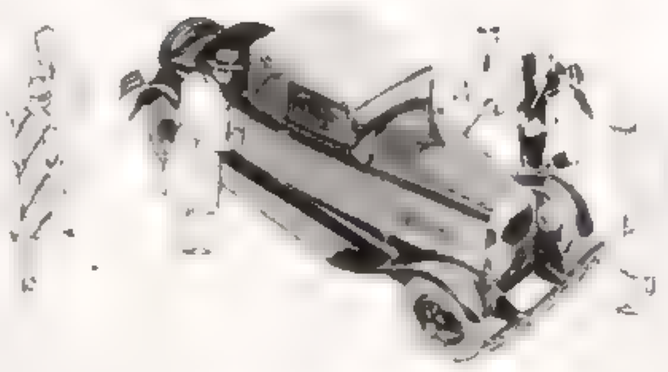
No "fish" story this time—long experience in Bill's home has proved the dependability of the Blue Bird Scale . . . for careful canning, checking purchases, mailing packages etc

The Blue Bird is trim blue enamel, weighs to 25 pounds *by ounces*, and has a convenient adjuster. $2.75 at your local store—or $3 postpaid, direct from factory.

AMERICA'S FIRST TRULY



What $1895 the little



—the greatest new idea in years in motor car manufacture

—an automobile made small but with all the luxury and good taste of the major fine cars—and with these outstanding characteristics:

Performance that issues a standing challenge to anything in traffic or on the open road—70 honest miles per hour, if you care to go that fast. Fastest acceleration ever known—45 to 50 miles per hour in second gear.

Its line-eight motor is really a miracle of power and stamina . . . The highest ratio of actual power to piston displacement of any stock engine . . . Designed for super-acceleration and flexibility . . . *Equi-distant down-draft manifolding* which completely gets rid of the "starved" cylinder problem in a line-eight motor. This means absolutely even explosions under all conditions down to less than two miles per hour in high gear . . . no buckling . . . no labor . . . *No discernible vibration period* at any speed . . . *Cooled to prevent over-heating* in high altitudes or on the stiffest climbs . . . *Force-feed lubrication* and the most advanced method of oil purification . . . *Completely built in the Marmon factories* to precision standards which heretofore have been employed only in the most expensive cars.

Riding ease which owners say they have never known in cars of any size or price. Instead of crashing into bumps or chuck-holes, you seem to "canoe" over them, even at higher speeds.

This is due partly to extremely long springs—longer in proportion to wheel-base than any other car. The ends of the springs are gripped by *husky rubber knuckles*, instead of metal shackles—thereby dampening out many sharp road shocks. In addition, *Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers*, previously found only in the largest and most costly cars, are engineered into the design.

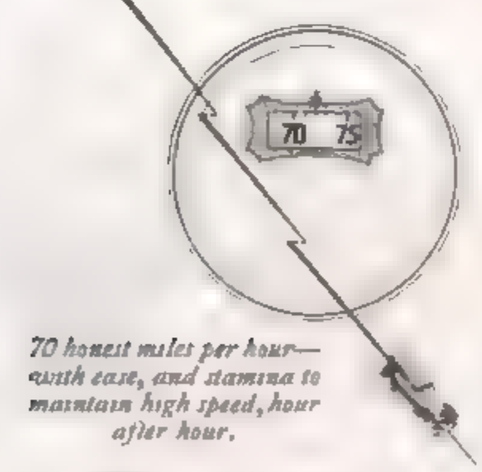
Lightning-quick handling. Short turning radius, combined with light, wristy steering which does not transmit the slightest road shock; quiet, easy gear shift; and ankle-action clutch and brake pedals.

Four-wheel brakes, of course, of the most positive and dependable type—brakes that stay equalized and are thoroughly protected from oil, mud or water.

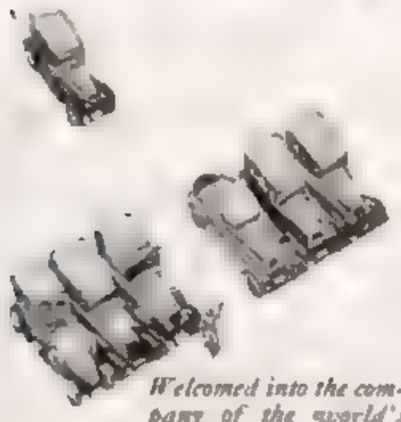
Durability and stamina guaranteed, first by Marmon precision methods and two years of testing under every conceivable road and climatic condition—and now attested to by owners whose experience with the car extends over many thousands of miles.

It will turn in a narrower street and park in a smaller space—and with less effort.

Lightning-quick traffic agility which is never challenged twice—by the same car.



70 honest miles per hour—with ease, and stamina to maintain high speed, hour after hour.



Welcomed into the company of the world's finest and most expensive cars.

The little MARMON 8

COMPANION TO THE LARGE MARMON (SERIES 75)

FINE SMALL CAR

REGISTRATIONS
in nearly every state show Marmon's percentage of gain to be one of the most rapid in the entire history of the industry.

will buy in MARMON 8

As a result of its many distinctive differences, no automobile in recent years has received such a rousing welcome

—for it is a car so new and refreshing in what it is and what it will do, yet so sound in conception, that it points the direction of an entire industry.

In a word, it seems to have most accurately expressed most people's ideas of what the smaller type of car would eventually be—but never had been to date.

A mere thirty minutes behind the wheel seems to be about all that's required to win 'most anyone over.

STANDARD EQUIPMENT

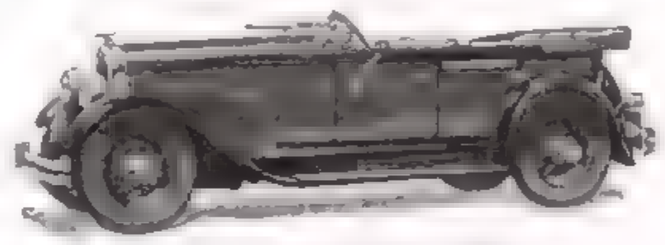
All equipment, except spare tire and cover, is included in the list price of the car. This equipment includes: Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers; bumpers front and rear, double rear-view mirror, vacuum type windshield cleaner, cigar lighter; unusually complete instruments, including electric clock, gasoline quantity gauge, and heat indicator on instrument board; Fedco theft protection and all of the other conveniences which you would naturally expect in a truly fine car. Every Marmon car is therefore ready for the road when delivered to you.

Under the Marmon Credit Plan you can take delivery of a new little Marmon 8 upon a very moderate down payment.

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS

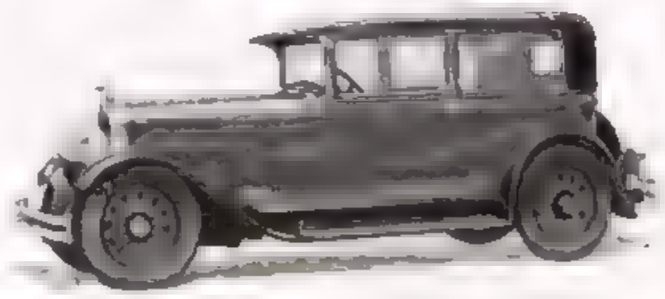
Complete line now on view in all leading Marmon establishments

Two-Passenger Speedster, $1895
(with rumble seat)

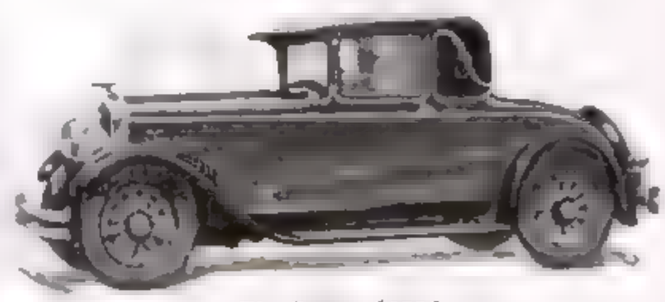


Four-Passenger Speedster, $1965

Four-Door Sedan, $1895



Two-Door Sedan, $1795



The Coupe, $1895
(with rumble seat)

Collapsible Coupe-Roadster, $1995
(with rumble seat)

All prices f. o. b. Indianapolis, Indiana

Get a *New* VISION from your VACATION this year

TWO BILLION DOLLARS

That's the value of mineral production in Utah to date. Most [illegible] resources have barely been touched. The world's largest surface copper mine, the largest silver mines in the United States are in Utah, and near Salt Lake City is the world's largest smelting center. The value of Utah's mineral production in 1926 was $119,270,000, or more than two and one-quarter million dollars each week.

And in dividends, metal mining companies operating in Utah paid in 1926 $[illegible]. Last year Utah furnished 21% of the nation's silver, 18% of the lead and 13% of the copper.

In the 210 known minerals in Utah, modern industry has available practically every raw material needed for manufacturing. Salt Lake City, with an average temperature of 52 degrees, has an ample supply of labor and in the comparatively mild climate, lower cost of living is the rule, which means lower cost of production.

Utah is the steel state of the west, supplying the Pacific Coast and the Orient with pig iron.

The immensity of Utah's coal resources staggers the imagination. The state has enough coal to supply the entire United States at the present rate of consumption for 250 years. Much of the coal is coking, for which new uses are rapidly arising. Salt Lake City is the center of the radio manufacturing industry of the west.

It is one of the most important centers for air mail in the United States, the diverging point to Pacific Coast cities.

In 1926 Utah produced approximately one-third of the alfalfa seed grown in the United States, leading all northern states in yield per acre.

There are 37 packing plants in Utah, including the largest pea cannery in the world.

STOP OVER in Salt Lake City at *no added transportation cost* and let your vacation put you into step with the *great opportunities available here for capital*

You will feel the pulse of this great empire where wealth is created out of easily available raw materials. Few cities in the United States offer to the manufacturer or branch distributor so many of the fundamental requisites for economical production and distribution as does this aggressive metropolis.

Utah's mineral production last year was valued at $119,270,000—think of it!—over two and one-quarter million dollars each week! Utah leads all states in silver production, is second in lead, third in copper and fourth in gold. See some of these wealth-producing mines, near Salt Lake City. At Bingham you see giant electric and steam shovels digging into a solid mountain of copper ore—a bigger job than the digging of the Panama Canal! And as for scenery and recreation, Salt Lake City—brimming with historic lore—is one of the *most beautiful and interesting cities in the world.* Take a dip in the waters of the Great Salt Lake at Saltair Beach, where you float like a cork in invigorating water 22 per cent salt. Scenery rivalling that of Switzerland is seen in the *seven rock-walled canyons* winding through mountains that slope skyward from the very edge of the city. Here is the point of departure for the famed wonderlands of Utah—*Zion National Park, Bryce Canyon, Cedar Breaks, Kaibab Forest and the north rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado,* and also to *Yellowstone* and fifty-six other national parks and monuments.

See for yourself this immense wealth of scenery and of opportunity. Do it this summer!

Salt Lake City

"Center of SCENIC AMERICA"

The MAYOR, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah. Dept. S-2.

I am planning to visit Salt Lake City this summer. Please send booklets checked.

Mineral Survey	Agriculture & Livestock in Utah	Points of Interest
☐	☐	☐

Name

Address

City State

(Continued from Page 129)

"No," said Big-Foot; "they're holdin' a meetin'."

"That puts an entirely new face on the matter," said Don. "And our efficient sheriff—is he part of the environment?"

"What?" demanded Mr. Mosher.

"Environment — you know — environment."

"I cal'late to tell him you said that about him," said Big-Foot threateningly. "And for two cents I'd heave you through that door right now fur it."

"Big-Foot," said Don confidentially, "it isn't worth it. If it was I'd not begrudge the money. Now move one pace to the left and stand at attention. I am about to pass regally. . . . I hope Mrs. Mosher is well," he said over his shoulder.

"There hain't none," said Big-Foot.

"And you that fetching! How have you ever escaped the women?"

Big-Foot blinked and worked his huge hands, but inaction lay heavily upon him. He could think of but one thing to do, and for some mysterious reason felt himself disinclined to take that course. But he did select from his vocabulary its choicest morsels and muttered them for the alleviation of his suffering.

Don eyed the outer office of the supervisors' department and announced himself.

"And," he said, "you may say, if there seems a trifling reluctance to see me, that I shall be entertaining. I may even be engrossing, if you get what I mean."

"I don't," said the clerk, "and neither will nobuddy else."

"At last," said Don, "the weary traveler came to the gracious land of double negatives. . . . Pass, friend with the countersign."

Presently Supervisor Mather appeared. "What's wanted?" he demanded.

"Such a number of things," said Don, "that I think we should all be as happy as kings."

"Talk sense."

"I only talk sense inside," said Don, and he walked past the frowning official into the smoky room, where were assembled the two other supervisors, the sheriff and Prosecutor Ellsworth. He paused and smiled ingratiatingly. "It is met!" he said. "The full pack, with Bagheera the Panther and Baloo the Bear."

"And the bear has a sore ear," said Ellsworth, quick on the uptake. "I don't know, however, if I qualify as the black panther."

"Sometimes," said Don, "I wonder myself. But time will tell."

The sheriff smote the table. "Say what you got to say and git."

"I've come," said Don mildly, "for the county advertising."

Ellsworth ceased to smile at this, and out of cautious watchful eyes studied Don Oakes' face.

The sheriff laughed raucously.

"A laugh in the hand," said Don, "is worth two wiped off the face."

"Git!" said the sheriff, rising to his ample feet.

"Wait!" said Prosecutor Ellsworth sharply.

"I'd rather talk to one intelligent man," said Don, "than to bring ninety-nine numskulls to the lecture."

"Lay them on the table," said Ellsworth evenly.

"I take it," said Don, "that the interest of this assembly is not so much in good government, nor yet the ennoblement of politics, as it is in legal tender. I appeal not to your minds and hearts, but to your pocketbooks."

"Go on."

"You stand," said Don, "to make, I believe, something in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million—which, even split five or six or seven times, is estimable money."

There was a sudden hush, a pregnant hush. Each man leaned forward as if he felt the need of bringing his ears nearer to the speaker.

"A good reporter," said Don, "gets the news. That is axiomatic. It is news when a county plans to build twenty-odd miles of splendid motor highway over a mountain, to say nothing of a bridge over a torrent."

The sheriff uttered a single syllable, but it came from his heart.

"It is a needed improvement," said Don, "and I am for it heartily. Nor do I see any extra special grave moral reason why gentlemen with advance information should not profit by it in a more or less honest way."

"What you mean?"

"I mean," said Don, "the two so-called Paget towns. I believe there are, approximately, twenty-three thousand acres in a town. Multiplied by two makes a considerable area. That timberland, isolated and remote, is worth possibly ten dollars an acre. With a broad road, capable of being used twelve months in the year, the value would rise to, say, conservatively, twelve and a half to fifteen dollars an acre. Am I right?"

The sheriff was on his feet. "If you'll tell me who tipped you off, I'll give you a thousand dollars cash money."

"Privileged communication," said Don. "You boys are about to close with the Paget estate for ten dollars, on liberal terms. Whereupon, in due time, the new road and bridge will be announced, and you will sell to the High Mountain Lumber and Pulp Company for a pleasing profit. . . . I have no objection. Maybe it isn't strict ethics, but you can't be sent to jail for it."

"What do you want—a slice?" demanded the sheriff.

"I want two things. First, I want to sit in on the letting of the contracts—to see that the people of this county get what they pay for. I'm announcing there will be no graft in this piece of construction. Second, I want the county printing and the legal notices."

"You git neither!" roared the sheriff.

"See how the story looks in type," said Don, throwing the galley proof on the table, "and then reflect. I doubt if the Paget estate would care to sell in the circumstances. . . . You see, with my circulation and advertising in its present state, I am doing nicely. With the county printing, I would luxuriate. In short, I would be safe from you gentlemen, and that is my desire. So far I've never gunned for one of you, and you've been taking pot shots at me from behind every tree. Now speak quick, because we are making up the Sentinel."

The sheriff opened his thick lips to roar defiance, but Prosecutor Ellsworth held up a restraining palm. "You win," he said.

"On both counts?"

"Both."

Don smiled in a vague, mild, helpless sort of way. "You gentlemen overwhelm me," he said.

"Bub," said Sheriff Fox harshly, "the's been a leak. Tell me who spilled this to you and I'll ——"

"Sheriff," said Don, "it would surprise you if you knew all I know, and how I learned it. And many, many times I'm a good guesser. . . . By the way, I'm planning to make the Sentinel a biweekly. You've no idea how this helps to do it."

"Huh!"

"I'll hold this piece in type until the official award is made. Then I'll break it up. But stay put, gentlemen. No little humorous shenanigan. And so, thanking you for your kind attention, I will now close."

He did not offer to shake hands, but stepped to the door. "You've no idea," he said, "how I enjoy running a country newspaper. . . . Good afternoon."

In the White House at Washington the rare fine luster of

Vitralite

The Long-Life Enamel

THE FAMOUS EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

LAST summer when the White House, the official home of the President of the United States, was redecorated, Vitralite, *the Long-Life Enamel,* was the only enamel used to embellish the beautifully paneled woodwork in this historic mansion. Here, as in foreign buildings of state, where diplomats, ambassadors, governors, presidents and even royalty meet, Vitralite serves as a background for colorful and brilliant scenes.

Chosen for *economy*, as well as for beauty and durability, more Vitralite is used in modest homes than in prominent and costly buildings. However, it does not shriek for popularity on a price per gallon basis. It is rich in beauty but low in cost because a little of it goes a long way. That is why you may have it in your home, at the cost of a cheap enamel. Vitralite is so durable that it is guaranteed for three years, whether used inside or *outside*.

FREE SAMPLE PANEL

finished with Vitralite will be sent you, with names of dealers, on request. In addition to the White, in both Gloss and Eggshell finish, Vitralite is made in Ivory, Cream, Pearl Gray, Putty Gray, all in Gloss and Eggshell; Chinese Blue and Leaf Green in Gloss only. We will also send you a color card showing these beautiful tints.

P & L Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

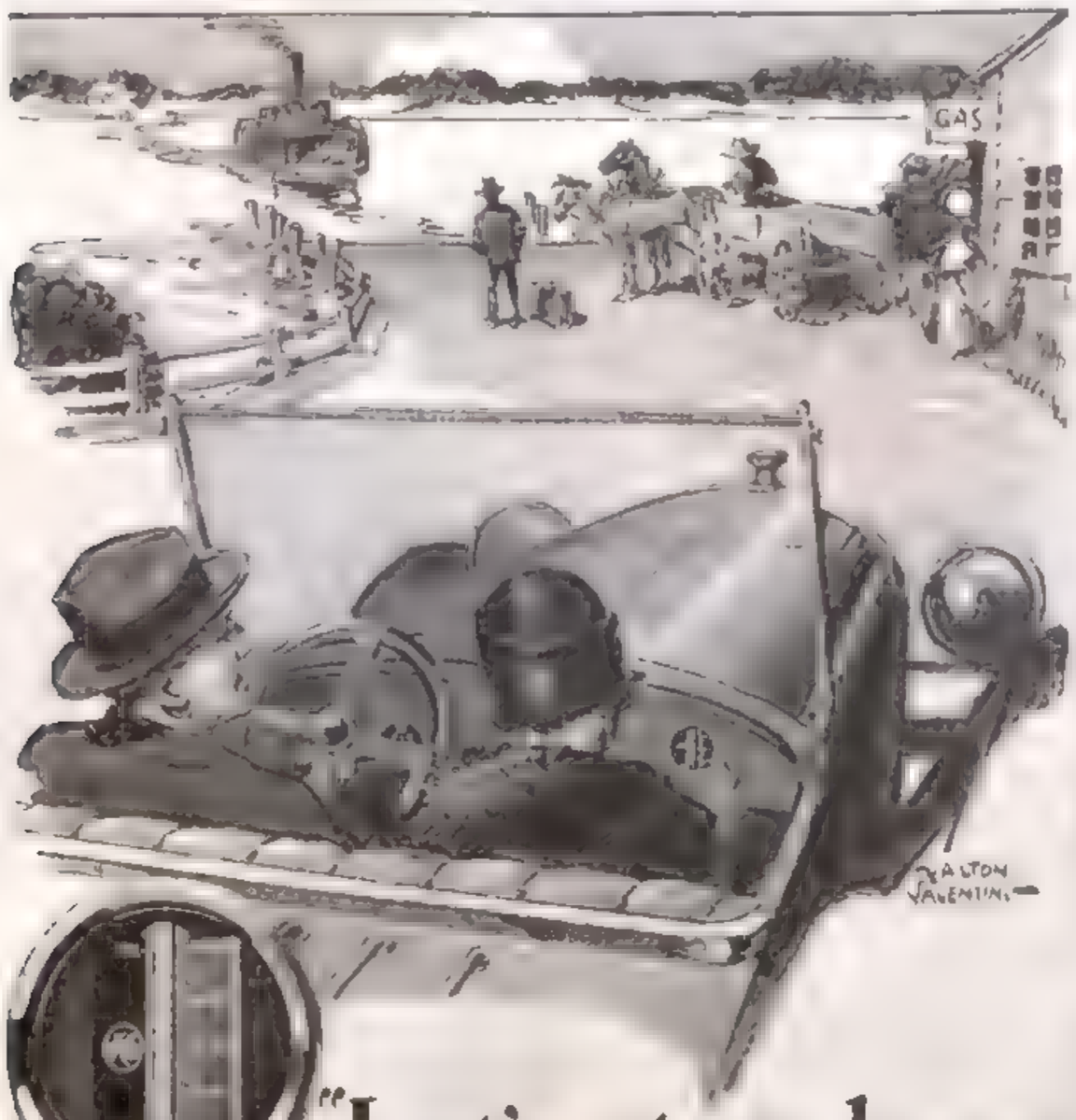
PRATT & LAMBERT-INC., 83 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. "Save the surface and you save all" Canadian Address: 25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ont.

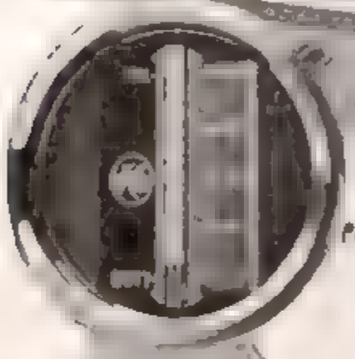
PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

The transparent floor finish in clear and colors, which stands the "hammer test." You may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack. For nearly forty years it has withstood the utmost in foot traffic on floors. The world walks on "61" Floor Varnish.

THE HYDROSTATIC GASOLINE GAUGE





"Let's stop here for Gas . . . .

Telegage says only 1 gallon left"

Telegage Accuracy

Checks gallon for gallon

ALL afternoon, the red column of the Telegage has been creeping down. Now it shows only one gallon left. Time to look for the first friendly gas station, and fill up. Every day the K-S Telegage is performing this friendly service for millions of motorists. With absolute accuracy it tells its tale—how far you can go—when to buy gas—and how many gallons to buy.

Only a precision instrument accurate beyond the shadow of a doubt could win the established position reached by the Telegage. It now protects the fuel supply of a million motorists—is seen on the dash as standard equipment on 22 of America's leading cars. You will probably find the Telegage on the car you buy; if not, your car dealer can quickly install it on any cars listed herewith.

Standard equipment on 22 leading cars.

Accessory price complete, ready to install on cars not equipped at factory, as follows: (When writing, specify year and model of your car)

$8.50
Ajax
Buick
Chrysler
Dodge
Oakland
Overland 6
Pontiac

$7.50
Chevrolet

$6.50
Ford

1926-27 only—state if tank is under cowl or seat.

KING-SEELEY CORPORATION
294 SECOND STREET ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
Chicago Branch: 2450 Michigan Boulevard

The K-S GASOLINE Telegage

BE CERTAIN WITH THE K-S TELEGAGE

OUT-OF-DOORS

(Continued from Page 34)

When riding on the trails in the mountains give your horse credit for having more sense than you have. Even old-timers do this, so don't try to put your pony across a place that he refuses to go. If he is a good mountain-bred horse he will know instantly when there is any danger, and when he refuses to take the chance on some piece of bad trail, don't try to make him.

When walking in the hills or climbing, remember that the street corners with street signs, the traffic cops and the sidewalks don't exist in the mountains. Several years ago my good friend Paul Gilbert, forest ranger on the San Isabel National Forest, had an experience with two dudeens who forgot this very important fact.

Late one afternoon two couples motored into the Alvarado Ranger Station yard and then moved on to the public camp ground near by and pitched camp. The next morning all four—two women and two men—went up over the Comanche trail to Comanche Lake. The trail is well marked with the typical Forest Service blaze, which is a notch above a short slab cut off tree trunks. All four reached the lake. Then the two women decided that it was not enough excitement to watch their husbands whip the lake in an effort to snag trout. They started back over the trail and did not keep their eyes open along the trail, nor their wits with them either. As a result they took a side trail, ran into a rock slide, ended up by coming face to face with cliffs hundreds of feet high, and at the base of which were tangled bowlders and down timber.

The Most Important Knowledge

For hours these two women battled through in an effort to find their way out. At no time were they more than a quarter of a mile from a well-defined trail. If they had only realized that trails usually follow ridges or follow canyons, and had tried to get back to the little narrow canyon of the creek on which they were located, they would have found a trail and their way back to the camp. Instead, they acted very much like fool dudes do when they get stampeded. Night came. Their husbands came back to camp expecting to find a warm supper greeting them. They at once started foraging around for help. They called on Ranger Gilbert.

Gilbert had just completed a thirty-mile horseback ride that day and his horse was tired, but he saddled up and went up to where he thought he would find these two lost women. He found them within a hundred yards of the trail. They were hysterical. Gilbert put one on his horse, and he himself climbed into the saddle. He had to make the other one walk, hanging to the old nag's tail so she'd not get lost again.

Anyone who will use his eyes can recognize a trail when he sees it. All trails lead somewhere. If in doubt, go downhill, because a trail which follows the water line eventually reaches some ranch territory along the stream. When sense of direction is lost, always reckon that you will land somewhere if you follow this rule.

A few Westerners are capable, clever stunt mountain climbers. They have become expert, almost internationally famous, in this field. But the other Westerners who know the mountains rarely attempt tricky climbing. They just realize how much of a he-man game it is. They keep in excellent condition, they study the mountains, know them thoroughly, know what to do when they meet any conditions, know when it is dangerous to go over a cliff by handholds and toe holds, or when it is dangerous to walk along the top of a ridge where loose rocks stand

They know how fast to climb in a given time, they study the climb to be made, they know the equipment and the emergency rations they must take. Most of all, they know that if they lose their heads they are gone.

When going into the mountains it is well to recognize the fact that the Western mountains are real he-hills. It is utterly impossible, it is wholly foolhardy, to start out to ramble over them in exactly the same nonchalant, carefree manner that one strolls down Michigan Boulevard or Fifth Avenue.

There is only one possible mode of protection in these mountains, and that is your own ordinary horse sense and intuition. Just don't forget them. When in doubt rely on your instincts. When in extreme doubt about a thing, don't do it. Remember that the native dwellers of the Western hills in the vast majority stick to well-defined trails, do not attempt spectacular mountain climbs and rarely come to grief. And above all, it should always be borne in mind that the most dangerous situation in the hills comes only when some member of the party becomes stampeded.

Stampeding on a Precipice

Carl Blaurock, internationally known mountain climber, several years ago was leading a party up the east face of Long's Peak, which has so often killed those who have attempted to scale it. Two new climbers were in the party. They were going up a little chimney between ice and rock. Loose rocks were in the way. One of these men slipped. Instead of taking his time to reach up slowly and get another hold, he became a little frightened. He started to paw frantically, loosened more rocks. His partner did the same. Blaurock was below with the others. The racing rocks were a menace to the life of every member of the party. A sheer drop of several thousand feet lay below them.

"I had to talk to those fellows like a Dutch uncle," said Blaurock. "I used all of my best profanity, but they didn't quit until I could get up to them, and then they came out of it and obeyed orders. If they hadn't," he smiled—"well, something might have happened!"

Here was a dangerous situation in one of the most dangerous places in the Western Rockies—the precipitous face of Long's Peak. The lives of five people were at stake, yet the real danger was not the actual physical location of those people so much as the state of mind of two of the members of the party.

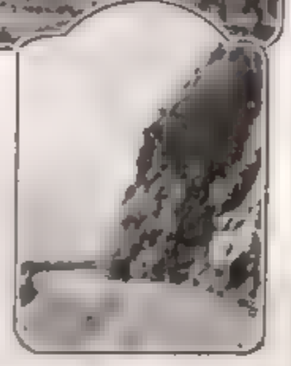
When a pack horse starts to buck off the pack, when you get caught on a ledge on a mountain and for the moment do not see any way out, when you get off the trail and realize that you have lost it, when any unusual condition arises in the out-of-door places away from the protective environment which we have in our cities, then the first thing to do is to keep cool, not to hurry into some action which will bring on a worse condition than the one that you are immediately facing. Think. Take plenty of time to do it. Decide on what is the sensible thing to do. Then go ahead.

Make the country through which you travel friendly territory. Let the slopes and peaks work for you, not against you. Forget the idea that you must master the wilderness and, instead, become a part of it. But above all, remember that you are in out-door territory, where city habits, city reaction, city ways of approaching the problems confronting you will not work. If dudes would only do this, accidents resulting from foolhardy adventures of tourists into the open would no longer be features in the news of the summer months. Fool dudes are a menace to everybody who is in the party with them. The dude with ordinary horse sense is a welcome sojourner, a good companion on the trail and a joy to his camp mates.

Don't be a darn-fool dude. Have a try at being the other kind.

—ARTHUR HAWTHORNE CARHART.

STUDEBAKER
COMMANDER
"Greatest post-war engineering achievement"
SO great has been the public's response to The Commander, Studebaker's Big Six of heightened performance and lowered price, that Big Six sales now exceed the combined total of all other cars in the world of equal or greater rated horsepower.
One authority has called The Commander "the greatest post-war engineering achievement." Sweeping pick-up from 5 to 40 miles per hour in 18 2/5 seconds, flashing speed of 70 satin miles an hour if you want it—and as long as you want it!
The Commander is powered by the same quiet L-head motor which first humbled the transcontinental records of the crack Limiteds
Big Six stamina and dependability have been tested on Studebaker's 800-acre Proving Ground and by 1009 Studebaker owners who have driven their cars 100,000 miles or more. Only seven American cars equal The Commander in rated horsepower—and they cost from $4,000 to $10,000.
A man's car as far as power is concerned—a woman's car so far as custom beauty is concerned—and everybody's car so far as its new One-Profit price is concerned.
COMMANDER VICTORIA $1575 f. o. b. factory (with mohair upholstery)
$1645 (with broadcloth upholstery)
Other Commander models include: Sedan $1585; Coupe (for four) $1645; Coupe (for two) $1545.
Prices f. o. b. factory, including front and rear bumpers and snubbers
Equipment Nickel-plated bumpers, front and rear, snubbers, no-draft ventilating windshield (exclusively Studebaker), full size balloon tires, disc wheels and positive acting four wheel mechanical brakes, engine thermometer and hydrostatic gasoline gauge on dash, two beam cowl headlights controlled from steering wheel, dome lights and interior dome light, rear traffic signal light; automatic windshield cleaner and rear vision mirror, oil filter. Automatic chassis lubrication, silken curtains, silver finish inlaid hardware.
STUDEBAKER



IT'S a great place for family parties. There are so many interesting things to see—so much to do—bathing in crystal clear lakes (with shallow sandy beaches for the kiddies), fishing, boating, hiking, motoring, golf, tennis, etc. Enjoy yourself to the utmost in Minnesota's healthful summer climate. Bracing air—cool nights—sound sleep.

Every type of accommodation available at reasonable rates—lake cottages, log cabins in the woods, modern resort hotels with every convenience and comfort. Many attractive tourists' camps. Good roads everywhere—through an everchanging variety of scenic beauty. Fine train and bus service throughout the state. Special R. R. tourist rates to Minnesota.

Free Booklet Start planning now for the most delightful vacation you ever had. Mail the coupon for free vacation booklet containing pictures and information of unusual interest.

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648 Merchants Bank Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
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Resort Hotels
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Fishing
Golf
Canoeing
Motoring

648 Merchants Bank Bldg.
St. Paul, Minn.
Send FREE Booklet and information on items I have checked

Name

Address

AND LADIES PREFER—

Continued from Page 13

were, the real Jane coming through, every year a little more clearly. And the real Jane was a person very well worth while looking at. And the last few days had done more than all the years.

Though she stood by the window, she saw nothing of what passed in the quiet backwater of the little street. She might just as well have stood with her face to the wall. All day she had been watching Thomas, keeping close to his elbow as he stood patiently in the endless line of men demanding the privilege of inevitable extinction. Her hand had been in his. She was not one of those women who would go about afterward prating about her sacrifice. It was his sacrifice. He loved life. At least, she reflected with a faint puzzlement, he loved the success he had made of it. He loved her. He loved the way she wore her clothes and the things he bought her. He was always showering things on her. And now he was going to leave it all—of his own free will.

She didn't know why she wasn't more unhappy. But she did know that for some obscure reason she hadn't been so very happy for the past year or two. Perhaps things had been too—too perfect. A sort of disquiet, a smothered sense of something working under the smooth veneer of life, obsessed her. She hadn't in the least known what it was. She had often sat at the breakfast table looking at Thomas and wrinkling her brows over it. Once she had been on the verge of questioning him. She had said, "Thomas ——" and he had looked up with a good-humored vagueness, like a man aroused from sleep.

"What is it, dear?"

"I—I was only wondering, Thomas, whether you thought I was growing old gracefully."

It wasn't what she had meant to say. But it seemed to amuse him. "Beloved, you get more lovely every day. Why do you ask?"

"I don't know. It seemed to me, suddenly—rather important."

"Of course it is. But you don't need to worry. You're all right. I'd tell you fast enough if you weren't."

She smiled too. And then, after a minute: "I suppose you'd hate it if I went back to my work, wouldn't you?"

"Decorating other people's houses! Ain't you satisfied decorating ours?"

"That was nicely put, Thomas. Of course I'm satisfied. Only ——"

"Then don't think of it. I'm making pots of money, and I'm going to make more for you. This new thing for silencing motor engines is going to revolutionize engineering. Denham says so. If we get the company floated—well, you'll see."

She knew what he meant. He'd buy her something—a pearl necklace or a new house. They had moved three times in five years. Pots and pots of money. She could almost see them, standing in shining rows. No use pretending to despise them. She didn't pretend. Money meant beauty, if you knew how to use it, and Jane did. The house was full of lovely things. Every way her eyes turned they rested on something that gave her a sense of harmony and well-being.

She looked at Thomas, and he smiled back at her, guessing her thoughts. "Done pretty well in eight years, haven't we, sweetheart?"

"You've done wonders."

"The Bradley family doesn't know itself," he reflected. "Such affluence is unrecorded in the annals of its history."

Which was true. And he had been awfully good. All the scatter-brained, reckless tribe had been planted out somehow—all over the globe. But he was the only one who wouldn't need a towrope sooner or later, who would go right ahead on his own steam.

He got up, stretching himself comfortably. "Well, I meant to do it. I'd got it all mapped out, and I've hardly started." He came round to envelop her in a warm, impulsive hug. "You wait. I'm going to give you everything in the world."

Which was charming. Yet after he had left her, she still sat there, her brows tied into a little frown, her thoughts perplexed and sorrowful—she did not know, really, what about.

This morning it had been different. She had felt him using the newspaper as a screen. He hadn't read a line. His hands weren't quite steady. His voice sounded muffled, unfamiliar.

"Well, old dear, what about it?" He put the paper aside with an elaborate carelessness. "Had a cable from Canada yesterday. Hal's joined up. Suppose I'll have to be offering them my old carcass—eh, what?"

And she had got up swiftly and gone over to him. She had stood pressed against his shoulder, her hand in his, looking down into his flushed upturned face. Of course. It was inevitable. That was exactly what Thomas would do—the young Thomas who had fought legions for an unjust minority—for any minority—who had gone into the struggle on behalf of oppressed housewives with an improbable-looking sink and flying banners.

It was queer how she felt about it. It meant the end of their brief life together and of all their happiness. Yet she had the almost animal reaction of sheer physical comfort such as one experiences stepping from cold shadow into sunlight.

"It's all right, my darling. I know. Don't worry about me."

He tried to laugh. "Of course. I knew you'd take it standing up. Bit of a scrapper yourself, aren't you? I haven't forgotten how you made Smith Junior's nose bleed that famous day. And I had the cheek to tell you girls couldn't fight!"

She rumpled his fair hair. She noticed, in the queer way one does notice absurd trifles in moments of crisis, that it wasn't so thick as it had once been, and she was conscious of being absurdly sorry about it, but with a sort of far-off sorrow, as though the real cause had been wiped out, leaving only a faint soreness.

"I'm afraid I wasn't a very nice little girl."

"Thank goodness, you weren't, or I shouldn't have had a tooth left."

And so they had laughed and held each other very close. And afterward she had walked with him to the door, hand in hand, just as they had done, eight years before, walking down Bond Street.

That had been the extent of their heroics. But all day she had been waiting for him, and with the slow fading of daylight there came to her the sickening conviction that after all she couldn't stand it; and then, with that admission to herself, everything went to pieces. She became panic-stricken. She couldn't think of any future beyond the moment when she should hear his key scrape in the lock. She defied the future. She thought, madly, that she would hold time and Thomas close in her arms so that they couldn't get away from her. She would stop all the clocks in the world so that tomorrow would never, never come.

And yet when at last he stood in the doorway, blocked out against the light of the hall, she couldn't move. She couldn't speak. She could hear his hand fumbling for the switch.

"Jane, where are you?"

The light flooded them both. She had been in darkness so long that she was half blinded. When the shining obscurity lifted, she saw him with an astonishment that for the moment wiped out every other emotion. At another time she would have laughed at herself. She had been thinking all day of him—but of Thomas the ten-year-old child and Thomas the boy who had walked down Bond Street with her. She had been seeing pictures of him. So that this Thomas, the mature, full-grown man, was unexpected, almost unfamiliar. She seemed to see him for the first time. "Jane, what's the matter?" He came toward her. His tread was firm, quick—a little heavy. She had meant to throw herself in his arms, but actually she didn't. "Poor sweetheart, you've been worrying. I should have telephoned. It's all right. I didn't even get to the recruiting officer. Denham had had an urgent message from the War Office. They want me to take charge of a new munitions plant. We shall have to turn out the stuff a ton a minute."

He went on talking, leaning against the fireplace and holding her hand. But she knew that he was too excited to be really aware of her. He was very handsome in his animation. Some people would have said that he was more handsome than he had ever been. He had filled out. There was more breadth and depth to him, and a certain stiffening of bone and muscle. His well-cut clothes accentuated the values of this new forcefulness. But Jane had an odd flash of vision. She saw young Thomas running down to the river's edge to bathe, the slim white body shining in the sunlight against the lush green background of grass and willow. She saw this mature Thomas and it was just a little funny, a little grotesque, a little indecent. She knew that she wouldn't like to see this Thomas like that, running down to the water's edge. It wouldn't do. It wasn't even very kind to look. She closed her thoughts sharply.

"I really wanted to go," he was saying, "but of course I can't help being flattered. It's something to have made oneself so valuable in such a short time. When I've got things going, I'll be free to do my bit like the rest."

He rubbed his hand over his hair—a familiar boyish gesture. Yes, it was thinning definitely at the temples. It had lost its old exuberance. And there were pouches under the eyes, an indefiniteness in the line of the strong jaw. But then the whole structure of the face was not so clear. It was as though some invisible artist were delicately, insidiously painting out the portrait of young Thomas and overlaying it with someone she didn't know.

He became suddenly aware of her whiteness, and with an exclamation of contrition he caught her passionately in his arms. "My poor little Jane, worrying your heart out! I should have telephoned."

She burst into a storm of weeping.

III

THE doctor sat back with a tired, sympathetic smile. "You can save yourself and everyone else the trouble," he said. "They wouldn't look at you. It would take them six months to get you fit, and then, please God, it will all be over."

Thomas Bradley looked at him steadily. "Anything serious?"

"Nothing organic. Just general unfitness. You couldn't run a mile, could you?"

"I haven't tried."

"You've been working too hard. Oh, I know. One can't help it these days. And you especially." He made a little complimentary gesture. "There's no one in the country who has done more, Mr. Bradley. But when the time does come, lay off a little—that's all."

Thomas thanked him. He said there was nothing he would like better. He was much relieved. He had been worried about himself. And there had been that tiresome question nagging at the back of his mind as to whether he ought to waive his exemption and join up or whether he ought to stick to his post. There had been a time when he had wanted to go—desperately—when it had been bitter hard to do the apparently easy thing. But now—well, frankly he didn't feel like that any more. For one thing, he knew himself that physically he wasn't up to it. It would be sheer

(Continued on Page 138)

Once an Ugly Worn Spot *NOW* it Gleams Anew

IN the whole process of keeping house there is nothing more annoying than those shabby "traffic spots" that appear in doorways and at the foot-of-the-stairs. Here's a quick, easy, *electric* way to get rid of them and to prevent them from returning.

Just spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Liquid Wax with a Lamb's-wool Mop. This cleans the floor and deposits a protecting waxen film. Then run the Johnson Electric Polisher over the floor. Instantly—almost like magic—the surface takes on a beautiful, lustrous, deep-toned polish.

These "traffic spots" can easily be touched up without going over the entire floor. If they are badly worn it may be necessary to repeat this simple operation two or three times to build up a body. But it's so easy anyone can do it—and it takes only a few minutes. There is no stooping—no messy rags and pails—no soiled hands or clothing.

Try this WAX treatment on those dull-looking "edges" around the rugs. And on *all* your floors — old or new — of wood, linoleum, tile or composition. It makes no difference how they are finished —with varnish, shellac, wax or paint. ALL floors respond to this wonderful Johnson's Wax *Electric* treatment.

Floors polished with Johnson's Liquid Wax and Electric Floor Polisher are not slippery. They do not show scratches or heel-prints and they require but little care—dry dusting will keep them immaculate. The original cost of waxed floors is trifling and there is practically no after-expense.

The Johnson Electric Floor Polisher is very easy to operate. You don't need to push it or bear down on it—all you do is walk along and GUIDE it with the finger-tips of one hand. It polishes floors ten times faster and better than hand methods because the brush revolves 2100 times a minute and actually burnishes the wax to a beautiful, lustrous, wear-resistant finish.

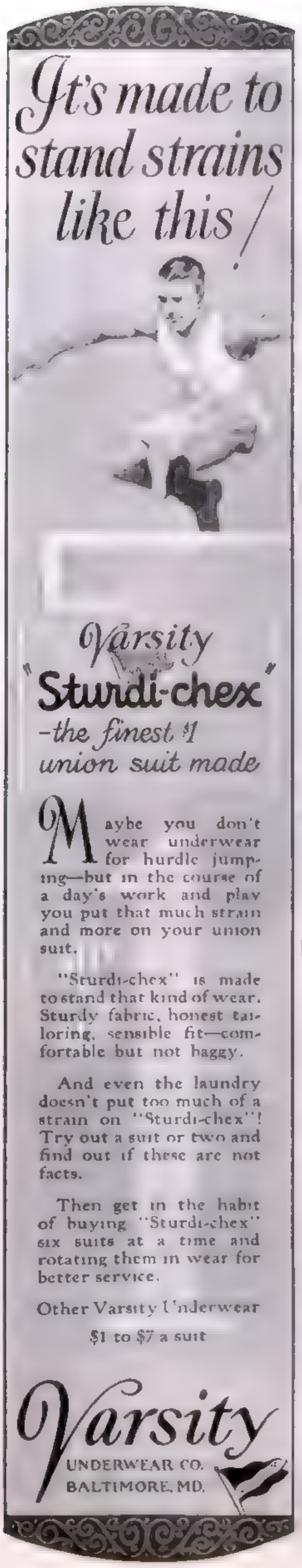
Rent It for $2.00 a Day—

Your neighborhood merchant or painter will RENT you a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher for $2.00 a day. Telephone your nearest dealer now and make an appointment to rent this wonderful Polisher for any day you wish. With it you can wax-polish ALL your floors in the same time it formerly took to do a single room by the old-fashioned hand methods.

Or, buy a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher for exclusive use in your own household. The cost is small for an electric appliance that will add so much beauty to your home—and also save you many hours of work and a lot of money for floor refinishing. Ask your dealer for a free demonstration. Or, write us.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WISCONSIN
"The Floor Finishing Authorities"
(Canadian Factory: Brantford)

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX


It's made to stand strains like this!
Varsity
"Sturdi-chex"
-the finest $1 union suit made
Maybe you don't wear underwear for hurdle jumping—but in the course of a day's work and play you put that much strain and more on your union suit.
"Sturdi-chex" is made to stand that kind of wear. Sturdy fabric, honest tailoring, sensible fit—comfortable but not baggy.
And even the laundry doesn't put too much of a strain on "Sturdi-chex"! Try out a suit or two and find out if these are not facts.
Then get in the habit of buying "Sturdi-chex" six suits at a time and rotating them in wear for better service.
Other Varsity Underwear
$1 to $7 a suit
Varsity
UNDERWEAR CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.

(Continued from Page 136)

waste of a good brain. The doctor had said so too. So that was settled

He drove home. The Bradleys had moved to a Queen Anne house in the shadow of Westminster, because when the war was over Thomas was going into Parliament. Everyone knew that the war would be over in the next few months. His thoughts, freed from anxiety and lulled by the swift, smooth motion of the car, reverted to their main preoccupation. When the war did come to an end something would have to be done with those factories. If he could get a company together to buy them up cheap from the government, there was no telling what one might put through in the general disorganization. He and Denham would have to get together about it.

At the door of the house, he met Jane preparing to go out. They said hullo, and she turned and went back with him into his library. But she had seemed reluctant. Of course, she was like everyone else—hag-ridden with war work. And of course he wanted her to do war work. It wouldn't do for a man in his position to have a wife who didn't. Still, he wished she wasn't always going out just when he wanted her, and especially with men on leave whom he didn't even know. They didn't see much of each other these days, and when she was there she seemed preoccupied. It wasn't quite fair, seeing that he was giving his whole strength—his health itself.

He sat down at his desk, slumping a little with a weariness that was unconsciously ostentatious. He hoped she'd say "You look tired, Thomas," and put her arm over his shoulder and her cheek against his as she would have done in the old days. And then he would tell her casually that he was in a bad way through anxiety and overwork. But though he covered his eyes with his hand, she said nothing and he was compelled to observe covertly that she wasn't looking at him at all. She was looking out of the window with that expression of grave aloofness which was beginning to annoy him.

Still, the neat blue uniform became her. She was as straight and slender as a girl. And the bobbed hair—even though turning a little gray at the temples—had taken ten years off her life. Honestly, no one who had known the plain, lanky child could have believed it was the same person. He was proud of her. Even in the midst of his grievance against her, he thought how lucky he had been, or how clear-sighted. When this war was over the first thing he'd do would be to fit her out like a queen. He could do it. Even with these taxes, he was richer than anyone knew.

He was compelled to break his silence. "I've just been having a chat with Keith," he said. "Nice fellow. Bit pessimistic though. It's the war, I suppose, makes him look at the worst side of things."

She turned now. "You didn't tell me you were seeing him."

"Didn't want to worry you. You see, I was thinking that it might be my duty to offer myself again."

"Yes?"

"Keith says I can save myself the trouble. Not a chance. Nothing serious, you know, but I've got to take care. Army life would finish me in a week."

"That's what I thought," she said.

"You've been noticing, eh?"

"I've noticed that you've changed a great deal."

"Well, I've worked like twenty. When this is over we'll take a time off."

"Do you think you'll be able?"

The question checked him. Her voice sounded a little cool. He had a momentary suspicion of some underlying significance. But her expression was just what it should have been, interested and almost eager.

"Of course," he said. "We'll do whatever you want."

"Really?"

"And truly," he said lightly.

There was something strange about her. She was looking at him with a sort of timidity, as though she were afraid of him; and he noticed that her fine hand, playing with the papers on his table, was trembling.

"I have got an idea," she said. "I've wanted to talk to you about it. When all this is over there will be a terrible lot of suffering in the invaded countries. I thought we—you and I—might pick out some town where things had been very bad and build it up again. I thought—well, that it would do us good, give you a rest."

"A rest!" he interrupted sharply. "You call that a rest?"

"Well, a change then."

"My dear girl ——"

"And there's plenty of money, isn't there?"

"I'm not a war profiteer, if that's what you mean."

"I don't. But there is plenty of money, isn't there?"

He felt the blood mounting in his face. It was like a woman, playing at work, supported and protected by a man's heart-breaking labor, to spring a fancy scheme on him like this. He was bitterly angry, but knew that he must not show that he was angry

"It's a good idea, of course. But you don't understand. After the war there will be a very serious and dangerous period of reconstruction. It will be the duty of every man in my position to stick to his post, building up ——"

"—— business?" she suggested.

"—— the nation's prosperity."

"You mean—you won't?"

"I can't."

"That's what I thought," she repeated.

Her manner had lost all trace of emotion. He watched her moodily as she gathered her things together. He was now definitely aware of something that had lain at the bottom of his consciousness for some time. Things weren't right between them. They had been going wrong for the past three years. He didn't know what it was. He only knew that it wasn't his fault. He had done everything a man could do. He had volunteered. He had worked like a slave. He had been a devoted husband. He had seen to it that she had had small luxuries and comforts denied to the war-bound majority. Owing to his position, the government had put two cars at his disposal and she had been freed from many tiresome restrictions. There wasn't a man in the country of his age who had done as much, who was more respected. It was a well-known secret that on his election he would go straight into the cabinet, and once in, anything might happen.

And yet she looked at him with those queer, cool eyes of her, as though she had some sort of grievance. "Well, I'm off. I'm late already."

"The canteen, I suppose."

"Yes. My shift's from three to seven."

"Home to dinner?"

"No; I'm dining with Humphrey. It's his last night."

He wanted to say, "Stay at home with me." But he was too proud, too hurt. That fellow Humphrey Calden—she had been with him every day of his leave. Thomas had never met him, but he knew him for a good-for-nothing idiot who had never had a penny in his pocket and with a lot of mad ideas rattling round in his otherwise empty skull. Well, the war was responsible for a lot—for a disintegration of standards, a loosening up of the ties of responsibility and duty. The women were the worst. They lost their heads. To them it was an exciting game in which they could at last take part. One day, he supposed, they would settle down again, to whatever was left ——

He heard the door close. She hadn't even said good-by. And after all, the doctor had been quite serious. He had an absurd impulse to run after her, to snatch her in his arms and kiss her and say, "Look here, Jane, what's it all about? This won't do, you know. Damn that fellow Humphrey!" But it had become difficult for him to move quickly. And besides, he was in the right.

The outer door closed. She was gone. For a moment he sat there wrestling with an acute wretchedness. Then he remembered the factories and Denham and his duty. His hand groped for the receiver.

IV

HE KNEW that he was behaving stupidly. It was stupid to throw over an appointment with the Prime Minister on the eve of his election. On the other hand, he was too upset. He would have bungled things. He hardly knew whether he was more anxious or aggrieved. It was a shame. Just when he needed every ounce of his strength, and on the anniversary of their wedding—the fifth of September, 1920. He had actually a present for her in his pocket, an antique ring that he'd admired for some time and had bought just before he had wandered into the club for a chat with a fellow who knew something important about rubber. It had been while waiting in the lobby that he'd heard Fitzroy and Evans—who didn't see him—talking. That was bad luck too. If he had to hear a thing like that, why couldn't it have been at some other time, not just when he was going to see the Prime Minister? The thing had shaken him, no doubt of that. Speaking to the butler in the shadowy hall, he heard his own uncertain voice with disgusted astonishment. He even thought the man looked at him anxiously.

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Bradley is in her room."

He took the thick carpeted stairs slowly. He was out of breath as though he had been running, and he didn't want to create the wrong impression. He wanted to be calm and reasonable. Besides, as he knocked at her door and heard her clear, cool answer, he realized that he had been to some extent the victim of his own nerves. It wasn't true. It was just one of those vexations which men in his position have to endure patiently. Still, Jane ought to be careful, and she hadn't been careful.

He stood uncertainly in the open doorway. He had expected her to be alone, or dressing for some dinner. He had had so little sense of the reality of his fear that what he saw conveyed nothing to him. Her maid knelt by an open trunk. The pretty room, so like Jane in its clean-cut lines and its tantalizing mixture of warmth and austerity, was a sea of clothes in which Jane herself sat cross-legged, her short hair tousled with the normal worries of any woman packing.

The maid, with an armful of underwear, retired discreetly and Jane made an inviting gesture. "If you can find anywhere to sit down ——" she said.

He had a sharp memory of a little girl—a long time ago—who had sat just like that, only on a heap of stones, and looked at him; but with very different eyes, full of a solemn, wondering admiration.

He closed the door. He found a vacant spot on the edge of the bed and sat down and tried to be humorous and quizzical. "What's up, my dear? Have I forgotten something? If we're going away, I didn't know it."

"I know you didn't. We're not."

"Then what is it? A sort of spring cleaning?"

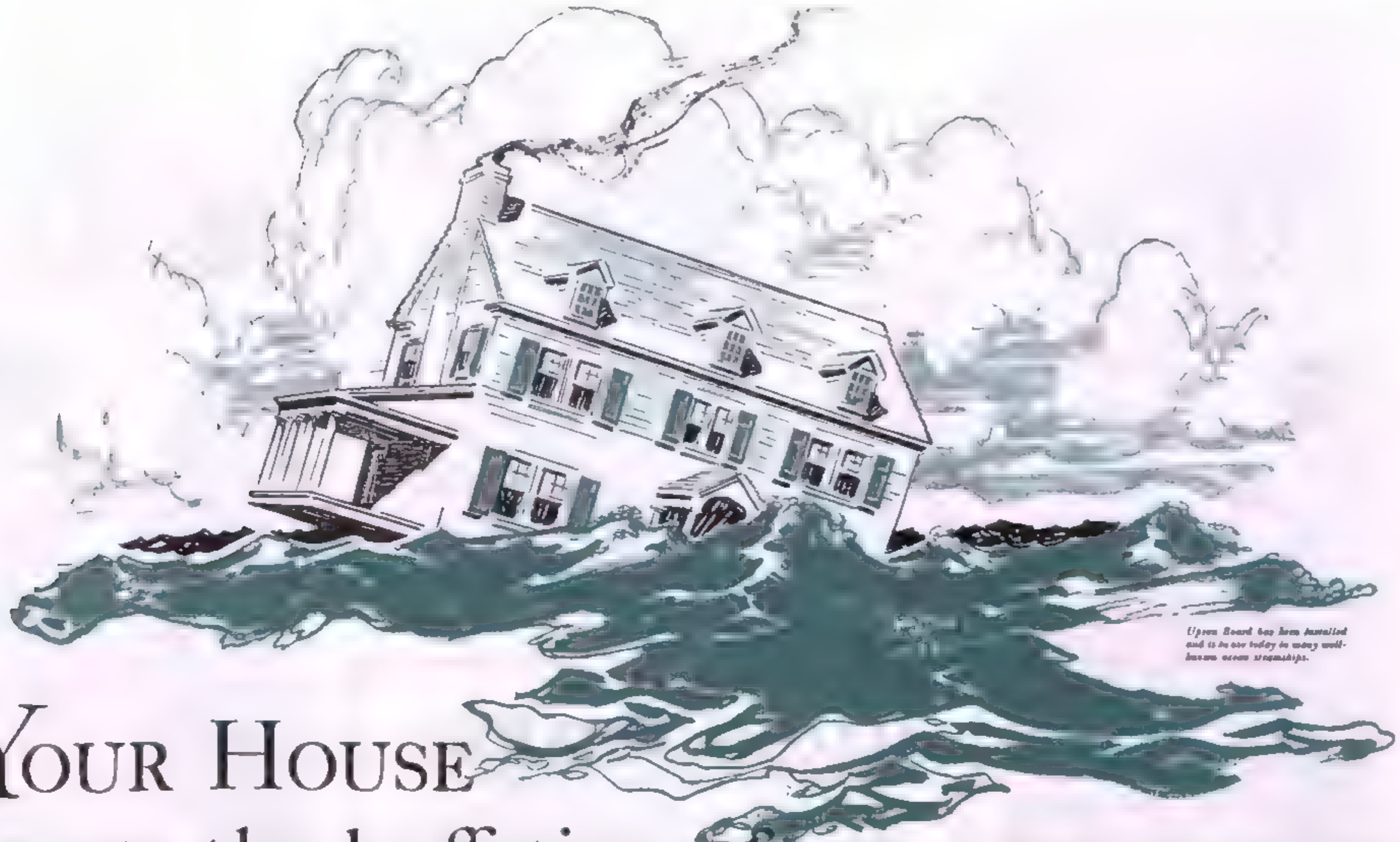
"Something like that. I didn't want to upset you with it more than I could help. I thought you were happy and amused with the Prime Minister. I didn't expect you back."

"Something happened."

"Something serious?"

"I—no, something absurd. Only I thought I ought to warn you." He became aware of a white envelope propped up on her dressing table. For a moment the thing blinded him. It was grotesque; it was horrible—like something out of a certain type of play in which there was always an envelope propped up on the wife's dressing table, and the husband shot himself, or somebody else. Things like that didn't happen—not to Thomas Bradley—not in a decent English home.

She got up effortlessly and took the thing and tore it across. "It isn't necessary now." (Continued on Page 143)



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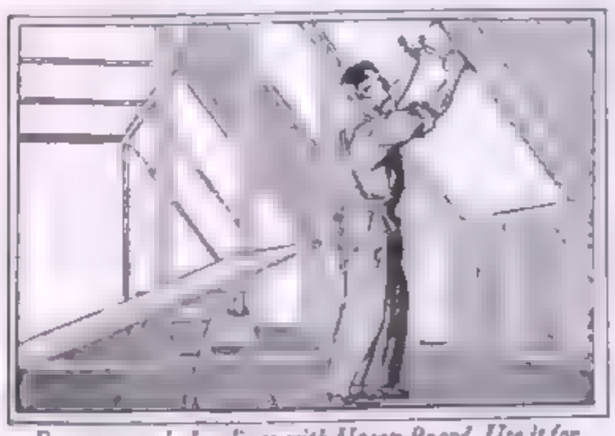

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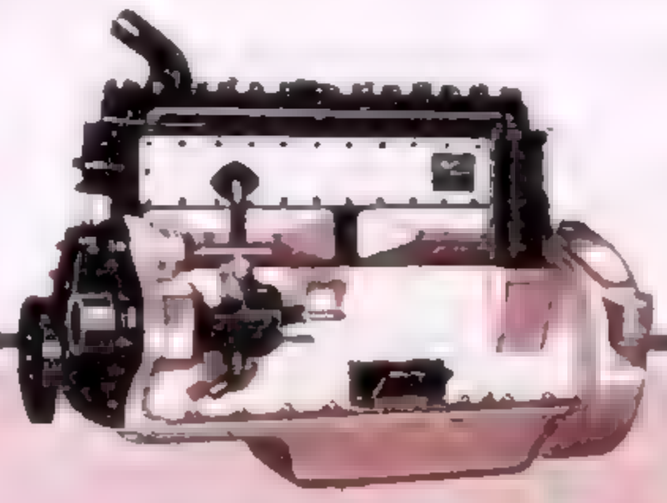

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Enjoy the Sunday candy custom. Take candy to your family. They all like it—young and old. Make them happy by your thoughtfulness.

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Eat candy for energy and to relieve your fatigue. Candy nourishes and you know how good it tastes.

Eat a few bites of Candy a day for Energy

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(Continued from Page 138)

"What were you writing to me?"

"Something I can just as well tell you."

"Look here, Jane, what are you doing?"

"I'm packing."

"What for?"

"I'm going away, Thomas."

"Where to?"

"That isn't any longer your concern."

He exploded. "Then it's true!"

"What?"

"What they were saying—I heard them talking you and Calden ——"

"Oh, I see. I thought only women scandalmongered."

"Don't try to evade me. Is it true?"

"It's true I'm going away."

"Will you tell me why?"

He was trying to keep his dignity. But there was something in her manner that made him understand murder. She seemed neither guilty nor perturbed. He actually caught her eyes wandering as though her thoughts were trying to get back to the real business in hand.

"Perhaps I ought to have given you the letter. It would have saved a scene. Now I suppose we shall have to have one."

"Will you answer me? Why are you going?"

"You have a right to that answer. I'm going—well, because I don't care to live with someone I don't know."

"Don't know?"

"Perhaps I should say, don't like"

"You—you don't like me?"

"Not much. Not enough to live with."

"You married me!" he almost shouted.

"I did not."

"May I ask whom you did marry?"

For the first time her voice betrayed emotion. She wouldn't look at him. "I wish you wouldn't insist on talking about it, Thomas. You used to know him too. But I expect you've forgotten. He was the beautifulest, nicest person."

The phrase caught at an old memory which gave out a faint, hurting sound. He wouldn't listen. He said with a cold scorn, "That's all sentimental, hifalutin' stuff. You married me, my dear."

She whirled on him. There were tears in her eyes. But she actually stamped her foot. "It isn't true! I won't believe it! You murdered him, you dull, fat old man! You're just a wretched impersonator who doesn't even try to look like him!"

It occurred to Thomas that she was hysterical—out of her mind even. It made it possible for him to speak calmly: "Look here, Jane, you've got something against me. I've known it for some time. You ought to tell me what it is, in fairness. What have I done? Have I neglected you? Have I shown the faintest sign of caring for another woman? Have I failed in my duty in any respect?"

"You are," she interrupted bitterly, "a perfectly good man, utterly blameless. I have no doubt of it. But as you are not the man I married ——"

"Please! Either you are mad or you are playing some idiotic game. What have you got against me?"

She looked at him. It bewildered him the more to realize that her eyes were full of a bleak misery.

"The man I married," she said, "was called Thomas, just as you are. But in his case it was a joke. He was so absolutely not Thomas. He ought to have been called Richard or St. George. He was a beautiful young man. He was tall and slender and had thick fair hair and clear eyes. He believed in Dreyfus and patent sinks and the brotherhood of man and the rights of minorities and all kinds of charming things that don't necessarily work."

"Are you blaming me for growing old?" he demanded indignantly.

"I suppose that's just it, Thomas. I am. You're not forty, are you? But you're bald and dull-eyed and—and gross."

"Jane, how dare you?"

"Oh, I know I'm saying abominable things. But, you see, I've been cheated and I'm angry. You'd be angry. Oh, yes, you would! If I were bald and heavy-eyed and fat, you'd get to hate me. You'd fall in love with someone else and everyone would say 'Poor fellow! Of course, with a wife like that, who could help it?'"

"It's not the same thing. Men and women ——"

"It is the same thing. Haven't I eyes to see with? Why should I tolerate ugliness when I chose beauty? Haven't I as much right to comeliness in my life as you have?"

"I see." He laughed with sheer rage. "That's the funniest thing I've ever heard of. So you married me for my looks!"

"Of course. You married me for mine. Oh, I wasn't beautiful. But I was straight-grown and clean in word and limb, as you were. Now look at us both!"

She took him by the arm and led him to her long glass. He fought against the indignity, but she was strong in her fierceness. She looked at herself and then at him. For an instant their eyes met. He turned his away quickly. He saw in front of him an elderly gentleman, correctly dressed, with a bald head and a suffused face and bloodshot eyes. He had a fleeting, terrible desire to smash something.

"I wish you could have seen Jane Clive and Thomas Bradley when they were first married," she said. "They made such a charming couple. Now—well, you make a very fatherly figure, don't you? I suppose I could give you ten yards' start to the end of the street and beat you by five—if you ever got there."

He tore himself free from her. "Has it ever occurred to you," he stammered, "to consider why I—I should have aged before my time? Has it ever occurred to you that I have sweated out my soul, trampled on my youth for the sake of my country ——"

"For the sake of power, Thomas."

He would not listen.

"—— that I have cut myself off from a normal life, from legitimate pleasures and relaxations, in order that you might have the best of everything -travel, jewels, fine clothes? That you might preserve that same youth that—that you are throwing in my teeth?"

"That plea, Thomas," she said, "is as old as Adam. You wanted power. You made me an excuse. You wanted a nail on which you could hang your trophies for all the world to see. I served the purpose. Well, now the nail has given way under the burden."

He choked. "You—you took everything ——"

"You wanted me to. But I didn't want the things you gave me, not as I wanted the man I married. And now that he is gone, nothing that you give me is anything but an insult."

He tried to see her clearly. But there was a mist before his eyes. He began to pace up and down the room, trampling her things underfoot, kicking them out of his way. "I understand! I understand! In any case you would have left me sooner or later. After all, I should have grown old. And none of us grow old beautifully."

"The best of us do, I think."

He raised his clenched fists above his head. "Nobody would believe it, because my hair isn't what it was—no, it's incredible. No woman ever dared offer such an excuse for her infidelity."

"No, I admit it's modern; we may hear more of it. But it's not an excuse. It's a reason. Besides, I'm not unfaithful. Don't you see that it's because I'm faithful ——"

"—— that for a man's looks ——"

"Thomas, it was because young Thomas was what he looked like—so gallant, so generous, so fine-living—that I married him. And it's because you are what you look like—so pompous and fat and dull of heart that I'm leaving you."

There was a silence in which he heard the thick, hot breathing of an angry animal. He was horrified to find that the sound came from himself. He steadied with a furious effort. "So you're going with Calden."

"Yes—eventually."

"Thanks. That's what I wanted to know." He dragged himself up to a dizzy height of magnanimity. "I shall see to it that you have cause to obtain your freedom," he said.

"You have given me cause enough," she retorted.

He sought wildly for some final gesture. Remembering the antique ring, he snatched the small white parcel from his pocket and threw it down and trampled on it. "It may interest you to know that that was to have been our anniversary wedding present." There was a sob in his throat.

She resumed her packing. "I'm sorry. I'm sure it was something very nice."

"Jane, you don't know what you're doing! If anything happens, it will be on your head. If my career is ruined, if I go to the devil ——"

"I may be going to the devil myself," she said. "And if I find young Thomas there, it will be well worth while."

He groped for the door, found it and went out, slamming it violently behind him.

V

ON SEPTEMBER 5, 1922, Mr. Thomas Bradley's former wife was seated in her office, considering her accounts. The office, taken as an office, might have been open to criticism, but as a cow shed it was everything that could be expected, especially in a village where an intact roof was something of a phenomenon. The village had a long unpronounceable Serbian name and no history that anyone would ever learn about. But contrary to the well-known adage, it had been exceedingly unfortunate. Several contending armies had taken a determined fancy to the place and the villagers were now enjoying what had been left them, including a recurring epidemic. As Jane pointed out, the work of rebuilding would be hung up till winter as a consequence, when it would be too late.

"I'm not worrying about that," said Humphrey Calden.

"Then," said Jane rather irritably, "what are you worrying about?"

"You," he said.

He came away from the open door and stood leaning against her desk and looking at her with the intentness of a shortsighted man who has lost his glasses. He was a cadaverous figure, in a very dirty uniform, and he seemed to have great difficulty in standing at all. He said solemnly and incoherently: "It's raining. When it rains the smells get worse. There's scarcely a soul left of us. I hate to tell you. Cleaver went down with the beastly thing this morning. It will be a week before they get relief to us—if ever. The smells are a disgrace. You'll be alone with a hundred sick and starving people on your hands."

"I've got you," she said.

"I don't know. I feel damn queer. I can't see straight."

"You've got to lie down and sleep," she said. "Sleep is all you want. I'm all right—fit as a fiddle. What do you want me to do anyhow? Run away?"

"You know quite well what I want."

"Well, you can't expect me to decide now. I've discovered this isn't my best day for taking fatal steps. Now lie down."

There was a heap of relatively clean straw in a dark corner and Humphrey Calden lay where he dropped. Jane covered him with a rug and ran her hand over his burning forehead, at which he opened his eyes to smile charmingly at her.

"Dear Jane," he murmured.

"Poor old Humphrey."

"I can't think," he said, "how Bradley could ever have run away from you."

"You're feverish," she returned, "or you'd remember that he didn't. It was a purely technical performance put up by a chivalrous gentleman rather out of condition. It was I who did the real running."

He relapsed. "These smells ought not to be allowed. I wish there was someone to take care of you. The poor devils are so desperate, and hungry as wolves."

"Well," she said cheerfully, "there's not enough of me to go round, anyway; that may discourage them."

(Continued on Page 145)

Bennett Model 200 Pump—all-metal, drip-proof, dust-proof pump, with locking attachment. Assures clean storage of oil, alcohol, gas or kerosene in your garage.

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Gentlemen: Enclosed find (check) (money order) for $3.80 ($4.00 West of Rockies and in Canada) for which please ship me, parcel post prepaid, 1 Bennett Model 200 Pump.

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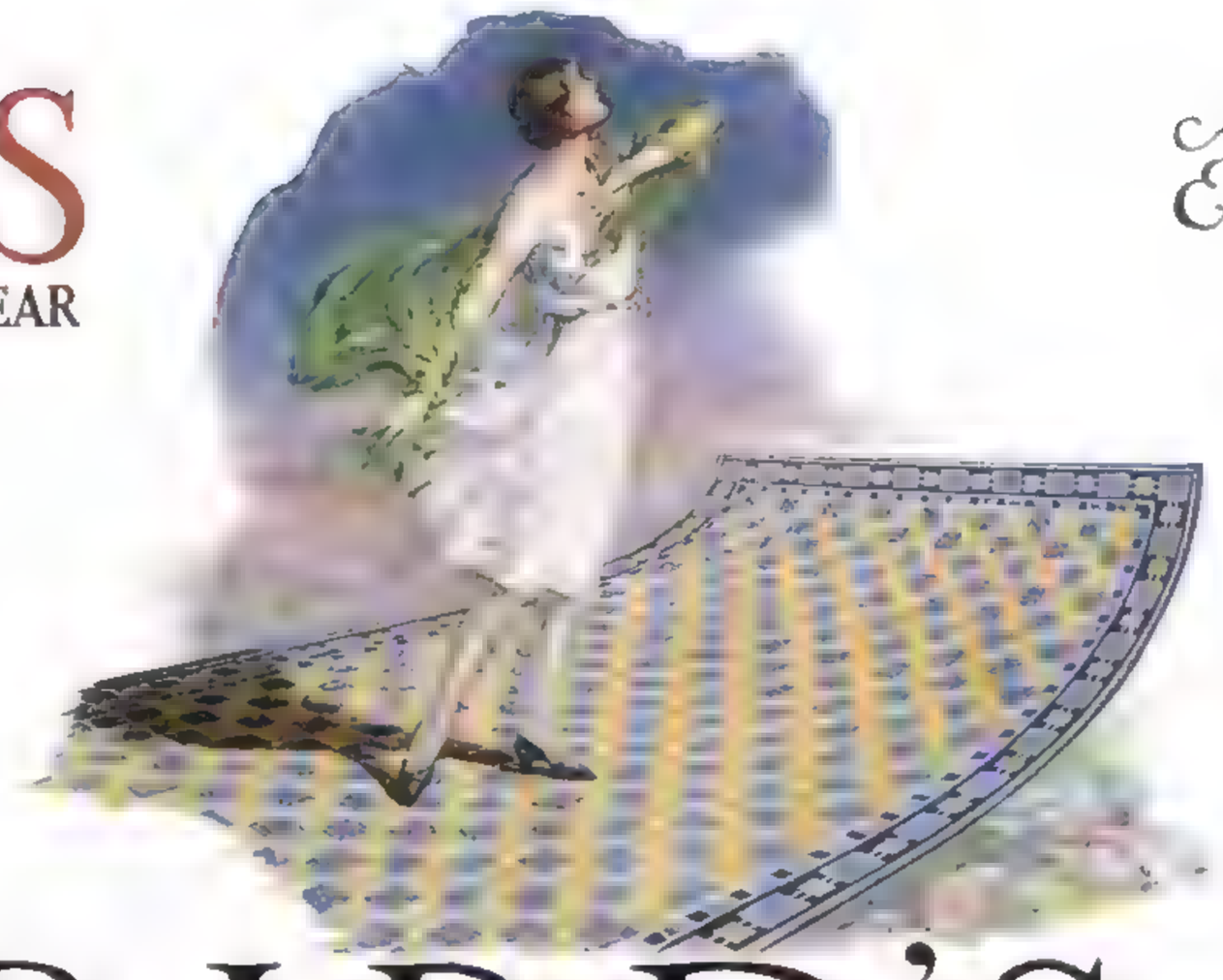

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MAGIC – because their enamel-like surface, built on a waterproof felt base, makes them wear, and wear, and wear.

MAGIC – because they lie flat without fastening.

MAGIC – because enormous production makes it possible to buy them in a variety of patterns and colors in room sizes from $9 to $18.

If every woman knew what every present owner knows, every house would have a Bird's Neponset Rug.

If any salesman says, "It's Bird's"—that's really all you need to know. Look for the patented red wax back.

For cleanliness, beauty, and economy, you owe it to yourself to use Bird's Neponset Rugs or Floor Covering in every room of your home.

Beneath the Magic Rug extends a landscape dotted with Bird's Roofs.

Pleasant homes are roofed with Neponset Asphalt Shingles in all their delightful color variations of Art-Blende, Green, Blue-Black, or Red.

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There is a Bird Roof within the reach of everyone who is going to build or repair.

These roofs meet the modern demand for.

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BIRD'S
ROOFS
DEFY WATER AND WEAR

(Continued from Page 143)

She went back to her accounts. Of course, she knew that he had got the wretched thing. Her twenty fellow workers were all down with it, and half the village, and the other half too terrified to move. The accounts weren't cheering either. The little relief fund was running out, owing to the fact that, the war being over, it was considered a duty to forget it as soon as possible. And the village wasn't even on the map. You couldn't expect people hundreds of miles away to get excited about it. Altogether a forlorn business. It was doubtful if there would be any relief. Things were, in fact, so bad that Jane had ceased worrying about them.

She looked at her calendar. It seemed a useless object under the circumstances, but it helped to remind her that tomorrow also was a day; also of other things. Moved by a sudden impulse, she went to the door and looked out. It was raining, and Humphrey was quite right. The air was better inside. But there was a man with a heavily laden mule picking his way down what was left of the main street. He was incredibly disreputable looking, with mud up to the knees, and a fierce, untidy beard that was evidently not intentional, but merely a neglected growth.

As he came alongside he stopped and they looked at each other intently. The stranger touched his cap. "If I took it off it might fall to pieces," he explained. "I've had a rough journey. I lost my way over the mountains. I can't blame myself. No one but a native could recognize these roads. But I was all right when I started. May I ask, are you the lady in charge of the show here?"

"I don't believe I'm a lady," she returned, "and the show is practically over. If you mean, am I the last partially efficient person left standing, well, I am."

"I'm from Belgrade," he informed her.

"In that case," she retorted, "I'm glad to see you. Won't you come in?"

He followed and stood looking doubtfully at the contents of the cow shed; particularly the gaunt and moaning occupant of the straw heap held his attention for so long that Jane felt compelled to break the silence. She introduced them.

"Major Humphrey Calden," she said. "But I'm afraid I didn't catch your name."

"Not worth catching—at the moment. He's ill, isn't he?"

"I'm afraid so. Everyone is except me."

"I've got a lot of medical stuff out there. I had another mule, but the poor brute went dead lame and I had to shoot it. I walked. Fortunately, I'm a good walker."

"You must be," she said.

She sat down at her desk and he took the one remaining chair opposite her, stretching his long legs with a sigh of relief.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "I ought to explain why I am here."

"That," she admitted ironically, "would be an excellent beginning."

"You see, in the first place, I happened to be in Belgrade."

"How does one happen to be in Belgrade—in the first place?"

"I can explain that too. You see, I've been walking up and down the world for some time, and if you do that long enough you're bound to happen on Belgrade. That's what happened to me. I wasn't looking for Belgrade at all. I was looking for a job—a sort of lost cause."

"This," said Jane, "is such a lost cause that it's not worth looking for."

"But that's how I like 'em," he assured her cheerfully. "Thoroughly and utterly lost. When I heard about it I said to myself, 'The very thing!' And here I am. And now," he said, leaning toward her confidentially, "what are we going to do about it?"

"May I ask first what you are capable of doing about it?"

He did not seem in the least offended. "Well, I've specialized in lost causes. Up to my twenty-fifth year, I went in for nothing else. Then—I admit it frankly—I went wrong. You know how it is with young headstrong fellows. I took to success. As far as I can remember, I was drunk with it for several years ——"

"This personal history ——" Jane interrupted.

"—— soaked with it, bloated with it. I beg your pardon. I shouldn't impose these unpleasant details on you. I was merely explaining. However, to cut a painful story short, at a fatal moment, just when I was about to sink to the lowest depths and become a millionaire I had a change of heart. I reformed. I took to the road. I became a vagabond, a tramp, seeking my lost cause—and here I am."

"The question is," said Jane, "what are you going to do now that you are here?"

"Well, you need help, don't you?"

"Efficient help."

"Quite. I'm tremendously efficient. In the last year alone I invented a new vacuum cleaner that makes all the other cleaners look as though they had come out of the ark, a fool-proof device for painting houses and battleships, and a new method of running up strong waterproof homes for the people in half the time, at half the cost."

"Discoveries like that," said Jane, refusing to look at the blue papers which he spread before her, "won't bring you in any money here."

He waved a large and very dirty hand. "But I don't want money. My late wife thoroughly disapproved of it. She said it was altogether too expensive."

"I never heard of money being expensive."

"Oh, but it is!" He nodded wisely. "Only very few people can afford to have it. It cost me everything I had. As my late wife used to say, 'What does it profit a man to have a million in the bank if he loses his own figure?'"

Humphrey Calden rustled in the straw. He sat up, blinked and dragged himself dizzily to his feet. He seemed only able to focus the newcomer with great difficulty. "Who is it, Jane?"

"I don't know. A person from Belgrade."

"Thank heaven! Take care of each other. I'm all in. It's these smells. I believe I'm going to be sick." He lurched out of the doorway.

"Poor fellow!" the stranger murmured sympathetically. "A most unpleasant sensation. I remember when I was a little boy ——"

"When they're sick they get better," Jane interposed hastily. "It's a good sign."

"Your husband, I suppose."

"Not at the moment. He's the officer commanding the relief. I'm his secretary."

"I see. His name isn't Thomas, by any chance—young Thomas?"

"It is not."

He sighed again. "I'm glad. My late wife used to know somebody of that name. Very handsome. I may admit that he came between us a good deal. I was afraid the gentleman who has just gone out ——"

Jane moved impatiently. "Nobody in their right mind ever called Humphrey even good-looking."

"Oh, but there are all sorts of good looks. The dirtier and plainer you are, the nicer you can be to look at. Take ourselves, for instance."

"Thank you."

"As my late wife used to say ——"

"Must you drag her into this?"

"Well, she's very important. Before she departed my life, she gave me a lot of advice. I took no notice of it at the time. I was fat and short of breath and very much annoyed—so annoyed that I went straight to the devil. I was elected to Parliament by an overwhelming majority, I was offered a seat in the cabinet as soon as my unfortunate marital affairs were decently forgotten—it being clearly understood that the said young Thomas was entirely to blame ——"

"Please!"

"I made several thousands buying up cheap army blankets and selling them at a large profit to the people who had already paid for them. Then my liver went back on me and I remembered all my wife had said ——"

"Do you call that a change of heart?"

"In all true reformations, dear lady, the liver is certain to be involved."

"Reformations can come too late."

"That's what I don't know yet," he admitted very seriously. There was a tense silence. He went on at last, awkwardly and almost humbly "You see, I took my liver in time I'm—I'm in wonderful shape. Any first-class war would be glad to get me. But there are other things. As you say, one may be too late. I've traveled a long way to find out."

"What do you want here?" she asked, not very distinctly.

"A job. I want to know whether you won't take me on. I've not much to offer. I gave most of my money to the government. I reckoned it couldn't do them much harm, governments being fat and bleareyed anyway. But I've got enough to build you a few houses. I did set up a village or two in France, just to get my hand in. And I've got a good pair of arms and legs and I'm prime on plumbing."

"You sound a very useful man," she murmured.

"If you'd give me a trial ——."

She stood up. "Well, perhaps you'd like to see over things."

"There's one other point. It may be a serious objection." He removed his cap. "You see here the consequences of a misspent life—a fatal falling off. I've done my best. My rooms at home are full of infallible bottles. But they, indeed, have come too late. If you could overlook it ——"

She refused to look at him at all. Her voice sounded rough and unsteady. "Don't be stupid. Mine's gray and hideous."

"I like it like that." They went out into the mud and rain together. "And there's one other thing I ought to warn you about."

"What is it?"

"Well, it's about my late wife."

"That person!" said Jane impatiently. "From what you tell me about her, she seems to be a tiresome and heartless prig."

"She was a wonder, a darling. If I had half a chance, I'd marry her all over again."

"Half a chance," Jane murmured, "isn't a great deal to ask."

"And it's the fifth of September," he added inconsequently.

"I know," she said. "We'd better go down to the hospital and see what Humphrey's doing."

It was raining harder than ever. They walked hand in hand. Several apathetic villagers came out to stare at them. It seemed to them very peculiar that anyone could look so happy. They did not know, of course, that there were flowers growing out of the old shell holes and that the war-riven autumn trees were already in full blossom.

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SAILOR, BEWARE!

(Continued from Page 15)

No, but was the driver negligent in not holding onto his seat tighter? They wouldn't have run away if he hadn't come unshipped that way? Ho! Way enough! Didn't I read something in that auto-insurance book?"

He recollected that he had. The very first cases cited in this second adjusters' book were those of horses frightened by motor cars in the early days. "And the liability," thought Muldoon, "was always clear unless the driver got out and took the horse by the head. Oh, boy—oh, boy, and I saw it!"

He put back the handbook and started on a dead run for the first wreck—the taxi. Here he stopped, took the license number, hurriedly noted the damage, and got the names and addresses of two men who were standing near by—so they said—when the accident occurred. Across the street to the limousine he went and repeated the performance. Then, dodging the shower from the hydrant, he hurried to where spectators clustered thickly about the wrecked sport car, while mounted police and hastily summoned firemen tried to separate car from dray, and remove one horse from the motor, his companion from the driver's seat, and the third from amidst the spare tire and gasoline tank.

Muldoon hurried here and there, getting names and addresses of witnesses, the number of the car, the badge number of every police officer he saw, the hospital and the name of the interne who came with an ambulance to take away the sport-car owner, who had fainted. Muldoon secured six witnesses who would swear that she was on the sidewalk and not in the car at the time of the collision. This was important.

"Luck!" the gob kept muttering. "Luck! This time I'm made. When I tell Sign-'Em-Up about this, he'll clear away the admiral's gig and take me for a sail in it!"

The collision between the dray and the sport car had, of course, prevented Muldoon from seeing the milk-wagon horse put his feet through the roof of the town car, and it was not for some time that he realized something else was going on on the other side of the crowd. He hurried there, pencil and fresh paper ready. Firemen had cut away the roof of the town car, and a wrecking car from a neighboring garage was preparing to hoist out the horse with its derrick. This they did, and lowered him to his four feet again, where, beyond some scratches and minor cuts, he was found to be unhurt. The gob took the name of the milkman and the company for which he worked. He thought of getting the cook's name at whose back door the driver had been at the time; but the driver was unhurt, and fifty witnesses whose names the gob would secure could testify to that effect, and that his language was vigorous in the extreme.

As for the town car, it was a wreck. No chance to exaggerate damages to that car. Thereupon Muldoon withdrew to a clear space and took counsel with himself. His excitement was intense. To his lot had fallen something that every adjuster dreams of, but few secure—the chance to do an accident of which they themselves have been an eyewitness—to be right on hand at the time, to secure witnesses, take measurements, inspect wreckage. In short, do all the things that owners or chauffeurs never do, but that make the investigation and defense of a case a matter of ease and pleasure, and give the adjuster a tremendous advantage when he proceeds to the settlement of the case, for he can dispose of all arguments of the plaintiff by saying, "Now, listen, it's no use to say that. I was there and saw this thing with my own eyes."

Hurriedly Muldoon reviewed what he had already done. "All these cars and where they were berthed, I've noted down," he muttered. "Damages to each—I got that. Witnesses—I got them. Sketch of scene. I can do that later. Statement from assured's driver! Aha! Where is he? Pass the word to assured's driver to lay aft!"

The gob looked wildly about. There were plenty of red cars in sight, but they were all fire apparatus or city emergency trucks, come to shut off the water and repair the shattered hydrant. He splashed across the street. No sign of the Demon from there. Hurriedly he ran to the corner of Boylston Street. Ah, there it was! Just where he had seen it stopped before. But would the driver be in it? He would see.

There was no driver there, but a policeman stood with one foot on the running board.

"Know where the driver is, officer?" asked Muldoon.

"In the brig!"

"In the brig?" cried Muldoon. He was about to hail the policeman as a shipmate, but his eye lighted on a small round button which the policeman wore on his collar. It indicated that the wearer was honorably discharged from the U. S. Marine Corps. The officer's eye likewise lighted on the discharge button in Muldoon's lapel buttonhole, which showed that his service had been in the Navy.

"Huh!" said Muldoon. "Leatherneck!"

"Gwan, flatfoot, before I swab the alley with yuh!" barked the police officer. Muldoon withdrew.

"In the brig!" he muttered. "The nearest one is Station 40. So run up the speed cone to full steam and lay course for Station 40."

The driver of the Demon was there, also his passenger.

"Shure you can see thim," said the desk sergeant. "Have yuh got the end of a shigar in your pocket? Well, niver mind. Oh, Pete! Lave the gintelman see thim two that was just brought in."

The gob was admitted to the cell room, and here, after he had identified himself, the driver of the car gave him a statement. Muldoon had never taken a P. L. statement before, and the difference between common-law testimony and that taken for possible production before an industrial-accident board is as great as it can possibly be, but he had the handbook as a guide, and the assured's driver could not plead other engagements, or hurry to finish his route, or customers waiting for orders, and so the gob took his time, and a very creditable statement. He also took a statement from the driver's cellmate—the passenger—whose custom was undoubtedly lost to the Demon Motor Company forever.

"Would you like to see the other one of thim?" inquired the jailer, as the gob passed the second statement through the bars.

"What other?"

"It's the man that was driving the horses," advised the customer.

"Oh, man! Is he here? Man, I run onto sixty fathoms of luck today. . . . Now, just write: 'I have read the above statement and it is true' across the bottom of the page, and sign it. Thanks. . . . Here, Pete, witness this, will you? Just write your name and address across the corner. Now, then, where away is this other lad?"

"What have they got you for?" inquired Muldoon, when he stood before the third cell in the row. "Are you the man who was driving those three horses?"

"Yup," said the other sadly. "I took a round outta that fresh bird that was drivin' that car! Where the hell did he think he was—out in the sticks somewhere? Say, call up the office, will you, and ask how's chances on gettin' someone out here to bail me out, will yuh?"

"Give me a story and sign it," countered Muldoon.

"Sure."

When the statement was finished, Muldoon again took counsel with himself.

"What time's it now? Eight bells in the forenoon gone. Time to put down tables. Shall I phone the office? No. They'd send somebody else out on it and that would queer me. Well, we'll eat."

He was so excited that he had no appetite, but he nevertheless managed to get down a piece of pie and a cup of coffee. He suddenly recollected that he must see the ambulance surgeon who had taken away the owner of the blue car. Was it not written in the book that the ambulance surgeon was often the most important witness? He hurried to the hospital, found the surgeon, and took a long statement from him. The lady of the blue sport car was unhurt; she had recovered in the ambulance, and after a slight rest at the hospital had gone home.

"She'll get a new car out of somebody," remarked the gob, "and that'll cheer her up." He had a thrill of pride to think that it might not be his company, but the company that insured the dray that would buy the car. He was going to sew this case up. The driver of the dray had said in his statement that he "had been sittin' on the seat, not thinkin' of anything special." Aha! Negligence! And therefore contributing to the causes of the series of accidents.

Muldoon spent the afternoon in searching out the wrecked cars in the different garages whither they had been towed. At six he ate supper hurriedly, then started to round up witnesses.

"Now's the time," said he to himself. "They'll all be aboard, sitting round with the smoke lamp lit, having a game. I can do four between now and ten o'clock."

The first witness lived in the vicinity of the accident, over on the river bank. The gob found, on arrival, that it was not his home address, but that the witness was a night watchman in a hospital there. Well, all the better. Yes, the watchman could be seen. He might be found in the boiler room.

"I'm Mr. Muldoon," the gob introduced himself, "and you remember you gave me your name this morning as a witness. Well, now, I'd like to get a little story out of you about this accident."

Witness inhaled tea from a small tin pail. "Good," he said. "I was just after tellin' the furnace man about it. Was that leddy hurted bad?"

"Aw, she wasn't hurt," laughed the gob. "She was just scared."

"She's not to be blamed," said the watchman, shaking his head. "If I was to see the two feet of a horse come through the roof of my car and clatter thegither foreninst my nose, ut would scare me!"

"She wasn't in the car at all," said the gob, preparing his statement paper. "She got out before the horses hit it. Now, then, just where were you standing, and what did you see first; what first apprised you that something unusual had happened?"

"Not in the car at ahl?" demanded the watchman vigorously. "Why, didn't I take her out and carry her into the house wit' me two hands, and her maybe a corp thinks I? Up to the very bed she lay down on, I tuk her, and it worth a king's ransom or maybe more! Have yuh seen the big leddy that lives there too? She asked me to take heed for the carpets with my muddy feet."

"Lissen," interrupted the gob. "What's all this? There was a woman you took out of a car? What car?"

"The one the milk horse jumped up on."

"The one that had the roof caved in?"

"The same. Wan o' the lads from the garridge opens the door an' there she is, tucked up in the corner. It's like he tapped her with his fut as it went through. So I, bein' at his elbow, out wit' her an' up the stairs into the house. Now then, says you, where was I an' what did I see first? Well ——"

"Wait!" said the gob. An injured! There was an injured person after all, and he had wasted a whole day on wrecked autos! The injured was the person to see first, always! He might very well have missed the extraction of this woman from the wrecked car, while he had been on the opposite side of the crowd, and then he had hurried away to look for the Demon. It was probably too late now! The case had gone to an attorney by this time.

"I'll go see if it has!" declared the gob. "If it has, we've got no attorney's letter yet, and the case is still open to me to settle! Never get discouraged your first cruise! Here, what house did she go into? She live there? Know her name?"

"I tuk her into the house with the pillars where she was in front of. The shoffer said she lived there. I wouldn't know her name. There was a name on the door plate, but I didn't just notice it."

Muldoon was gone by then, running hard, and thankful that the house was not far away.

He found it with ease; one of those solid, porticoed, opulent residences, built in the days when Free Silver was still a lively issue. A lighted match showed Muldoon the name on the door. "Garford." He rang.

"Is Mr. Garford at home?" inquired the gob of the man that answered. A man-servant! The gob had thought such things existed only in the movies. This one, though, was real—white tie, spike tail and all. He waved a silver tray at Muldoon, who hesitated, not knowing whether to put a quarter thereon or not.

"Card, sir?"

"I haven't any—er—I mislaid them. Just say Mr. Muldoon."

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir." And the Spike Tail waved very haughtily out of sight. The gob stood in the broad entrance hall and looked about him. There were carved chests there, tapestries with ludicrous figures on them, worth a sum whose figures were even more so; paintings of queer-looking ladies, evidently immune from danger of catching cold in the chest; rugs that looked flat and uninteresting, yet that sank when one put foot thereon, and gave him the impression of walking on clouds.

A small man in a dinner jacket appeared. "Are you from the papers?" he inquired brusquely. "Yes, just step in here a moment. Let me see your card. You must have a card. I refuse to make any statement until I see what sheet you represent. No-no! No excuses, or there's the door."

Muldoon, realizing that temporizing would be fatal, hunted about and then produced his card; one that bore in bold type: Eagle Mutual Liability Company. Then in a corner: Henry Muldoon, Representative.

"Then you're not from the press?" demanded the little man, pursing his lips. "That's the only reason I admitted you. Really, I've just finished dining and I have an engagement this evening. Most presumptuous of you to intrude, you know, at this time. I have quite all the insurance I can carry."

"I've come about the accident," mumbled the gob, wondering if Spike Tail would break him down the front steps, as Spike Tails did in the movies.

Came then a stir of silks, the rustle of soft fabrics, and a lady entered the room. She was tall, and her bearing was not only regal but imperial. She stared haughtily at the gob and then swept her gaze over the little man in the dinner jacket.

"Er—my dear," faltered the latter—"er—Mr. Eagle, from the Muldoon Company—that is—er—the contrary, you see."

"I understood you were interviewing the press here without my permission and not in my presence," said the majestic lady. Muldoon's hair stood on end, and the little man actually cowered. The lady's voice was deep, and more resonant than a man's. An actor that could say "Away with him to the highest tree in my dominions!" in such tones would be the sensation of the century. The gob thought of an officer he

(Continued on Page 151)

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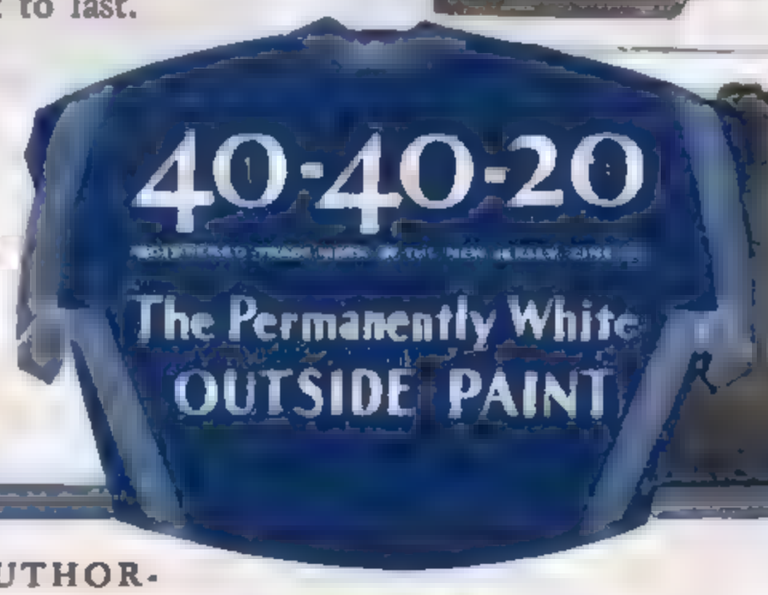

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New Jersey zinc

(Continued from Page 146)

had known during his service—one Thunderface Sam—of whom it was said that he could take his post on the upper lid of a battle wagon, by the spud cages, and give perfectly audible orders, now to the forecastle, now to the men at the derrick controls, and now to the black gang, by way of the ash hoist.

"No, no," smiled the little man, "he's an insurance man. From the Eagle Company."

"From the Eagle!" exclaimed the lady, so that the chandelier shook and Muldoon nearly leaped out of his clothes.

"There!" exclaimed the little man. "I hear the telephone! Who can it be at this hour?" He arose earnestly, hands already outstretched to take the instrument.

"Peter!" said the lady. "You will remain."

The little man smiled his acquiescence and sat down.

"You are from the Eagle?" continued the lady.

"Yes, ma'am; I came about the accident, you know."

"Well, it's high time that you should! I am Mrs. Garford."

"Pleased to meet you," bowed Muldoon. "I would have come before, but I just discovered a little while ago that there had been a regrettable occurrence ——"

"A little while ago?" More than ever Mrs. Garford's tone brought visions of death's-heads, clanking of chains, and torture chambers beneath the castle moat. "But you are just an underling! Your president himself—why didn't he come here in person? Why didn't he come to present his apologies like a man? He is the guilty one; he is the one with whom I shall have to do!"

"Well, ma'am, he couldn't really come, because he wouldn't know about it yet. You see ——"

"Yes, I know he was not in the car at the time, but he must have been informed of it by now. Indeed, the several letters that I have written him should have apprised him of it!"

There was a short pause. Muldoon thought of a night in the Navy Y, long ago, when he had heard a tale of a skipper who had a sixth sense, who could smell another ship in a fog, who had heard breakers in mid-Pacific and the next day had discovered an uncharted island, and who had, one night in the North Sea, come topside in the midwatch and shut down a destroyer's engines with his own hand. They had drifted ten, fifteen minutes, and at the end had seen two round black bobbing mines go floating by, flashing in the moonlight, just where the destroyer would have come aboard them had she continued her course.

The gob waved his hand and an imaginary telegraph seemed to clang under it. Reverse engines. Three blasts of the whistle.

"The president sent me very specially," began the gob, moving at quarter speed and keeping the lead going, so to speak, "to find out exactly the details of this affair. He—he's out of town himself; he's in our New York office and couldn't do it in person. Now, just what were the facts?"

"Why what nonsense is this?" boomed the lady. "He must know the facts perfectly. Why, his chauffeur killed my dog!"

"Ah!" said the gob, when he could speak. "Are you sure?"

"He need not deny it!" replied Mrs. Garford. "The car is registered in his name; the chauffeur declared that it was Mr. Lapwing's car, and that Mr. Lapwing was the president of the Eagle Mutual Liability Insurance Company!"

"And at what do you value the life of this animal?" asked Mr. Muldoon.

"You don't think your miserable company has money enough to repay me for Fifi's life, do you? Do you think that my heartache and loneliness can be healed by gold? Do you? Answer me!"

"No, ma'am." Muldoon had an overwhelming desire to run to the side of this imaginary ship of his and plunge into the sea. The little man made an almost imperceptible movement, as if to glide to the door.

"Peter!" said the *basso profundo* voice of the lady.

"I thought I heard your mother calling, my dear," replied the little man.

"You are mistaken. I just left her, and she is in need of nothing."

"If we could buy you another dog ——" Muldoon began, but he ended abruptly. Breakers ahead. Mrs. Garford's eyes blazed, and her figure stiffened.

"Really," she said, and every word seemed to come from the pit of her stomach, "we are not in need of charity. Nothing but an apology will satisfy me—the most abject apology from your president in person!"

"Well, ma'am," began the gob, his heart lightening as does the navigator's at sight of a harbor light, "I was sent here by Mr. Lapwing's telegraphed order to do just that thing. He's in New York, you see, and couldn't do it himself. From his wire he seemed to be much disturbed. He wanted me to express his sorrow and say that he would come in person when he came home. He'd come right from the station. And he wired also to discharge the chauffeur."

"Very good. That man should be discharged. I shall be satisfied. In fact, you may inform your president that he need not come here in person. I accept his apology. My time is quite full, and I would hardly be able to grant an interview for such a purpose without inconvenience; which, after all, the affair does not merit."

The lady smiled a frosty smile and rose, to intimate that she had spent enough time already with Mr. Muldoon.

"If you wouldn't mind," said Muldoon, and his heart began to pound, "would you—if it isn't too much trouble—mind signing this little blue paper? It's just to show that I really was here, you know. And it will show that you are really satisfied with my apology. Otherwise the president will have to come out himself."

"Why, yes," said the lady slowly, as she took the release form the gob handed her. "I have no objection."

"My dear," began the little man. "Really, Martha, I wouldn't sign anything. We may—that is—you'll never get a cent out of 'em if you sign it!"

The lady drew herself up to her full height and looked about her in a glance that took in the glittering crystal chandelier, the inlaid table by Boulle that had been made for the fourteenth Louis, the paintings on the silk-tapestried wall, and the rugs that had cost more than Muldoon's salary for the next fifteen years.

"Really?" she inquired.

At the rasp of that word the little man shrank into himself, and Muldoon's hand shook so that he could hardly fill in the blanks in the release.

"Martha Garford," he wrote, "for one dollar and other good and valuable . . . dog Fifi," and then pointed out where she should sign.

"Please write," breathed the gob, "'I have read this release' over your signature."

Mrs. Garford complied, then looked at Muldoon as if to say, "And will you get out of here now?" She drew back slightly, for his breath was coming swiftly and his eyes seemed to start from the sockets.

"Your mother?" choked the gob, "was she injured in that accident this morning?"

"If it is your concern, she was not—that is, not badly. She will be confined to her bed for some time from shock, however. You will pardon me if I tell you that we are expecting guests."

"But I—the company, that is—insure the horse—that is the auto that frightened the horses that frightened the horse—could we—er—doctor's expenses, or fix up the roof of the car or anything?"

"Good Lord," rolled out Mrs. Garford's tones, as would the voice of Boreas from his cavern, "are you involved in that affair too? Have we got to have your cheap doctors ringing my bell at all hours and claim agents coming here every time we entertain? And reporters hanging around at all hours booming flash lights at us? If I sign another one of those papers will that end it; will that put a stop to all publicity and annoyance? Give it to me! Give it to me, I say!"

She would have torn it from Muldoon's hand, but he would not give it to her until she had told him her mother's name.

"Give it to me!" insisted Mrs. Garford. "I'll sign it, and you will fill it in afterward."

"But your mother will have to sign it."

The lady made a gesture of impatience, and snatching the release from under the gob's hand, swept from the room with it and upstairs.

The little man was gone when she returned, but she did not seem to notice. The release was signed, the lady witnessed it herself and handed it to the gob.

"Ah," exclaimed the gob, verifying the signature, "your mother's name is Kelty! Annie Kelty! Why, mine is Muldoon ——"

The lady gave a shriek—a really truly shriek.

"Are you going," she cried, "or will I have them throw you out?" Muldoon went at once.

On the street corner he again inspected the two releases, tremblingly lighted a cigarette and tried to think what he should do next.

"Relieve the wheel and lookout," he muttered finally, "and go below the watch. "I've done enough tonight."

It was morning, and MacLusky growled within his den like an unfed bear.

"Take a letter, Miss Clancy," he rumbled. "Peoria office. Replying your wire requesting additional adjuster; have no P. L. men available. The importance of your office—naw, tear it up! If I don't send 'em a man, they won't do a thing now but just let every case go to—go to—ruin, an' then say I wouldn't give 'em no support. Well, where can I get a P. L. man to shoot out there in the sticks? I ain't got a man that's had more'n three months' experience. Can't send a guy with no experience to a branch office. Sorrow folly the mother o' the man that ever got me to leave a street car for this job! . . . Whaddyuh want, Muldoon?"

"I thought," began the gob, with affected calm, "that you might care to look over this case here." He laid a bundle of papers on the desk. "There's really two cases there, but I didn't have time to have a folder made up on 'em."

"What's all this?" demanded MacLusky.

"It's that Demon case, where all the horses run wild and smashed up so many cars "

"I seen it in the papers this morning. What you mixed up in it for?"

"I was there on the corner," said the gob, adjusting his necktie, "and saw the whole of it."

"Releases, huh? How'd yuh have releases with yuh?"

"Well, you know we have to take 'em for the comp. cases on the docks, when a man gets hurt on a ship and the act doesn't cover."

"Both nominal. Who's Annie Kelty?"

Muldoon explained, giving a rapid outline of his interview with Mrs. Garford.

"Huh!" grinned MacLusky. "She don't crave publicity! I'll bet not. I was in love with her when I was a kid myself. She used to sing at the old Atheneum. Maggie Murphy's Home, that was her big hit. Then she married this Garford lad. She's been in the papers now and again, and they always bring out the skeleton and rattle it round. That little rat married her on a bet that he didn't have the guts to ask her. I bet he wishes he lost. Martha Kelty! Sure she was a jool in them days! I was chasin' releases then myself. Well, yuh might as well be playin' around that way as spending the afternoon at the movies."

He tossed the papers back to Muldoon, who looked at them in a daze, but made no move to take them. What was the matter with MacLusky? Was he crazy?

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"Did you look those through?" gasped the gob. "Why, there's a ten-thousand-dollar case there all sewed up."

"Maybe," said MacLusky without interest, relighting the end of cigar between his teeth. "Only we don't cover."

"Don't cover!" cried Muldoon. "You rave! Why, I was out to the Demon plant only day before yesterday on a case!"

"Policy expired two days ago," went on MacLusky, puffing at the cigar, "and we covered for 'em for twenty-four hours on a binder, so's they could make up their minds would they pay a 125 per cent on increase in premium, bein' as their loss ratio was a 110 per cent. Them lads are always out showing how fast they can go, just like they did here. Well, they wouldn't pay and the binder was up at midnight day before yesterday. Well, let's get to business. What's the story on Soriano versus Amalgamated Rubber?"

"Why," faltered Muldoon, "I was so busy sewing up this other case, I didn't go down there!"

"What?" gurgled MacLusky. "And payments due on that case yesterday? No investigation, an' we gotta pay or show why! Want the industrial board to slip us a fine for late payments? Who—why ——" His face became purple as he struggled for utterance. Once or twice he looked helplessly at Miss Clancy, who occupied a desk beside him, as though he found her presence a hindrance to free speech. "No two ways about it," he choked finally, "I'm gonna have me a private office or die of brain storm yet! You, Muldoon, when I give you an order, you obey it! You do the case I give yuh, if every assured we got runs wild and irons out all Boston right under your eyes! I'm boss here! I'll assign cases! I'd fire you on the spot if I didn't know I'd get another dumb-bell just as bad to break in all over again. Get outta here! You git down to the Amalgamated Rubber an' when you got that case sewed you call me up, understand? Don't stop on the way! If there are no trains runnin', you walk! Git!"

When Muldoon had gone MacLusky threw his cigar end on the floor and stamped on it.

His eye rolled haggardly. He took out a fresh cigar and chewed it around and around. He reached over and picked up the papers which the gob had not even waited to gather up.

"Were you going to write Peoria?" asked Miss Clancy softly.

"Naw!"

He picked up the intercommunicating phone and pressed the button that connected him with his assistant. "MacLusky! Did you get anything on this Demon thing on Boylston Street yesterday? . . . I know we don't; but they wouldn't plaster it all over the plant, would they? Grey's man would phone in as usual. . . . Yeh, he did, huh? . . . Who'd yuh give it to? . . . Yuh. Send him in if he's out there."

Mr. Colbert, the go-getter, appeared.

"You get this Demon case on your three o'clock call?" asked MacLusky.

"Yes," said Mr. Colbert, polishing his nails on the palm of his left hand. "I called back, and the underwriting department told me the Demon people hadn't renewed. I thought of it at once. I keep abreast of those things, you know."

"So you didn't do anything on it?"

"No. If there was no coverage, it would have been a waste of time."

"No, no coverage. That's all I wanted. Huh!" he grunted as Mr. Colbert withdrew. "Smart boy, ain't he? An' if they had maybe renewed, huh, an' no one knew it but the guy that signed the policy an' the big boss? What then, huh? An' the case gone to an attorney!"

He picked up the case again. "It's a crime to let this thing go to waste. The kid's done a good job. Twenty-five witnesses, cops, ambulance surgeon and two releases for nuthin. We could go halvies on that truck company for 50 per cent o' the first damages an' a third with the milk people for old lady Garford's car. H'm! I remember now; Lapwing did run over that dog. She wanted him arrested. But how did this kid know what to do?"

"He reads the books," said Miss Clancy, "the one on auto insurance, and all the Instructions to Public Liability Adjusters that you put out. It stops him singing sailor songs."

MacLusky looked at her in astonishment, for Miss Clancy never interrupted his muttered discourses. "He a sailor?" he asked, with a glassy eye, as though his thought was elsewhere. He picked up the phone again and pressed a button marked Underwriting.

"MacLusky!" he began. "It ain't none o' my business—you get policyholders an' I lose 'em, I know—but here's maybe somethin' interestin'. Listen, now. We don't cover the Demon no more, do we? All right. Do you think that if you went out there and told them that they're holdin' the bag on twenty thousand dollars' worth of liability that we'll take off their hands, that they'd change their minds an' pay the new premium? They ain't took on with any other company, have they? . . . No, I guessed they hadn't. They're kinda well known. Think it would help? . . . Yeh, I thought it would too. . . . Goin' out right away? Well, stop in the office an' I'll give you the dope. Hope you sign 'em up."

"I'm gettin' old," went on MacLusky, hanging up the receiver. "I ain't got the old fight no more. I should have fired this Muldoon for doin' that case and Colbert for not doin' it. When any of 'em get a case from this office they do it, never mind whether it's covered or not! Now, yuh see, I'm in a mess. This here Muldoon'll think he got away with somethin'! . . . Letter to Peoria. 'Are sending you under separate cover—or by train—Mr. Colbert—whatever his first name is—one of our most experience' adjusters. I feel very sure he will give you all the help you need.' Memo to Personnel Manager. Subject, John Doe Muldoon—Find out his name; I don't know it—This employe transferred from Compensation to Public Liability as of even date, replacing Colbert, transferred to Peoria. No change in salary status.' Hold that second one a while; I ain't made up my mind yet. He'll get awful fresh."

Two cigars had been chewed into shreds, with appropriate rumbling and grunting, before MacLusky finally turned to his secretary.

"All right, shoot that second memo," he growled. "Speakin' about Martha Kelty reminds me of another song she used to sing—Sailor, Beware! This Muldoon better go learn it off her, 'cause I'm gonna be layin' for him the next few months!"

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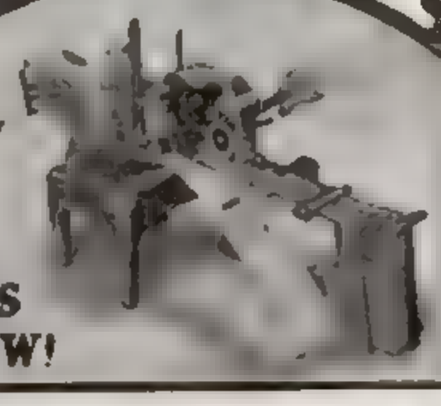

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THE LAUGHING LOSER

(Continued from Page 21)

"With great pleasure," the young man accepted eagerly. "Would it sound impertinent if I asked whether I would have the pleasure of meeting your niece again?"

"Not tonight. That may come later," was the not altogether discouraging reply. "Be so kind as not to change."

Densham, as dinner that evening drew toward its close, suddenly set down his wineglass with a little start. He stared out of the porthole. "Why, we're moving!" he exclaimed.

His host nodded. "Yes," he admitted, "we are moving; in fact, we are already out of the harbor. Not much of a sea, is there?"

"But where are we off to?"

Mr. Harmon Wrey shrugged his shoulders. "Does it matter very much?" he asked—"to you, I mean."

The younger man considered the position for a moment. "I don't suppose it does," he acknowledged. "Still, one may be curious. Are we just going a little way out to sea and back again, or are we off for a cruise? Remember that I haven't brought any clothes, won't you?"

There was just the flicker of a smile upon Mr. Harmon Wrey's hard lips. "We are going for a very short cruise," he confided, "but you won't need any clothes other than what you have on. Just along the coast a little way—as far as Ospedaletti, perhaps."

"Has our journey a destination or an object?" Densham asked curiously.

Harmon Wrey leaned back in his chair. They had reached the coffee stage, and he pushed the cigars and cigarettes across to his guest. "So far as you are concerned," he admitted, "I suppose it may be said to have an object."

Densham lit a cigarette thoughtfully and waited until the steward had left the room. "It seems to me, sir," he remarked, "that you are going back upon your word. You assured me that I had nothing to look for from you in the shape of adventure, yet here I am being taken to an unknown destination in a yacht which, on a dark night, is traveling without any lights. I am not complaining. Anything in the way of a new experience is welcome to me just now, but isn't it almost time I understood a little more about the business?"

Mr. Harmon Wrey smoked for a moment or two in silence. His cigar showed a tendency to drift toward the corner of his mouth, and when at last he spoke there was a great deal more of the American than the Italian now apparent in his tone and manner. He drew from his pocket a morocco case and counted out upon the table two hundred and fifty pounds in bank notes.

"This," he confided, "is the price of a small commission I wish you to undertake for me—two hundred and fifty pounds. Put it in your pocket."

"Hadn't I better have an idea first as to the nature of this commission?" Densham suggested.

"You're going to hear about that right away. You'll accept it all right though. You can take my word for that."

The young man took possession of the notes. "Am I to break the law?" he asked.

"Not in any ordinary sense of the word," his host assured him. "Roughly speaking, this is what is going to happen to you: You will be put ashore"—he glanced out of the porthole—"in about an hour on the Italian coast. You will be landed in a small bay close to the railway track. Very soon after you have arrived there, the Rome Express will find signals against her and will be brought up within a few yards of you."

"This all sounds very interesting," the young man admitted. "Do I get into the train?"

"You do not. This is where your adventure begins, however, and where I guess you'll have to show your nerve and trust to your luck. Someone will be standing at the window of the first compartment of the carriage next to the engine. You have to hand that person a small box without being seen, slip back again into hiding and be rowed to the yacht as soon as the train has gone on again."

"It doesn't seem very alarming," Densham observed. "Supposing the train doesn't stop though."

"It will stop," was the confident reply. "Express trains, even in Italy, can't afford to disregard the signals."

"And supposing anyone interferes with me."

"You had better see that they don't," Harmon Wrey advised him dryly. "Otherwise you may have to spend some time in an Italian prison."

"One more question: What sort of a law am I breaking?"

Harmon Wrey stroked his chin thoughtfully. "Well, I shouldn't say you'd come under the criminal statutes," he decided. "What you're going to do is to hand to the person whom you'll find waiting for it, a box which it is just as well should not be in her possession until after the frontier is crossed. Will that do for you?"

"I suppose it may as well," Densham acquiesced. "At a surmise, I should say that I was about to make my debut in Italian politics."

"A very reasonable deduction," Mr. Harmon Wrey admitted; "but if you take my advice, young man, you'll let it go at that, and you won't ask on which side. . . . Try a little more of this *fin*. We shall be changing our course and making for land directly."

There came to Bernard Densham, as he cautiously raised himself to his full height after his scramble up the beach, a shuddering thrill of pleasure, the pure joy of imminent adventure. He had been obliged to wade the last dozen yards or so, but he was unconscious of any discomfort, although the sea water dripped from his clothes to the ground by his side.

He took careful stock of his surroundings. Just before him were the two lines of steel-gray metal; on his right, the signal box; far away to the left, the scattered lights of Vintimille. Facing him, on the other side of the railway track, was a small but thickly planted orange grove—a black and mysterious belt now in the moonless night; behind him, the strip of beach up which he had climbed, and a huge rock, in the shelter of which the dinghy which had brought him was waiting. On the hillside inland was a sprinkling of solitary lights, but the country itself was shapeless and indistinguishable.

Hidden by his coat was a flat wooden box with a brass handle and in his pocket a small automatic pistol, which he had not the slightest intention of using. There seemed to be no human being anywhere within sight or hearing, nor any traffic along the road, which was barely a quarter of a kilometer away. Once or twice during the last half hour, a watery moon had emerged from behind the masses of dark cloud. He watched the spot anxiously. The faintest gleam of moonlight during the next few minutes might be disastrous.

Then came the sound for which all the time he had been on the *qui vive*—the distant roar of the approaching express, its volume of sound magnified by the background of deep stillness, fading away sometimes almost into silence as the train crept into a tunnel, and bursting once more into deep-throated thunder as it emerged. All the time, although the fires from the engine were visible now, barely a kilometer away, there came no sign from the signal box. At last, however, with a curious little thrill, he saw the fulfillment of the first part of Harmon Wrey's prophecy. A shadowy figure was bending over some levers in the wooden shed. There was a harsh sound, a whir, and the green light had changed into a red. Densham drew a sharp breath of excitement. The moment was close at hand.

Round a distant curve the train came now into full sight. Most of the passengers seemed to have retired for the night, and it swept on like a black serpent, only the engine lights stabbing the darkness. Suddenly there arrived the sound for which Densham was waiting, the application of the brakes as the driver realized the signal against him. Sparks flew from the rails. Unevenly, with stertorous groans and clanging of attachments, the progress of the huge train was checked. Soon the engine, now almost motionless, drew level with Densham. It crawled on, dragging three luggage vans in its wake, and finally came to a standstill, so that by scarcely moving from his place Densham found himself opposite the first compartment.

What followed was almost mechanical in the completeness of its execution. From a window of absolute darkness two white hands suddenly stole out. He caught a glimpse of a girl's figure leaning forward—a figure which had been haunting him ever since those few strange moments at the Royalty Bar. Some loose dressing gown she was wearing fell back from her arms as she bent down. He saw the bare white throat glistening through the darkness, fancied that he even caught the flash of her eyes.

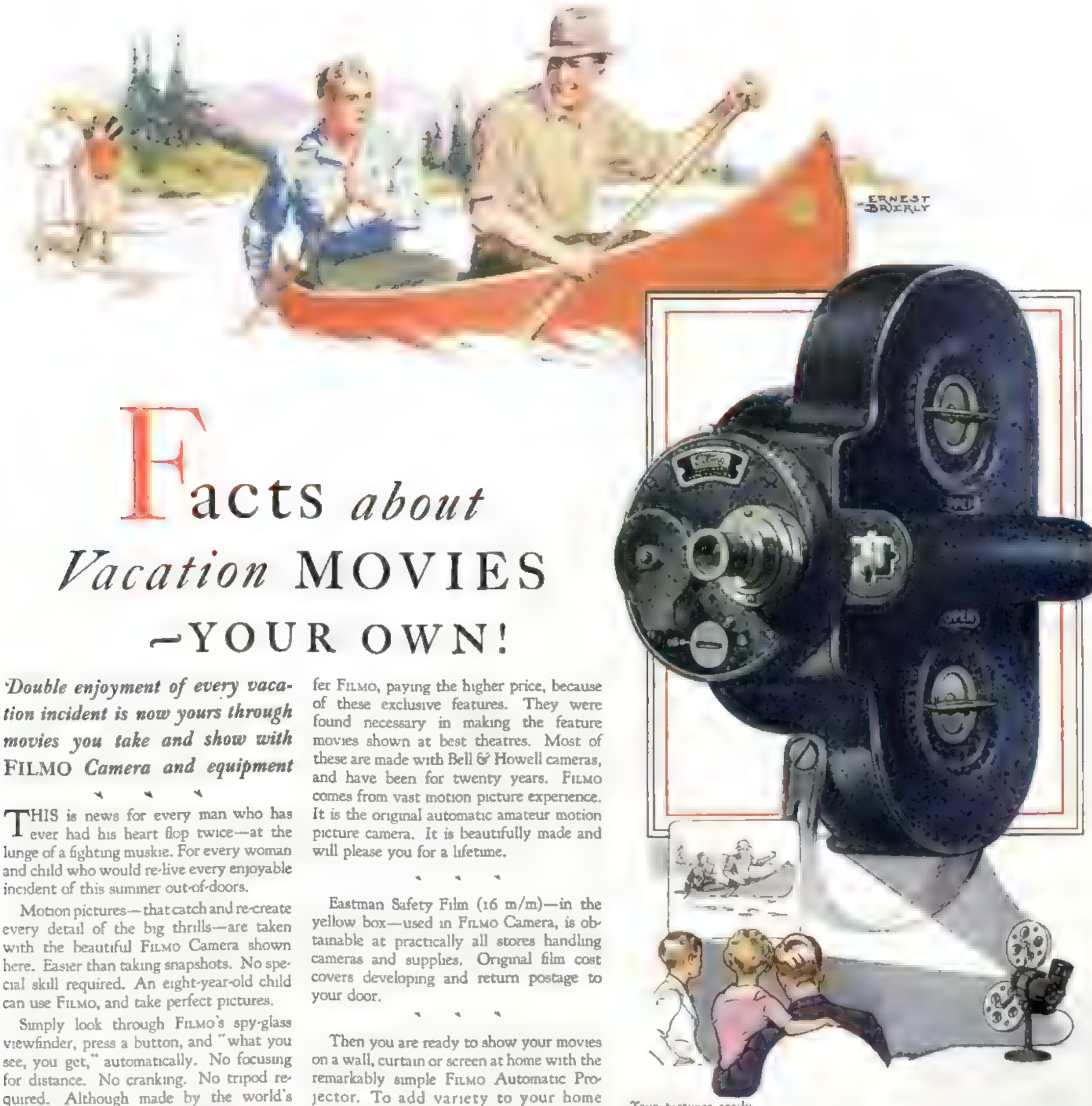
He had lost now the throb of anticipatory danger and found himself perfectly cool and collected. With his left hand resting lightly upon the carriage rail, he sprang onto the footboard and held up the box. It was gone almost in a moment. He had a fleeting vision of white fingers raised to her lips. Then the blind was hurriedly drawn down. He jumped back onto the ground, stole behind the rock and waited for a time, breathless.

Presently there were voices upon the track, sounds from the signal box. A green light flashed out in place of the red, the engine screamed, and the train, like some great dragon of the night, groaned and roared its way onward once more. He waited until it was out of sight around a neighboring curve. Then he waded again through the cool, still water, regained the little dinghy, clambered in, took an oar from the waiting seaman and pulled off to where presently, in the bay, the dark shape of the yacht grew into form.

There are times when heresies are spoken of the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo as a meeting place for men and women of fashion. Admittedly, there is an hour in the afternoon when its frequenters are slightly reminiscent of a meeting of the town councilors of a Yorkshire borough with their wives, gathered together for some high moral but dreary business. At night, though, from eleven o'clock until one, on any save a most unfortunate occasion, it is without a doubt the brilliant playground of the world which amuses itself.

Densham, on the evening after his night cruise, arriving there about midnight, counted himself lucky to have found a place at one of the roulette tables, a Sicilian duchess, dazzling him with the luster of her jewels—alas, the gift of a Frankfort banker—and the eloquence of her eyes, on one side, and a famous lady of many husbands, many lovers, and still the beauty of her day, as his right-hand neighbor. He drew out a roll of notes. Two hundred and fifty pounds! Money quickly yet in a sense dramatically earned. Once more he was preparing to risk his entire fortune, he reflected, as he fingered the notes. The fault of the war, of course. People never gambled with their whole capital in the old days. Two hundred and fifty pounds! With an instinct of unaccustomed caution, he placed a fifty-pound note in his waistcoat pocket. The rest he handed to the

(Continued on Page 156)



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(Continued from Page 154)

chef who was standing with his back to the Bureau de Change.

"At today's exchange," he begged.

"*Parfaitement, monsieur. Plaques ou louis?*"

"*Plaques seulement.*"

They seemed unending when they were piled up before him. He looked at the board, trying to visualize the numbers, and presently began to stake, sometimes on a number, sometimes on a *transversale*, sometimes only on an even chance. For a time he played with varying fortune. He held his own, increased his capital slightly, won an *en plein* and felt suddenly rich. Then everything began to melt away. Whatever he touched was wrong; whatever numbers he selected were farthest from the fateful one. He set his teeth, however, and went on until only five *plaques* remained. Quite enough to win a fortune with if one had the luck!

"I think, Mr. Densham, that you play roulette very badly," a quiet voice in his ear remarked.

He started, glanced up, and forgot all about roulette.

It was Rosa Soretti, who was standing looking over his shoulder.

"You are back again already!" he exclaimed breathlessly.

"My journey was not such a long one, perhaps, as you imagined," she replied.

"I —— Won't you have my seat?" he begged.

She shook her head—a wonderful vision in a gown of black georgette, with long rows of pearls hanging from her neck, her chestnut-brown hair brushed smoothly back, her lips like scarlet blossoms of tremulous beauty on the ivory pallor of her skin.

"I do not wish to sit, thank you," she assured him. The place next to his, however, was suddenly vacated and she slipped into it. "I want to tell you," she repeated, "that you play roulette very badly."

"Teach me, please," he ventured.

"Certainly, I will give you a lesson," she agreed, dropping her voice confidentially and leaning toward him. "All these croupiers who spin have different habits. Now this one, since he began, a quarter of an hour ago, has spun almost entirely *voisins*. Yet, have you taken any notice of that? No; you have deliberately backed the numbers on the other side of the board the whole of the time. You are playing against the run of the wheel. Therefore you lose. Perhaps you don't care whether you win or lose."

"It is a matter of some slight interest to me," he assured her, fingering those last five *plaques*.

"Then do as I suggest," she enjoined. "Now look at those numbers which the lady next to you has been keeping, and then look at the board. You will see that out of the last fifteen spins every winning number except one has been between eighteen and twenty-four. From what I know of that croupier, he will go on spinning the same way until his time is up. See how slowly he moves the wheel and how delicately he throws in the ball. Now stake halfway between the eighteen and the twenty-four—say, fourteen. Put one on fourteen and two on the *transversale treize-dix-huit*, because you see there are three of the numbers in that section. Keep your two remaining *plaques*. Now wait."

The weary summons of the croupier—"*Faites vos jeux*"—was followed by the more fateful announcement: "*Rien ne va plus.*" The ball fell into its place with a little click. The croupier glanced indifferently down the table as he announced the result: "*Vingt-deux, pair, noir et passe. Rien au numéro.*"

Rosa shrugged her shoulders. "Well, you see," she pointed out, "twenty-two is amongst the little cycle of numbers I told you about, only we just missed it. What have you there? Two *plaques*. Well, we will remain faithful to fourteen and put the other *plaque* upon the *transversale treize-dix-huit*."

He obeyed. The gambling at the other end of the table was heavy and there was some delay. "When did you get back?" he ventured to inquire.

"We will not speak of that," she answered, looking out of the window to the glittering lights of the little port. "Concentrate upon the game, please. Try to see fourteen written up on the walls—anywhere. Try to believe that you must win, that you are bound to win, that when you hear that ball fall and look toward the wheel, you will find it in Number Fourteen."

"Do you really think that it makes any difference?" he asked doubtfully.

"Of course it does," she assured him. "Don't talk, please. Concentrate."

Again the wheel spun, and the ball, in due course, sank into its place. The croupier announced the result with the same monotonous indifference: "*Quatorze, rouge, pair et manque.*"

Densham stared incredulously down the table. The thing seemed impossible.

His companion laughed softly. "Now your luck is turning," she declared. "Wait for me to tell you what to do."

He received the five *plaques* for the *transversale* and three *milles* and a half for the *plein*.

"Double your *plein* and the *transversale*," she directed, "and add the *chevaux* of fourteen."

He did as he was told. She laid her fingers -cool, white and soft—upon his wrist.

"Don't look at me all the time," she ordered. "Look at the wheel and watch the ball. Remember that it must be fourteen."

The tumultuous hum of voices and chorus of exclamations usually excited by a repetition suddenly broke loose. The croupier's announcement was almost unheard: "*Quatorze, rouge, pair et manque.*"

"Fourteen again!" he gasped.

"Naturally. Leave your stakes on, this time," she advised him. "Don't double, but put a *plaque* upon each of the numbers. nine, thirty-one, twenty and one."

Twenty turned up. Again he raked in his winnings.

"Now you've begun," she said coolly. "So long as this man spins, and spins in the way he is doing, you must win. Go for a big coup now. Go for fourteen again. Why not the maximum?"

He got up half an hour later with two hundred *milles*. It was she who had insisted upon his leaving off playing.

"The ball has passed," she pointed out "You will do no good with the other man. You shall give me a citronade for my advice."

They made their way into the bar and found two easy-chairs.

"Must it really be lemonade?" he asked.

"On second thought, perhaps your win deserves a champagne cocktail," she admitted.

He gave the order and looked cautiously around. They were almost alone in their corner. "Do tell me about your journey," he begged.

She shook her head. "You would never make a conspirator," she observed quietly. "One does not speak of these things. They happen; they pass. To my friends here, I have been, as a matter of fact, laid up for the last two days in my hotel with an attack of influenza."

He drank his cocktail, and took courage. "Well, if you won't confide in me, couldn't we go and dance somewhere?" he suggested.

She laughed at him. "I'm afraid not. Tomorrow night, perhaps there will be a party to which you can come. But if you do not wish to gamble any more, my car is outside; you can drive with me a little way if you would care to, and afterward we will call and see my uncle at the port. I ought to go and say good night to him."

"Nothing I should like better," he assented joyfully.

Later on in the evening Densham followed her down the companionway into

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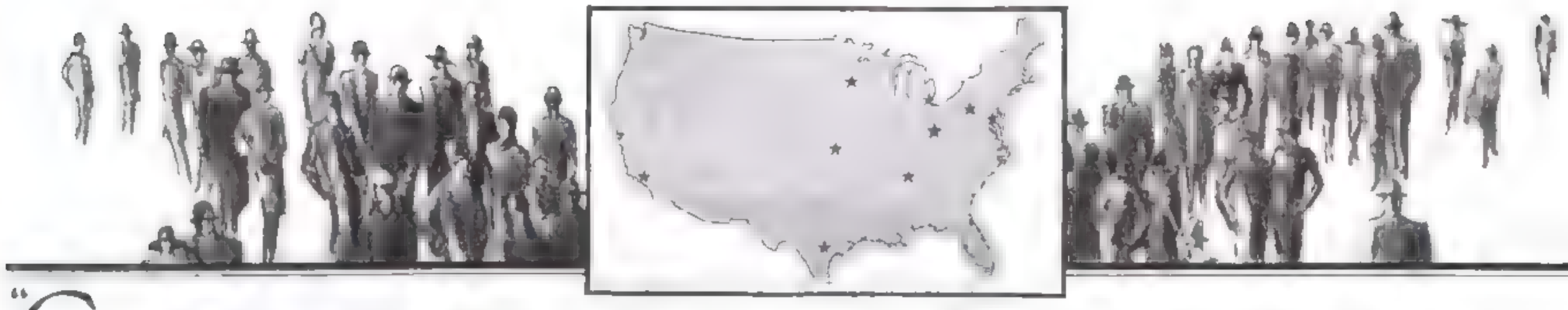

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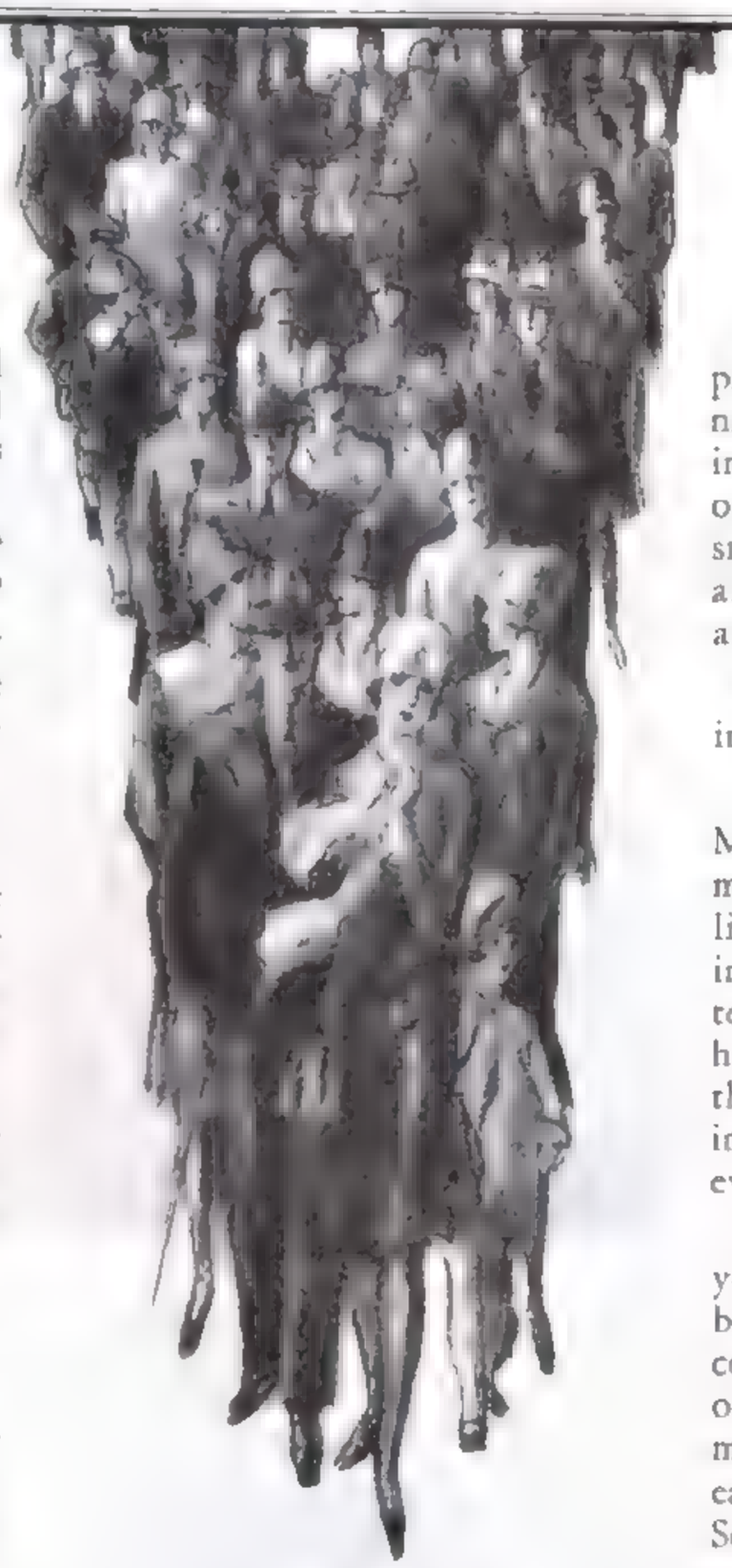

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Perhaps it was simply because Joel Cheek was endowed with a natural genius for flavor. Perhaps also because he grew up in a land of critical tastes. Certain it is that the touch of extra richness in the coffee blend which he created in old Tennessee, was quickly approved by the great families of Dixie. Long ago Joel Cheek's blend became the first choice of the cities of the South—the favorite of all Dixie.

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For years Joel Cheek's blend was served at the most famous hotel in the old South—the Maxwell House in Nashville

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale

"Good to the last drop"

(Continued from Page 156)

the little gold-and-white saloon, where Harmon Wrey was lounging in an easy-chair and smoking the inevitable cigar.

"Still laughing, young man?" he demanded, gazing curiously at Densham.

"Something to laugh about this time, sir."

Rosa threw herself into a chair. "Dear maternal uncle," she said, "please listen. I took Mr. Densham out in the car to tell him why you made him walk the seas, clamber up a railway bank and risk his liberty for the sake of one small dispatch box. Alas, we scarcely mentioned the matter at all. We talked of other things. Now I've brought him here. It is you who can explain."

Mr. Harmon Wrey knocked the ash from his cigar and motioned his visitor to a seat.

"The first time I saw you, young man," he remarked, "I reckoned that your sense of humor had been tried pretty high. I'm going to give it something of a twist myself now."

"Go ahead, sir," Densham invited cheerfully. "I'm only anxious to know what sort of a criminal I am. Something political, I'm inclined to believe. I see there was a riot on the frontier and three Fascists arrested in Nice yesterday."

Mr. Harmon Wrey selected and lit a fresh cigar with great deliberation. "So you want to know what was inside that box, young man?" he queried. "Show him, Rosa."

She hesitated only for a moment. Then she opened the small jeweled bag she was carrying and slowly produced a few inches of lace and cambric. A faint perfume stole out from it as she held it up.

Densham stared at it in astonishment. "I don't understand," he admitted frankly.

"That," Harmon Wrey announced, looking the young man steadily in the face, "is the answer to your question. My niece started for Genoa to see a friend off to America early this morning, but unfortunately she forgot her handkerchief. You took it to her."

Densham tapped a cigarette thoughtfully upon the table. "To restore that handkerchief to your niece," he reflected, "we steamed along the coast with lights out, running the risk at any moment of a collision. I waded through several feet of sea water and saw the Rome Express stopped by a signalman whom you must have bribed with a very large sum and with considerable risk to yourself. I think you will admit that it seems, on the face of it, as though you were pulling my leg."

Harmon Wrey smoked placidly on for several minutes with inscrutable expression. His eyes never left the young man's face. "You've heard my nickname in Monte Carlo," he reminded him.

"Yes, I've heard it," the other admitted. "You told it to me yourself—Crazy Jo."

Mr. Harmon Wrey nodded.

"Well, that answers your question to some extent," he said. "I am crazy—eccentric, at any rate. Yesterday morning I was seated outside the Café de Paris worrying because I was badly in need of a secretary to go round the world with me next week. Also ——"

"Please!" Rosa begged.

"—— also someone to look after a very troublesome niece. I was thinking about it when you came along. I rather liked the look of you. That laugh intrigued me, and when you told me why you were laughing you set me wondering. My secretary has to have two gifts. One is the right sort of sense of humor, the other is nerve. You demonstrated the one and you proved the other."

For the first time there was a slight frown which might have been of annoyance upon the young man's face. "Am I to understand," he asked, "that this holdup of the train—our whole expedition last night, in fact—was planned entirely to test my nerve?"

Mr. Harmon Wrey acquiesced. "I've got to put it to you, though," he confessed, "that the arrangements were perhaps not quite so elaborate as they seemed. For one thing, my skipper knows every inch of these seas and can handle the yacht in the dark as well as in the light, and for another, the Rome Express stops at exactly that spot every night to take water."

"I see," Densham murmured. "Do I get the post?"

"You certainly do," Mr. Harmon Wrey declared. "Your nerve's all right."

"There was something said," the newly engaged secretary ventured, "about looking after your niece."

"There surely was," Mr. Harmon Wrey agreed. "You two young people will have to fix that up between yourselves."

He rose to his feet, crossed the room and rang the bell for the steward, which was perhaps discreet of him. In the onrushing happiness of her tentative surrender, of the strange, fond light in her eyes, which met the eager demand of his, Densham was content to forget that swift, puzzling glance which had flashed from Rosa to her uncle—a glance in which there were strange elements of mystery, good humor and pleasant understanding. Afterward he was sometimes inclined to indulge in mild speculation as to whether he knew, or ever would know, the real history of that night's adventure.

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32)

A month later the young couple eloped from the girl's home. The father of the bride, who had held the ladder, lowered the traveling bags and a generous check for one-tenth of what the wedding expenses would have amounted to at current quotations. As the happy pair took a taxicab to the office of the nearest justice of the peace, music was furnished by the mother of the bride, who sang from her window a modernized bit from an old song of her girlhood:

"It won't be a stylish marriage,
For we can't afford a bridesmaid."

—FAIRFAX DOWNEY.

The Lure of Old Limburg

(A Homemade Travel Article)

OLD LIMBURG! What an aroma of old romance still seems to cling about that storied name!

Adown these cobbled streets have clattered the doughty cavaliers of Tilly and Wallenstein. 'Neath the old Hasenpfeffertor many generations of lovers have whispered by the old wishing horse trough the caressing syllables of the local term of endearment: "Schlumpfschwatz'nschn'ln!" Here Goethe and Schiller have wandered, and have oft, perchance, paused at this very Schuscheinschoppe for a Schuschein and a tankard of beer. Here Barbarossa strode, and brooding Dante, and mayhap Saint Augustine, to whom Heine wrote his famous Ach, du lieber Augustin.

And over all, forever, the unceasing twittering of the birds. Strange sweet notes they are to us, for these are Old World birds, woffinches and trip hammers and yellow-bellied peewees, squails, scoots and fly swatters. They nest in the chimneys of the old cheese factories, and at dusk the air is dark with them, as they swoop and suddenly plunge and capture little cheeses that are running away.

It is in August that Limburg becomes the Mecca of art lovers, music lovers and cheese lovers. For it is in August that is celebrated the Riesenkäse Feier, when the peasants, clad in the picturesque traditional hand-embroidered Käseuberaller, or cheese overalls, dance a fantastic rigadoon about the Giant Cheese. According to the old folk legend, this quaint ceremony commemorates the Siege of Limburg in 1638, when the defenders, running short of ammunition, charged their blunderbusses with the finest Limburg and put to rout the storming parties. Some scholars, however, have traced the origin of the festival back to primitive devil worship.

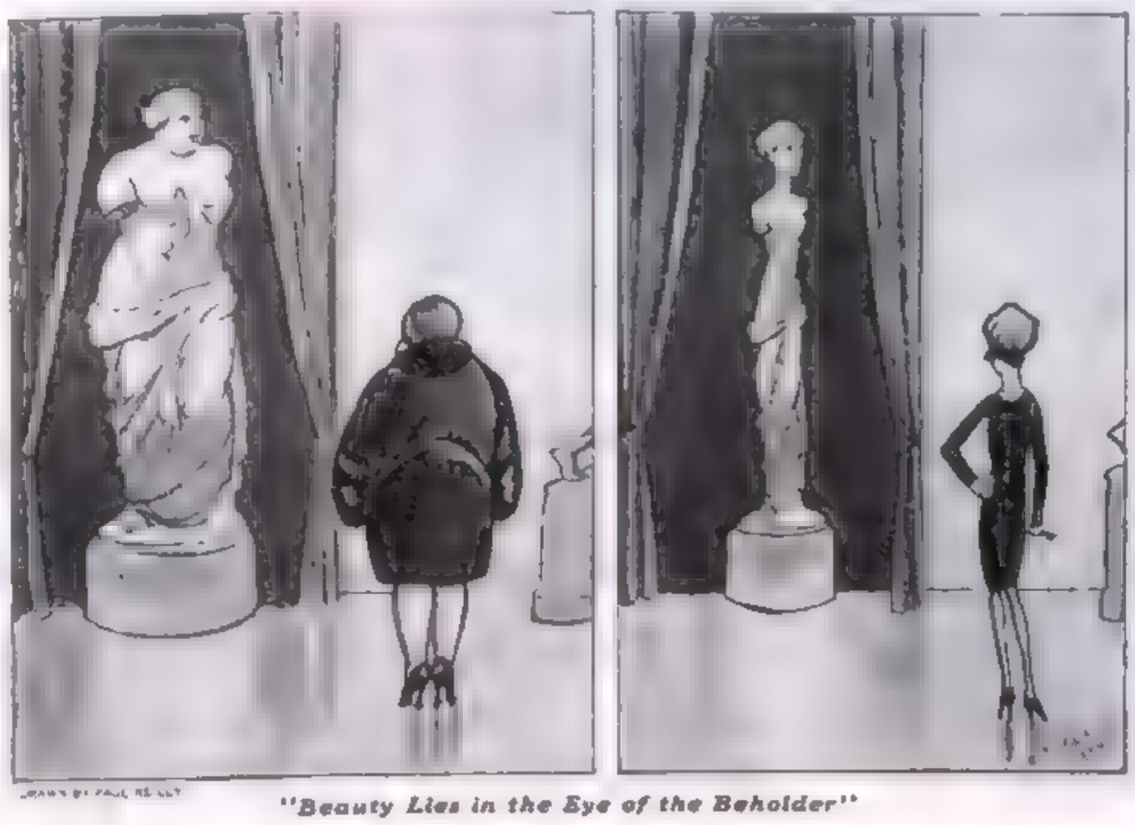
As the peasants dance they sing this ancient song in their curious dialect:

Doch schm'lchchen spitz
Ufs Brötälich'rlichitz,
Huck! Guck! Die Heialei!
Du bist wie eine Blume
Limburg förebber
Geworden geworden gewesen gesollen
gehabt haben!

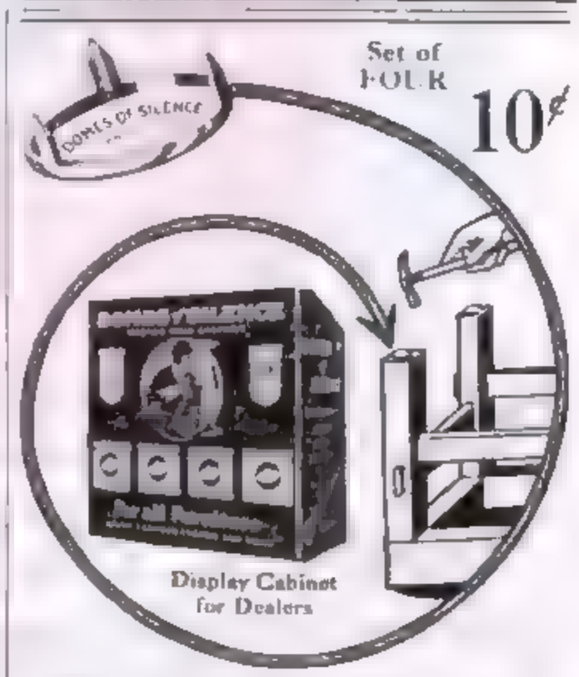
Yet Old Limburg is not content to sit and dream upon its glorious past; it is a busy hive of modern industry. No sojourn in Limburg is complete without a visit to its cheese factories and to the cheese caves, which stretch for miles underground, and where is still preserved that remarkable cheese which is said to have spoken six words of English.

Come to Limburg! Excellent rooms may be had at the Grand Hotel d'Angleterre et du Fromage. For touring information address the Chamber of Commerce of Limburg—the City That Needs No Signposts.

—*Morris Bishop.*



"Beauty Lies in the Eye of the Beholder"



Fine for all furniture—Six sizes—Set of 4 for 10 cents—Applied with a hammer—Name inside each slide—

DOMES of SILENCE
Henry W. Peabody & Co. 17 State Street, New York

If You Are A
MAN
worthy of the name and not afraid to work, I'll wager you that you can't work for us 30 days and earn less than $200. Think I'm bluffing? Then answer this ad and show me up. Openings for managers. The 'Wonder Box' sells on sight.
TOM WALKER
DEPT. 42 · PITTSBURGH, PA.

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT
Expert Accountants and C.P.A.'s earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. We train you thoroughly at home in your spare time for C.P.A. examinations, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays." LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 573-HC, Chicago. The World's Largest Business Training Institution

HAPPY WORKMEN ARE THE BEST WORKMEN

Your Jobber can supply **BLACK & DECKER** *Portable Electric Drills from his stock—no delay*

This is the **BLACK & DECKER** *5/8" Special Price* $68.50

BLACK & DECKER

ELECTRIC TOOLS MAKE HAPPY WORKMEN

The BLACK & DECKER MANUFACTURING CO., *Towson, Md., U. S. A.*

Black & Decker Mfg. Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario Black & Decker, Limited, Slough, Bucks, England

Choose the Name to Fit the Business

MRS. JONES had just moved to the city. She was in the business section one day along about lunch hour. She knew very little about the restaurants of the city, their quality of food, comfort and service. Being alone, she had to choose for herself a place to eat.

Walking along the streets she saw the names of several places which to her, as a stranger, were just eating places and nothing more. She observed one and without hesitating went in.

That evening her husband asked her, "Have a good lunch this noon?"

"Why, yes, very good," she answered.

"Where did you go?"

"Oh, I found a little place. The Bluebird Inn, I believe it was; and I liked it."

"Who told you about it and where is it? The place that I went to was not much good."

"Why, no one told me anything about it. I walked about and seeing the name of the place went right in," his wife answered hesitatingly, when pressed for the reason.

This is one incident from a survey carried on in four cities—San Francisco, Chicago, Cleveland, Washington—recently by a group of reporters who were interested in finding out what effect the name of a store—of a business of any kind—had on the prospective buyer. One of the group was planning on starting a business of his own.

The whole group realized that any name, no matter how distasteful, might be made, through continuous advertising, a mark of quality, but the purpose of the survey was to discover the line of least resistance in the naming of a store, or a firm, particularly to the traveling public. They reasoned, why open a new café, for instance, with an unmeaning name, when it could have the first impression in its favor by the use of a suitable and attractive title?

The reporters endeavored to obtain, whenever possible, the comment or opinion of those that they visited. Some of these were most enlightening. One man in Chicago and a woman in Washington indicated that they had a prejudice against forced spellings of names. The substituting of the letter *k* for *c* was called childish by many, and some business men declared that it was a crime against good taste.

Self-Applause

Several women in Cleveland and two men in San Francisco were eloquent in their comments on subtitles such as The Always Busy Corner, The Busy Store. The conversation of these and others indicated that in many instances people wanted to go to some store not so busy rather than feel that they might have to wait.

On the other hand, there was the expression that the subtitle Best Store and Greatest Store were valueless in attracting business.

Several took offense at such titles as Everybody's Market, or others of similar trend. When questioned the answer was that the suggestion made the place seem common and lacking in service and quality. Particularly was this true in cities having race problems.

Several individuals in Washington in talking over their first impressions of a name alone admitted that they unconsciously favored the unusual and particularly the suggestive title. An example was cited in Luxor, suggesting comfort and luxuriousness.

In all four cities, those called upon were nearly unanimous that in lines of business that appealed to the more personal side, the names should be very carefully selected. There was mentioned "company," added to such rather attractive titles as Dixie Candy and Bluebird. The word "company" seemingly detracted from the effect desired.

One woman in talking of hair-dressing establishments—not listed in the questionnaire—remarked that such names as Lady Jane, Leon, Parisian, Evelyn were attractive. She wondered why lawyers and doctors couldn't, as professional individuals, adopt a name that was attractive. "Actors do," she said.

It was evident from these various conversations that even an attractive name might be a disadvantage. A "sanitary market" that was not sanitary, would, by its very name, be blacklisted. A "model barber shop" that was filled with antiquated equipment would be remembered because of the lack of harmony between name and quality. The psychological effect is obvious.

In tabulating the replies, the bank names failed to register any very decided opinions, save that the big institution that stands for safety does well to choose a name suggesting safety and size. Here the affixing of "corporation," as Security Banking Corporation, was named.

Bait for the Buyers

To sum up statistically: Suggestive titles—omitting banks—192 out of a possible 250. Ordinary and unsuggestive names were chosen only 39 times, with 19 indicating no special choice.

It would appear that in the matter of names success lies in choosing a title for the firm or product that would create a favorable impression when used in advertising. Fundamentally, the name should fit the business. It should be descriptive, suggestive and inviting. Some names attract certain classes of people while others repel. Some are almost neutral or mean nothing at all.

Psychologists may some day find a rule governing the whole matter, and based on percentage to class of people desired, but until that time arrives it is apparent that increased business might well be the result of a happier choice of title. The questionnaire as used by the reporters was as follows:

QUESTIONNAIRE

NOTE: In order to assist in the solving of a business problem your answers to the following questions will be much appreciated. No names are wanted; no obligations assumed. The representative will explain any questions that you have in mind. Suggestions and opinions welcomed.

Between the following typical names of business firms or products, judging by the names alone, all other things being equal, which would you choose to do business with?

GROCERY AND PROVISIONS

Allbone and Company
Purity Market
No choice

BANKS

First National Bank
Union Trust Company
No choice

CLEANING AND DYEING

Vogue Cleaners
Manhattan Cleaning and Dyeing Company
No choice

CONFECTIONERY

Mary Ann Chocolates
Palace of Sweets Company
No choice

PHOTOGRAPHERS

George's Photo Studio
Photocraft Studio
No choice

RESTAURANTS AND CAFES

Wistaria Café
Harrison's
No choice

—UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX.

"I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED"

"MY BRAKES WOULDN'T HOLD"

Can you tell them apart?

STEP right up, gentlemen and ladies. There are no mirrors present. Nothing personal is intended. But honestly, when you think of it, don't these folks look pretty much like twins? Brakes rarely fail suddenly. The man who gets into an embarrassing situation because his brakes won't hold, has usually been driving for some time with poorly lined or improperly adjusted brakes—a situation for which he himself is definitely responsible.

Rusco Brake Lining stops quicker. Many tests have proved this. For instance, after a test of its stopping qualities, Mr. F. M. Powell of the Minute Man Garage, Atlanta, Georgia, made this statement, "I stopped my Buick, with four-wheel brakes lined with Rusco, in 17½ feet, going 20 miles an hour." This is 17½ feet quicker than police require, and is a practical guarantee of safety, for which any driver may well be thankful.

Brakes when WET, too!

Rusco Brake Lining is treated with a special compound so that water has no effect on it. It holds in wet weather just as well as in dry. To prove this, compare the stopping distance of a Rusco-lined car with that of a car lined with ordinary lining. Before making this test, turn the hose on the brake lining of both cars.

Rusco mechanics are trained brake men. They use special mechanical equipment that insures correct riveting of lining to brake bands and proper counter-sinking of rivet heads. They know how to *adjust* brakes expertly, not just by taking up on the rods. Proper adjustment helps prevent skidding.

Other RUSCO PRODUCTS

Transmission Lining for Fords; SS, the smooth start, smooth stop lining that prevents chatter; Truckbestos for trucks. A type for every purpose.
Asbestos fibre brake shoes for busses and trucks
Removable Transmission Bands for Fords
Clutch Facings
Endless Fan Belts for all cars
Hood Lacings
Emergency Brakes for Fords
Tire Strap and Towing Line
Belting for Transmission, Elevating and Conveying

Costs you no more

Rusco repair men pay more for Rusco than for ordinary lining, but they do not charge you any more. They make less money, but give you a safer job.

Rusco Brake Lining resists water, heat, oil, dirt and wear. It will not burn. Look for the name Rusco and silver cross-bars stamped on the lining. Have your brakes inspected today at the nearest Rusco Service Station. They are the chief safety device on your car. "Brake Inspection is your Protection." The Russell Manufacturing Company, Middletown, Connecticut. Established 1830. Branch offices at New York, Detroit, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco, and Chatham, Ontario.

GARAGEMEN NOTE: Check and mail coupon today for the famous Rusco Service Station proposition to the trade.

RUSCO BRAKE LINING

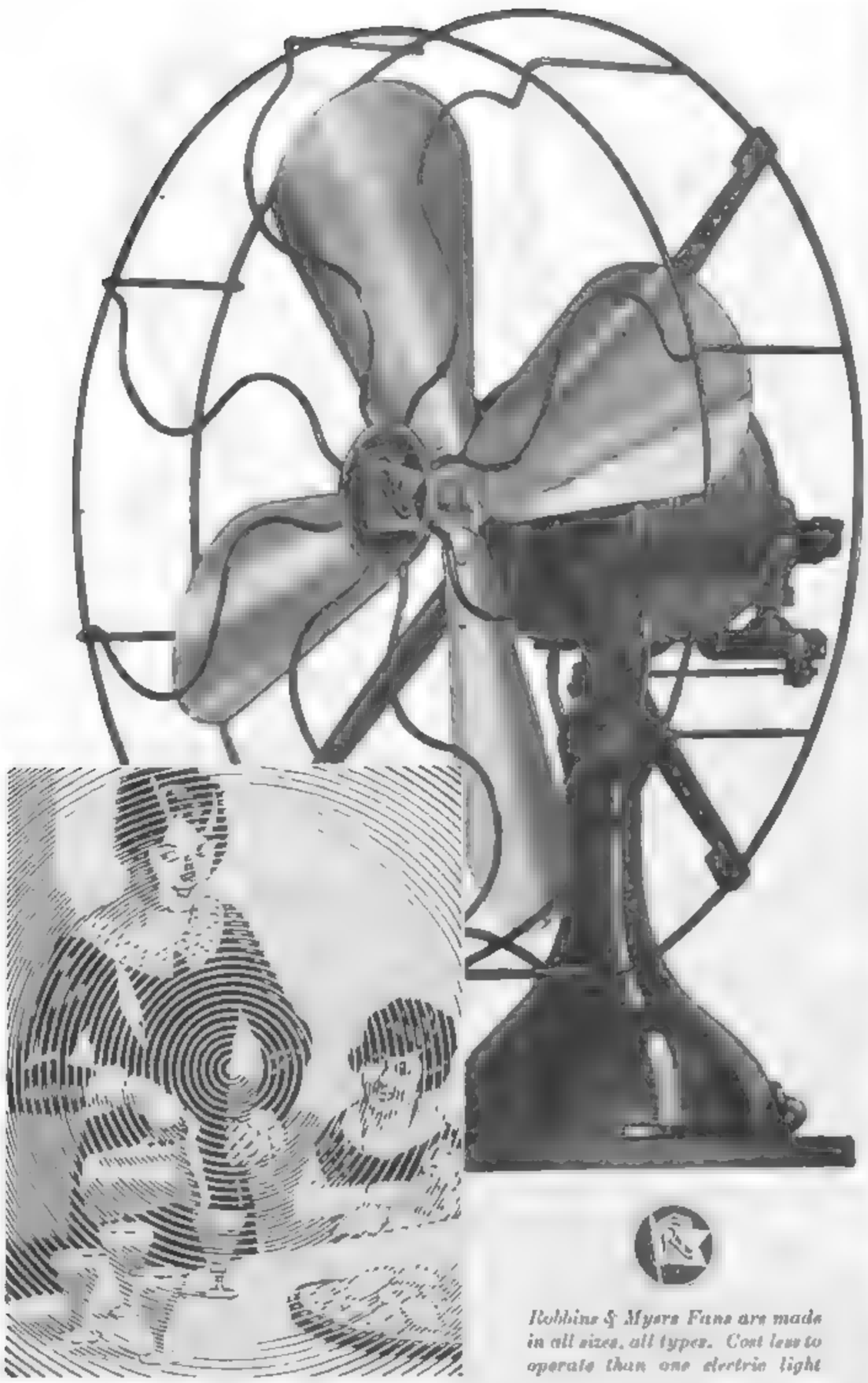
MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET AND SAMPLE

RUSSELL MFG. CO., Dept. E-12
Middletown, Conn.

Send to me your free booklet about Rusco Brake Lining, sample of lining and name of nearest Rusco Service Station

☐ For trade information, check here, attach to your letter or bulhead and mail

Name
Street
City State



Robbins & Myers Fans are made in all sizes, all types. Cost less to operate than one electric light

She deserves a cool kitchen!

Get one of these quiet Robbins & Myers breeze-makers for the kitchen—then notice what you're served for dinner! A cool kitchen is an inspiration to wonderful dinners.

Her silent Robbins & Myers Fan will keep the kitchen air astir and whisk out the heat and cooking odors. It's a godsend—nothing short!

And there's no more trouble-free or enduring appliance in your home than this sturdy breeze-maker. A perfected product of pioneer fan specialists. Order one today—good dealers everywhere sell R & M Fans.

The Robbins & Myers Company, Springfield, O.; Brantford, Ont.

Robbins & Myers
Fans *and Motors*

AN EVENING WITH THE OLDER SET

(Continued from Page 10)

glass, you know. That gives it a little distinctive flavor, you know. Kind of a little—ah—distinction, see? Makes a lot of difference. Just a little piece of lemon peel, about an inch long.

MRS. CRAVEN: A little piece of lemon peel?

MR. OLDER: Yeah, just a little piece of lemon peel. You wouldn't believe it could make such a difference. 'Bout half an inch of it, see? And twist it, so's the oil comes out in the glass, sort of.

MRS. CRAVEN *(thoughtfully):* Lemon peel—lemon peel. I must remember that.

MRS. OLDER: Put that cocktail shaker away, Marcus, and don't put it down on any varnish. You know what happens the minute that stuff touches the varnish.

[MR. OLDER *hastily pours out another round to the tune of a few indistinguishable remarks and several outbursts of girlish laughter, and the assemblage simultaneously settles itself at the table.* ALFALFA *passes the soup.*

MISS DIPPER *(drawing a cigarette from her hand bag and lighting it from a candle):* I think this room is adorable! So restful to come into a room like this after a hard day and just enjoy your friends! What with bridge and everything, a person doesn't get time for anything any more. We started playing right after lunch, and I just had time to slip into this dress and rush over.

MR. FUNK *(placing a hand affectionately on* MISS DIPPER'S *arm):* Tha's some swell dress, I'll say.

MISS DIPPER *(emitting a ripple of near-merriment):* Your technic's faulty, old darling. You ought to start with the one about your wife not understanding you.

[*The automobile horns offstage unite in a furious and cacophonous yelp.*

MR. FUNK *(glancing furtively at his wife):* She don't.

MISS DIPPER *(somewhat indifferently):* I think you're stewed.

MRS. CRAVEN *(leaning forward to speak to* MISS DIPPER): Dearie, did you see that boob that played with me this afternoon—that one whose hair had got broken off on account of permanents and who had the five diamond bracelets?

MISS DIPPER *(who wears a simple slave bracelet):* Perfectly vulgar! You'd think people would learn not to have such wretched taste. It's so ostentatious! Yes, I saw her, dear. What about her?

MRS. FUNK *(toying with her back hair in such a manner that her four diamond-and-sapphire bracelets click softly together):* Well, it all depends on how many you've got, don't you think? Now am I vulgar?

MRS. CRAVEN *(diplomatically):* Why, dearie, I should say not! Nobody could ever accuse you of being vulgar! *(She winks wickedly at* MISS DIPPER.)

MISS DIPPER *(allowing a stream of cigarette smoke to emerge from her left nostril):* Or half dressed.

MRS. FUNK *(peering at her suspiciously):* I don't know what you mean by that.

MR. OLDER *(heartily):* She don't mean anything, except that she's had a couple of cocktails. Now you girls be nice! What do you all say to a little highball, hey?

MR. BILLWORTHY: Well, can a duck swim?

MR. FUNK: I'll say so.

MR. OLDER *(going to the sideboard, unlocking a drawer and producing a bottle):* This is real old stuff. The man I get it from knows if he sold me any bum stuff I'd just naturally take his hide off. He gets it right off the boats, and you can tell it's all right by the way you feel the next morning.

MR. WOMBECK: How do you mean? Kind of numb?

MR. OLDER: No, no, no! Just sort of sandy in the eyes. No headache or swelled-up tongue or anything.

MR. BILLWORTHY: Who's that bootlegger you're talking about? Spadelli?

MR. OLDER: No, no! I wouldn't buy from Spadelli on a bet. Spadelli delivers stuff with the labels still damp and smelling of mucilage. No, indeed! I'm talking about Ragazzo.

MR. FUNK: A man was telling me that he telephoned Ragazzo for some stuff one night and Spadelli delivered it. When one of 'em runs out of stuff he borrows from the other.

MR. OLDER *(furiously):* You don't know what you're talking about! Ragazzo's prices are ten dollars a case higher than Spadelli's, and he's honest. Why, he won't let me buy bottled gin. He says there isn't any real bottled gin.

MISS DIPPER: He sounds honest. What does he say about real bottled whisky?

MR. OLDER: He says you have to watch it, but that all his is all right.

MISS DIPPER: That's the place where you're supposed to laugh.

MR. OLDER *(disgustedly):* Well, try it and see. *(They drink delicately.)*

MR. WOMBECK: Gee, that's the real old stuff, all right.

[*The noise of automobile horns outside rises to a sudden crescendo and slowly returns to normal again.*

MR. OLDER *(proudly):* All right, isn't it?

MISS DIPPER *(absent-mindedly):* Joe Oggen can't have anything to drink any more, and he's gone on a milk-toast diet.

MR. BILLWORTHY: So has Steve Mabbitt. What's the matter with Joe? Stomach ulcers?

MISS DIPPER: Uh-huh. Same as Steve. Some of this stuff would raise ulcers on the Statue of Liberty. I don't see what they want to hunt for poison to put in alcohol for. Why don't they put in a little plain Scotch?

MR. OLDER: That kind of talk makes me sick! Why, this whole country's on the verge of a revolution against the prohibition law and nobody can see it. Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face. Crime and everything's due to it, and everything.

MR. WOMBECK: Why is crime due to it?

MR. OLDER: Why, gosh blame it, because it is! Can't you see it is? Somebody breaks the law one way, and that makes somebody else break the law another way.

MR. WOMBECK *(stubbornly):* I can't see how it is. It might be due to everybody getting irritated by hearing the automobile horns blowing all the time, and turning mean all of a sudden.

MISS DIPPER: In other words, crime out in the old Western mining camps was due either to prohibition or to the automobile.

MR. OLDER: What're you talking about? They didn't have prohibition in those days! No, and they didn't have automobiles either!

MISS DIPPER *(turning to* MRS. CRAVEN, *as* MR. OLDER *grumblingly thrusts his nose into his highball):* What were you saying, dear, about the lady with the bracelets before we got started on economics?

[ALFALFA *removes the soup plates and passes the meat.*

MRS. CRAVEN: Why, what I was saying, dear, was that she made the most frightful bids, and if there's anything I hate it's a bad bidder! We were playing and Mrs. Whett dealt and made it a heart and I had five diamonds to the ace, king, queen, ten, so I made it two diamonds, and Mrs. Ripp made it two spades, and then this boob across from me, she made it three clubs. Well, I only had the three of clubs, but I had the ace, jack and another of spades and a guarded jack of hearts, and I thought she knew what she was doing and I had a lovely hand, so when Mrs. Whett raised her partner's spade I made it three no trump, and Mrs. Ripp passed and this boob across from me fussed around and looked at the ceiling and made it four clubs. Well, good night, my dear! I was fit to be tied!

(Continued on Page 165)

Swimming suits, *young ladies and gentlemen,* such as only Spalding knows how to make!

SPALDING has designed and made the equipment of America's athletes for over fifty years—the equipment with which America's athletic supremacy has been won! . . . Naturally, Spalding designers know just the touches that give ease and grace to a swimming suit.

They have the professional air, these suits. They make you look like a *swimmer*. There are new designs—one or two pieces. Elastic-knit throughout, or with flannel trunks. Speed suits with low-cut arm holes. And scores of new color combinations.

You'll find *professional* quality, too—ability to weather sun and water and wear, such as a life guard's suit must stand. Materials—colors—workmanship—all are guaranteed.

There is a Spalding Store, or some other store which has these suits, in almost every town. *Your* design and *your* colors will be there—at a price remarkably low for such quality.

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

A 24-page booklet—illustrated with photographs . . . It's free. Send for it. It shows Spalding Swimming Suits for every member of the family.

FREE—MAIL THE COUPON!

A. G. Spalding & Bros., S. E. P. 1-28 27
105 Nassau Street, New York City

Please send me the free 24-page booklet showing Spalding Swimming Suits for every member of the family.

Name

Street

County

City *State*

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LIGHT FROM UNDER A BUSHEL

This is Number 5 in a series of advertisements about Pacific Mills, published that the millions of people who use our fabrics may know about the company which has served them in the past and expects to play a more conspicuous part in their lives in the future.

Even in TAHITI

STYLE in the languorous South Seas may not be the same as in Fifth Avenue but women are women the world over and the dusky maiden must have her simple garment right according to her taste.

Just as Pacific Mills makes cloth suited to the exacting standards of Fifth Avenue, so also Pacific sends to Tahiti yards upon yards of cotton fabric chosen to please the native taste. In Egypt, Norway, Brazil—59 countries the world over—Pacific fabrics play a part in the daily life of the people.

To study ever-changing markets, to keep always a step in advance in scientific manufacture, to make every yard of cloth exactly right for its purpose—it is that constant policy which has won success for Pacific fabrics abroad as well as at home. Pacific Mills, 24 Thomas Street, New York.

Pacific Fabrics

Mills at: Lawrence, Mass., Lyman, S. C., Columbia, S. C., Dover, N. H.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF TEXTILES
IN YARDAGE AND VARIETY—FINISHED FABRICS OF COTTON, WORSTED AND SILK AND RAYON MIXTURE

(Continued from Page 162)

Four clubs with everybody bidding the way they were, and she not raising my diamonds! Now I ask you, what would you have done? I just looked at her ——

MISS DIPPER *(wearily)*: Couldn't you peek into Mrs. Whett's hand?

MRS. CRAVEN *(defensively)*: Well, of course I wouldn't; but anyway, she was holding it very close to herself, and she doubled four clubs, so I said four no trumps and Mrs. Ripp doubled, and the poor boob across from me just sat there and opened her mouth like a fish, and then Mrs. Ripp led spades and the poor boob put down her hand, and she didn't have any spades, and only six clubs to the ten, and I said right out to her, "Well, you poor boob!" They drew my ace of spades and I ran out five tricks in diamonds, and then they got back in right away and took five tricks in spades and two tricks in hearts so that they got the odd and I was four down, doubled. Well, my dear, you can imagine how I felt!

MRS. OLDER *(satisfied at last that her table top is not going to be marred by moist highball glasses)*: It's a perfect crime the way some people bid now, and I say that there's no punishment too bad for them. It's just as bad as breaking the law, and a person who does such things shouldn't be allowed in decent society.

MRS. FUNK: One of the troubles is that there are too many books. Any time one of these men that write books on bridge needs to sell some more books, he gets out a new book with a lot of new bids so that everyone will have to buy it.

MR. FUNK: Ain't it the truth?

MRS. FUNK: Why, the other day I bawled out my partner for making a bad bid. She had the ace, king and two others of clubs. No, she had the king and four clubs, and the ace, king and two other spades, and the seven and nine—or was it the jack and three other diamonds? Now let's see, how was it? She had five clubs to the king and there may have been a jack in there. Well, I don't know that it makes any difference, but anyway ——

MISS DIPPER *(rolling up her eyes exasperatedly)*: What day did this happen?

MRS. FUNK *(going through all the motions of thinking)*: I think it was on Tuesday. Elmer, what night was it that you thought you almost tuned in on Havana? Was that on Tuesday or Wednesday?

MR. FUNK *(with a look of preternatural solemnity)*: Monday.

MRS. FUNK: It was not, Elmer! It was either Tuesday or Wednesday. I have my hair cut on Mondays, so it couldn't have been Monday.

[MR. FUNK *lifts his eyebrows politely and hiccups in a genteel manner.*

MR. OLDER: Le's turn on radio, and how 'bout 'nother little drink, hey?

MR. WOMBECK *and* MR. BILLWORTHY *(simultaneously)*: Say, can a duck swim?

MR. FUNK: I'll say so.

[MR. OLDER *fumbles with* THE RADIO. *After emitting a series of noisy whistles and squawks, which rival the tooting of the automobile horns outside the window, it bursts into clear and ringing tones.*

THE RADIO: —— and so little Oscar Otter slid down the river bank in his very best otterish manner and walked straight up to nasty old Mr. Clarence Crow, who was standing with one foot on poor little Percival Perch, who feebly flapped his tail from time to time without evoking a single ray of sympathy from the hard wip-wip-wip-wheep-ow-you-wheeeeeeeeeeeyow-wip-wip-wip and pushed his claw directly against Oscar Otter's nose and said to him ow-youwheeeeeeewowzweeeeeeop the meantime Percival Perch made one final flop and landed safely in the cool water of dear old Wungly-Wup Pond ——

MISS DIPPER: Do you stop it by turning the knob or hitting it with a bottle?

MR. OLDER *(working industriously at the knob)*: Wait a minute. I think I can get the Odorless Fried Oyster Company Quartet. They're on Station OGOG or somewhere. They're good—swell! Hey, Wombeck, what're the Odorless Fried Oyster Company Quartet on—OGOG or what? I can't ——

[THE RADIO *comes to life with a loud screech.*

THE RADIO: Zweeeeeeowpoowee-zwip-zwip-zweeeeoop getting this unusual musical program through the efforts of the Odorless Fried Oyster Company. Mr. Ferdinand Glapse, the very generous and public-spirited president of the Odorless Fried Oyster Company, has long wished to weeeeeeooprweeeeeowowoop in which the Odorless Fried Oyster Company has so kindly assisted. If you will stand by for a few moments, the Odorless Fried Oyster Company Quartet, made possible by the generosity of Mr. Glapse, president of the Odorless Fried Oyster Company, will play you their very newest one-step, the Odorless Fried Oyster Company Blues. Just stand by for a moment, please, for the Odorless Fried whowowowooooooeeeeeee. . . .

[*The loud strains of the Odorless Fried Oyster Company Blues burst jazzily from* THE RADIO. MR. BILLWORTHY *and* MISS DIPPER *rise and dance briskly around the table, followed more sedately by* MRS. CRAVEN *and* MR. WOMBECK.

MRS. OLDER *(to* MRS. FUNK*)*: Speaking of getting your hair cut on Monday, dear, I suppose you've been down to that new man at Zappi's—the third man from the end—Benito?

MRS. FUNK: No, dear; I always go to the man in the basement of the Ratzmore. If you want your ears to show, he's perfectly divine.

MRS. OLDER *(sweetly)*: Well, dear, I'm telling you as a friend, you know, and I do hope you won't mind, but I really feel that I must. Oh, well, I suppose I shouldn't mention it, anyway, and I don't believe I will. What business is it of mine, anyway?

MRS. FUNK *(even more sweetly)*: Do tell me, dear. It won't hurt my feelings, really. Just say it the way you heard it and don't try to keep from hurting me, because I don't care in the least.

[MR. OLDER *waves the brown bottle inquiringly at* MR. FUNK, *who seizes it eagerly.*

MRS. OLDER: Well, there! It isn't as bad as all that; but just telling you as a friend, dear, I don't think your haircut suits you at all. I think you ought to let it grow over your ears. Of course, I know that some like it that way, but I'm not one of them. You don't mind my saying that, do you?—but I really think it shows too much of you.

MRS. FUNK: But, my dear, of course I don't mind! And while we're on this subject, do tell me what effect the barber was trying to get with your hair? I don't think bangs are becoming to you, dear. Who do you go to?

MRS. OLDER *(coldly)*: That was what I started to tell you about Benito. He's absolutely the smartest thing in town. His boyish bobs are perfectly wonderful, and the most comfortable things! What is it about my cut that you don't like?

MRS. FUNK *(staring appraisingly at* MRS. OLDER'S *head)*. Personally, I am very fond of the man at the Ratzmore. He is so artistic—an artist to his finger tips. Now if he finds that the back of a person's neck isn't going to look nice when he shaves it, then he won't shave it. Now I don't believe, dear, that he'd have let you have the back of your neck shaved.

[MRS. OLDER *opens and closes her mouth several times in an exasperated manner.*

THE RADIO *(interrupting* MRS. OLDER*)*: —— equally delightful program next Friday from the Odorless Fried Oyster Company Quartet through the public-spiritedness of Mr. Ferdinand Glapse, the distinguished president of the Odorless Fried Oyster Company. (MISS DIPPER, MRS. CRAVEN, MR. BILLWORTHY *and* MR. WOMBECK *resume their seats.)* Station OGOG speaking; Station OGOG, New Skodic, Massafornia. Please stand by for a minute. Professor Billingsley Batson Togus, of the Department of Oriental Literature of Mohawke University, will speak for five minutes whowowowoweeeeeoop America's Criminal Refusal to Cancel the European Debts.

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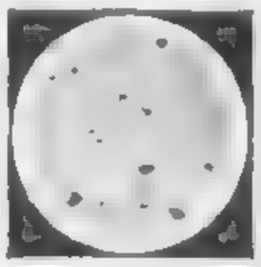

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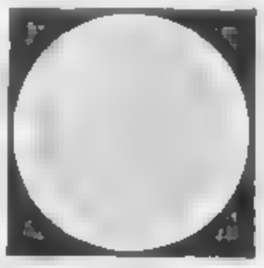

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[Mr. Older *and* Mr. Funk *gravely drink to each other, and the automobile horns outside the window burst into violent activity.*

Mrs. Craven *(enthusiastically):* Oh, I think that's lovely! I've always wanted to know why America ought to cancel the debts, and I wish that she would so that I could go to Europe without having a lot of nasty Frenchmen pass remarks about Americans whenever I go out on the street.

Mr. Billworthy *(genially):* Oriental literature, hey? He probably knows all about finance. Probably he was one of the same gang that knew all about war and made speeches in 1917. Once a sucker, always a sucker!

Miss Dipper *(wearily):* Tune in on another station, Marcus, old top. I don't mind this boy Togus canceling the debts of other people to him, but I don't want to hear him instructing a million voiceless clerks and saleslad1es and chauffeurs and widows regarding their loans.

Mr. Funk: I'll say so!

Mr. Older: Right you are, Lily. I'll try to get Honolulu.

Miss Dipper: What do you want to get Honolulu for?

Mr. Older: Well, if I can get Honolulu, I might be able to get Manila, and there's a man in Manila that's going to lecture today on One Hundred Uses for the Coconut Shell.

Mrs. Funk: How wonderful that would be!

Miss Dipper: Yes; such a great help.

Mrs. Older: Did you ever stop to think what a wonderful age we're living in by comparisons with our childhood? *(She is interrupted momentarily by a furious chorus of automobile horns.)* Why, I remember, down in New England, how we used to sit around a table in the sitting room every night after supper and read books and magazines like a lot of clams, and go to the strawberry festival once a year. *(The assemblage roars with laughter.)*

Mr. Older: Once in a while we played devilish games, like halmar, or went out to the barn and jumped in the hay. *(More laughter.)*

Mr. Funk: Sure, and when a man walked by the house, you could hear him half a mile away.

Mrs. Older: You remember when we wanted to go out after Mayflowers, we hitched up the buggy and drove fifteen or twenty miles, and it was an all-day trip.

Mr. Funk: I'll say it was!

Mrs. Craven: And you could get servants for two dollars a week. My grief! Now you have to pay them twenty, and if you don't furnish them with an automobile and a radio of their own, they get ready to start a Fascisti movement or something.

[Alfalfa *passes the salad.*

Mrs. Older *(glaring sternly at* Mr. Older, *who has just poured himself another drink):* You'd have thought everybody would have died of stagnation in those days. No movies, no automobiles, no telephones, no cocktails, no bridge parties, no decent-looking dresses.

Mrs. Funk *(shrilly):* Well, look at what they ate, my dear! They ate absolutely anything! No wonder they didn't have any decent-looking dresses! Why, you won't believe it, but my Aunt Sarah used to eat three plates of baked beans every Saturday night when she was in her early twenties. Three plates, my dear! If she had known anything about calories, she couldn't have eaten anything for two months after she had one of those baked-bean debauches!

Mrs. Older: That's nothing! My Uncle Joe always ate three plates of baked beans on Saturday night, and then he covered two slices of brown bread with butter, poured plenty of maple sirup on them and had them on the side, and after that he wound up with two chocolate custards and a piece of cake. I don't see how they lived! Eating all that, and then having no movies to go to and no automobile to travel in!

Mr. Older *(addressing* Mrs. Older *fretfully):* Say, that reminds me—I don't want those children to take that automobile out any more this week. They ran it six hundred miles in four nights, and if they're getting in training for a dash to the Pole or something, I wish they'd do it with somebody else's automobile and money, that's all I got to say. Have 'nother drink, boys? I certainly would like to know where those little hellions go when they run six hundred miles in four nights.

Mr. Billworthy *and* Mr. Wombeck: Can a duck swim? *(They reach for the bottle.)*

Miss Dipper *(to* Mr. Older*):* Did you ever think of asking them where they go?

Mr. Older *(disgustedly):* 'Course I ask 'em! I ask 'em every time they go out, and I tell 'em if they don't tell me, I'll forbid 'em ever to darken my doors again, and all I get is the raspberry. Good night, I hate to think what would have happened if my father had had an automobile and I'd taken it out whenever I felt like it! He'd have taken that old horsewhip off the wall in the barn and whaled the daylight out of me.

Miss Dipper: Why don't you try it sometime?

Mr. Older *(staring at her in amazement):* They'd leave home if I did.

[*The chorus of automobile horns swells violently.*

Mrs. Funk: Just think of three plates of beans! Why, if I did that ——

Mr. Funk: What gets my goat is the way that girl of ours brings her young men into the house at all times of night and eats up all the stuff in the ice chest. The other night Minnie and I came in around two-three o'clock in the morning, and here was our daughter Victoria letting a young feller out and the two of 'em had pretty near cleaned up fifteen ham sandwiches that Minnie had told the cook to make for us. All they left was two. Good night! When I bawled her out, she said she did it for our own good, and one ham sandwich was plenty for people who drink as much as we do. Good night is all I got to say!

Mrs. Funk: For breakfast I have two slices of gluten toast and a cup of unsweetened coffee, and for lunch I have two lamb chops and a salad without any oil and two slices of gluten toast, and some fruit for dessert.

Mrs. Older *(pensively):* I think I might try that one.

Mrs. Funk: And for dinner I have the same thing that I had for lunch.

Mrs. Craven: No butter?

Mrs. Funk: No; exactly the same as for lunch.

Mrs. Craven: Can't you have ice cream?

Mrs. Funk: No; exactly the same as for lunch.

Mrs. Craven: How about chops and pineapple for a diet?

Mrs. Funk: Well, I think chops and pineapple is too drastic.

Miss Dipper: Where did you get your diet?

Mrs. Funk: Janie Gilpin told it to me. She got it from a girl that lives out in California somewhere and knows what all the society set uses. When I finish with this one, I'm going to start on one that Ed Marlowe heard about when he was out in Hollywood. They use it in all the movie studios. It takes off a pound a week.

Miss Dipper: So that in two years you don't weigh anything?

Mrs. Funk: No, you're supposed to stop before you lose too much.

Mrs. Craven: I got my diet from a girl who got it from a doctor. I think a doctor ought to approve a diet before you use it. That's why I feel so safe about this one. A specialist gave it to this girl, and she paid him twenty-five dollars for it, so I feel perfectly safe to use it. Three days a week you live on buttermilk and baked potatoes. That's all there is to it. Isn't it lovely?

Mrs. Older: Well, that sounds easier. I might try that one. I've got to do something.

Mr. Older *(plaintively):* Good night, Sophy! Don't start that dieting stuff again! Why don't you take a little exercise instead of starving yourself to death? Remember when you went on that spinach diet? *(Continued on Page 169)*

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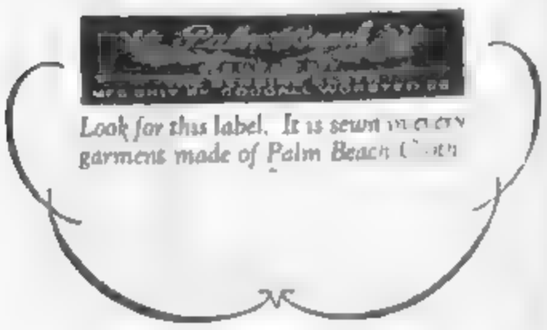

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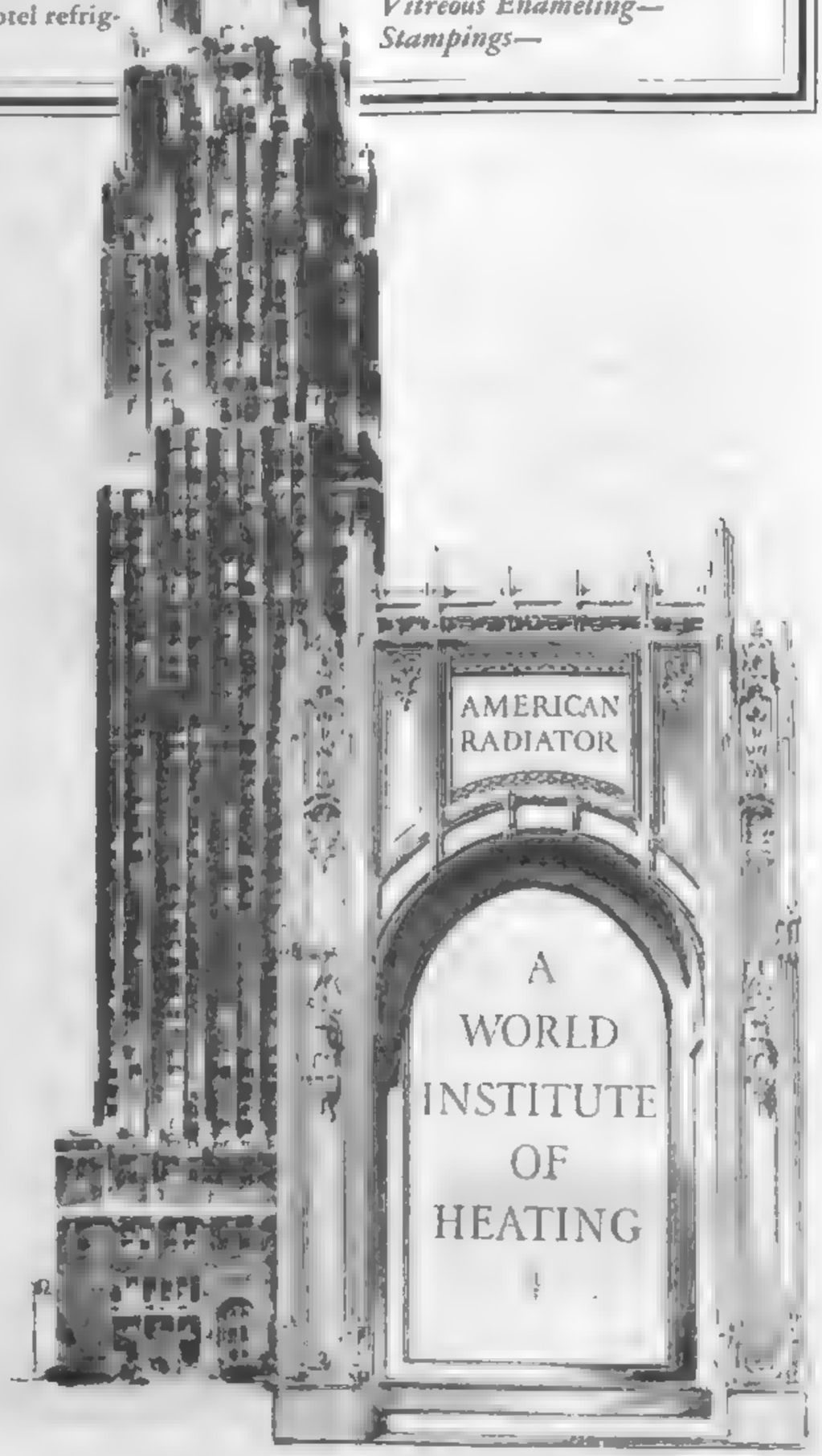

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(Continued from Page 166)

MRS. OLDER *(with dignity)*: You were not required to go on that diet.

MR. OLDER *(laughing derisively)*: I certainly was not, but every time I looked up and saw you take another mouthful of spinach, I felt as if I ought to hide the piece of steak I was eating.

MRS. OLDER: It was probably your guilty conscience. You're no perfect thirty-four yourself!

MR. OLDER *(defensively)*: That's all right!

MRS. OLDER *(elevating her chin)*: Certainly it's all right!

MR. OLDER *(indignantly)*: Well, I should think you women could find something to talk about except what you eat and what you don't eat.

(ALFALFA passes the dessert.)

MR. WOMBECK *(to* MR. BILLWORTHY): They ought to have been over in Europe with us last year if they wanted something to talk about. Hey, Gene! You remember that place in Brussels where we had the cold soft-boiled eggs with the yellow sauce on them that you ate eleven of?

MR. BILLWORTHY *(enthusiastically)*: Oh, boy! Those were certainly some eggs! What was it you said to the waiter? *(He turns to the rest of the table.)* The waiter put the plateful of eggs on the next table and Womby picked it off, not knowing the eggs were supposed to feed twenty people, and I ate eleven and he ate eight, so that there was only one egg left on the plate. So the waiter came up and he said to Womby, he said: "Did monseer find the eggs pleasing?" like that, and Womby said—what was it you said, Womby? Gee, I thought I'd die laughing!

MR. WOMBECK: I forget what it was. Where was the place where we had the buffalo-milk cheese toasted, with anchovy sauce?

MR. BILLWORTHY: That was Palermo. No, it wasn't; it was Naples. In the Gambrinus at Naples.

MR. WOMBECK *(shaking his head regretfully)*: Well, I certainly would like to go back to Naples right now and get some more of that.

MR. BILLWORTHY: Yes, that was slick. That was fine fish we got in Trieste too.

MR. WOMBECK: Yeah; lots better than the fish we got in Marseilles.

MR. BILLWORTHY *(darkly)*: Say, you folks ever been to Greece? We had some of the worst food there you ever saw.

MR. WOMBECK *(ruminatively)*: Vienna is good.

MR. BILLWORTHY: Sure! We got some good food in Vienna, but they don't know how to cook a steak. You got to go to England to get a steak—outside of America, I mean.

MR. FUNK: Quit your kidding; all they can cook in England is mutton. They leave everything else raw so they can use it to put on black eyes if they have to, or something. *(To* MR. BILLWORTHY): How many times have you been across?

MR. BILLWORTHY: Three times. As for the food in Scotland ——

MR. FUNK *(with an air of superiority)*: I've been over and back fourteen times.

MRS. OLDER: Our trip last year made the seventeenth, not counting a trip to Bermuda. We had the most terrible storm the last time! A lot of the sailors couldn't get out of bed and the captain told someone it was the worst storm he had seen in twenty years.

MRS. CRAVEN: We had a terrible storm the last time I crossed. Some of the officers were seasick, and the captain said it was the worst storm he had ever seen. I was fit to be tied.

MR. WOMBECK *(politely)*: It must have been terrible.

MRS. CRAVEN: Oh, it was terrible, but I wouldn't have missed the trip for anything. Europe is so broadening. We had movies on the boat every night, and met some lovely people from Buffalo.

MR. FUNK: Say, did you go to Italy?

MRS. CRAVEN: Oh, mercy, yes! Italy is lovely, isn't it and so interesting, with the Fascisti and everything.

MR FUNK. Well, aren't those Fascisti some fellers?

MRS. CRAVEN: I should say so—perfectly fascinating!

MISS DIPPER: I've heard it's one of the most interesting experiments in government that has ever been made, and if you've been there, I wish you'd tell me why.

MRS. CRAVEN: Why, they give people castor oil if they don't behave.

MISS DIPPER: Is that all there is to it?

MR. FUNK: Well, isn't that enough?

MISS DIPPER: Not enough for Bryce to write many books about.

MRS. OLDER: Who's Bryce? Oh, and speaking of books, did you see about the ten books that the Boston police took out of the bookstores?

MRS. FUNK *(eagerly)*: Oh, I must read those. I don't get much time to read books, but I can find time for those books. I read three or four of them. How were the others, I wonder?

MRS. CRAVEN: My dear, they were terrible! All of them! I've read all but one and I've sent for that. I'll lend it to you when I finish it. The things young people talk about! I was fit to be tied!

MRS. OLDER: I'll lend you the ones that I have. I heard about them and sent for them and hid them so that the children couldn't see them; but Genevieve found one of them and read it, and then told me that she had burned it because it wasn't fit for me to read. And she only sixteen! My land, I don't know what these young people are coming to! The careless things they say and the careless way they act! *(She clicks her tongue against the roof of her mouth to express mystification and distressed amazement.)*

MRS. FUNK *(disgustedly)*: All they talk about is dress and boys, and all they think about is having a good time. Did you ever hear them talking to each other? They don't say a thing!

MRS. CRAVEN: I was down at the hairdresser's this morning and a little snip of a thing about fifteen years old was in there having a permanent. Fifteen years old! Now I ask you! What would have happened to me if I had tried to spend twenty-five dollars for a permanent when I was fifteen years old?

MRS. FUNK: How did your permanent come out? Mine was terrible!

MRS. CRAVEN: Why, mine was all right. I've never had any trouble.

MRS. OLDER: Well, I swore I'd never have another, but I went down and got another yesterday. It's sort of a habit, I guess, as much as anything.

MISS DIPPER: Like worrying about the younger set?

MRS. OLDER *(laughing hostessishly)*: Yes, indeed, dear. Well, shall we go in and have

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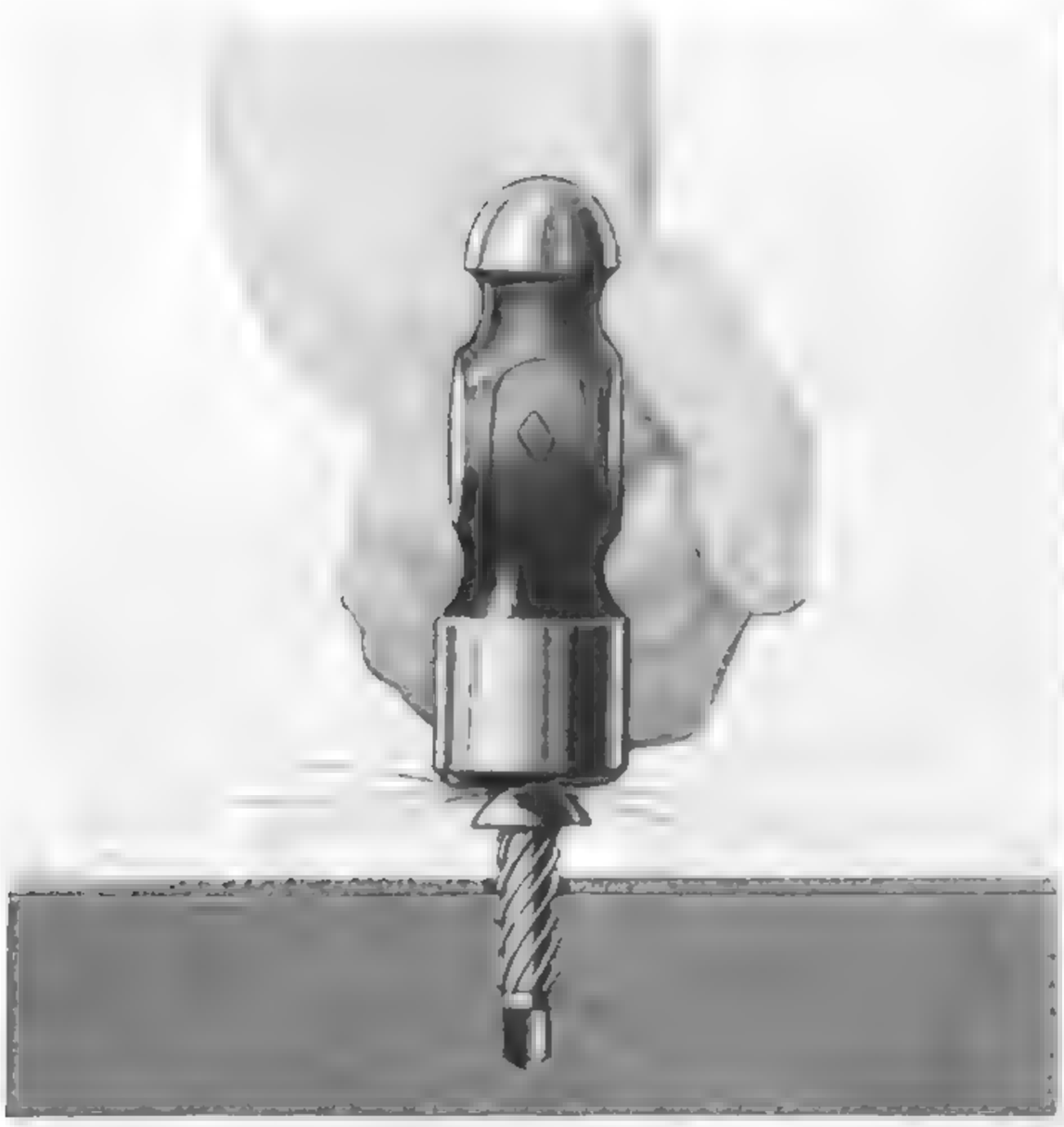

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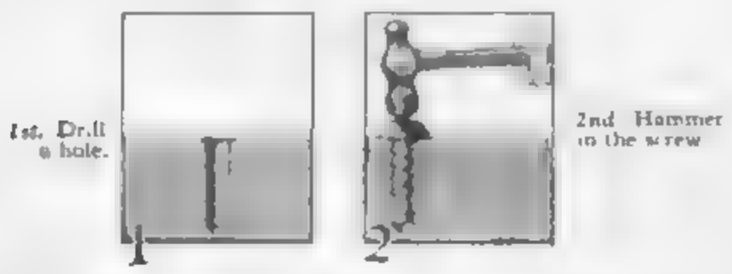

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coffee in the other room? *(She rises and is followed by the others.)* We can go to the movies for an hour or so and then come back and play bridge, or we can start playing bridge right away.

MRS. CRAVEN: Let's play bridge right away. I've seen all the movies in town, and none of them are any good.

MR. OLDER: I've got some homemade cordial you can't tell from benedictine. Shall we have a little?

MR. FUNK, MR. BILLWORTHY *and* MR. WOMBECK *(in chorus):* Say, can a duck swim?

[*The automobile horns beyond the window clamor violently.*

MR. OLDER: Sometimes those horns sound as if they were laughing at us or something.

MISS DIPPER: It's the mechanical age expressing its opinion of the human race. You might say that we're getting the mechanical raspberry.

MR. OLDER *(taking a bottle from the sideboard and looking vaguely at* MISS DIPPER*)*: I don't quite get you.

MISS DIPPER: Don't stop to think in this day and age. The bridge tables are waiting.

[*They all go out, L. The maid* ALFALPA *enters, R, and nods offstage. Enter* MASTER GRAFTON OLDER, *aged seventeen, and* MISS GENEVIEVE OLDER, *aged sixteen.*

MASTER OLDER: Whereabouts, Alfalfa? We'll give you a pint.

ALFALFA *(pointing to the right-hand end of the sideboard):* Your daddy'll skin you alive if you drink up all his gin.

MISS OLDER: Don't be sil, Alfalfa. If it's all right for him to make it, it's all right for us to take it.

[MASTER OLDER *tries several keys in the sideboard door, opens it at the fifth try, abstracts the jug of colorless liquid and sniffs it knowingly.)*

MASTER OLDER *(despondently):* Too much juniper juice!

MISS OLDER: Hurry up, stupid, and let's get the automobile. We want to be back before they break up.

MASTER OLDER: What's the hurry? They'll be scrapping over the card tables till three o'clock. Gee, they never know when to go to bed!

MISS OLDER *(wearily):* They have the damnedest idea of a good time!

[*They go out, R, with the jug. From the living room, L, comes a burst of laughter and the voice of* MR. FUNK *saying, "Can a duck swim?" A single automobile horn beyond the window bursts into a series of crescendo squawks, like the outcry of an agonized soul. The squawks grow gradually fainter and the curtain falls jazzily in time to them at the rate of one foot per squawk.*

HOW PROSPEROUS ARE WE?

(Continued from Page 31)

Among the people I know are a woman and her daughter; both work steadily and receive what I had been accustomed to believe constituted rather good wages. I thought of them as in quite comfortable circumstances, but one day the mother remarked that they could afford to have meat only once a week. Well, that was astonishing. I mentioned it to our local butcher, but it didn't astonish him at all. He knows of many families that have meat only once, twice, or perhaps three times a week, because it is too expensive for the family budget. Having been brought up on beef—at ten cents the pound, however—that struck me as a severe hardship. I couldn't avoid wondering about it, and eventually I mentioned the subject again to the woman who had first raised it. In the course of the conversation she remarked, as though it were entirely irrelevant, that her daughter was buying a $300 fur coat. And that doesn't astonish her in the least, although it quite bowls me over.

Living on the Ragged Edge

Rents, too, seem oppressive to many householders; and to me they are utterly confusing. I remember an excellent house of eight or nine rooms that my father rented for fifteen dollars a month when I was a boy. Consequently, when such a sum as $100 a month for a small apartment is mentioned nowadays it immediately occurs to me that no apartment on earth was ever worth half that much. I go to New York and see the tiny rooms in which people live and I take it for granted that they are forced to put up with this hardship; I have seen four-room apartments that would rattle around in just the kitchen and dining room of the fifteen-dollar-a-month house previously mentioned. Moreover, not only apartments but rooms are still growing smaller. I have seen some that were so small the oppressive nearness of the walls strained my eyes. But when I looked around and saw the many expensive and luxurious articles housed in these little cubby-holes I suspended sentence on the landlords. I don't know whether rooms are growing smaller because it is necessary or because the public demands them.

There is one man in town to whom all these mysteries that baffle me are crystal clear. His theory is that the general run of people haven't got more money than they ever had, or not much more, but that installment-plan buying makes them think they have. It stretches the margin so that they can spend next year's income this year. "You'll see," he says. "Just you wait and you'll see." Judging from the way his head wags, the thing we are going to see will not delight us. "Living on the ragged edge right now," he adds, "and going in deeper every month. You'll see."

Well, to do the gloomy old sage justice, it does seem to me that I know either personally or by hearsay an astounding number of persons who are always living on the ragged edge, although often with no very sound reason for it. Incurable optimists; spending bright prospects just as readily as cash in the bank. As a matter of fact, they rarely have very much cash in the bank. Banks serve them merely by clearing their checks and distributing various sums on account to their creditors.

Unless I am very much mistaken, there is a great deal more of this kind of hit-and-miss, hop-scotch existence nowadays than ever before. Men who are twenty years my senior make the same observation. Also there is more of it in this country than anywhere else in the world, according to reliable reports.

Recently I drifted into a village shoe-shining emporium which happens to be a shoe-repairing shop also, and there I observed that a new piece of machinery had been installed. It was as big as a man and looked intricate and expensive. That thing, I mused, would have to be paid for out of the accumulation of half dollars and dollars for repair work.

A Business Investment

"What did it cost?" I asked the proprietor.

"Six hundred dollars."

"Do they allow you time on the payments?"

"Two years' time. Fifteen dollars a month for two years. Two hundred and forty down."

"And do you consider it a good investment?"

"Humph," was the good-naturedly contemptuous reply. Plainly the question was too silly to require an answer in the opinion of this installment-plan buyer. I judged that he had been looking forward eagerly to making this purchase and now felt confident of earning more money than before.

(Continued on Page 173)

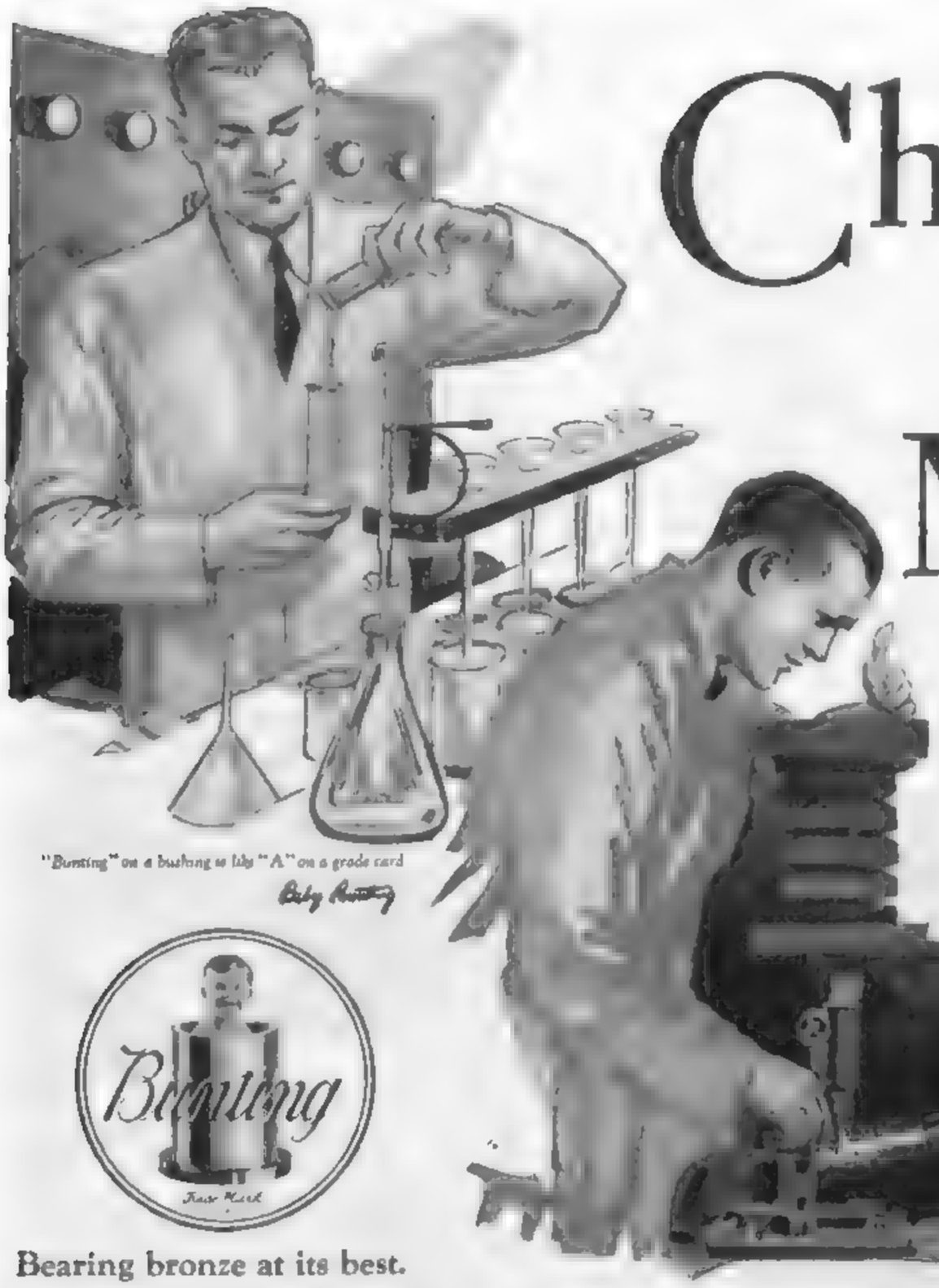
The Economical Pavement
FOR TOWN OR CITY

YOUR streets today must carry a traffic which in weight and volume was undreamed of twenty years ago. Vehicles have undergone a mighty change which must be reflected in the pavements on which they travel. Your modern fire engine for example (unneeded if your homes were of fireproof concrete) weighs five times as much as its horse-drawn predecessor—and travels three times as fast.

The concrete street is the engineer's answer to the challenge of modern motor traffic. Surprisingly moderate in first cost, it requires almost no maintenance—is open and in service at all seasons. Yet necessary cuts can be neatly and quickly patched, without resulting structural weakness or unsightly blemish. Rigid, unyielding, concrete streets retain their safe, even, attractive surface year after year.

PORTLAND CEMENT
CONCRETE
for permanence

Economy, safety and beauty combine to make the concrete street the most popular of modern pavements—both in residential and business sections. Our booklet telling of the experiences of communities which are paving with concrete, will interest you. Write Portland Cement Association, Chicago.



"Bunting" on a bushing is like "A" on a grade card

Baby Bunting

Chemically Physically Mechanically *right*

Bearing bronze at its best.

Because they are *chemically*, *physically*, and *mechanically* right, Bunting Phosphor Bronze Bushing Bearings deliver this time proven anti-friction metal—bronze—to the user in that form which renders the greatest measure of serviceability and worth.

The *staying quality*, so characteristic of a Bunting Phosphor Bronze Bushing Bearing, is built into the bearing by means of special processes, some of which are:

Scientific analysis and blending of raw materials in our own metallurgical laboratories.

Absolute control of pouring temperatures and foundry methods by which the desired, uniform *physical* structure of the metal is assured at all times.

Constant, rigid inspection of the finished bushing bearings as they come from machines designed by our own engineers to afford a greater accuracy than is otherwise possible.

The cost of these exacting and helpful methods is spread over such a vast production that it becomes negligible when applied to individual orders. The economies effected by special processes and equipment in the hands of a large and experienced organization save money for every user of the product. 5,000 manufacturers of machinery and automobiles have found that they can buy finished Bunting Phosphor Bronze Bushing Bearings for less than they can make their own, or buy rough castings of unknown quality.

Special Alloys, Designs, and Sizes — ***364 Standard Sizes in Stock*** — ***341 Sizes of Automotive Replacement Bushings*** *Completely machined and finished* — ***88 Stock Sizes of Phosphor Bronze and Cored Solid Bars*** *In the Rough*

THE BUNTING BRASS & BRONZE CO., TOLEDO, OHIO

Branches and Warehouses at

NEW YORK	CHICAGO	PHILADELPHIA	SAN FRANCISCO	BOSTON	EXPORT OFFICE
276 Lafayette St.	*2015 S. Michigan Ave.*	*1330 Arch St.*	*198 Second St.*	*36 Oliver St.*	*276 Lafayette St*
Canal 1374	*Calumet 6850-6851*	*Spruce 5296*	*Douglas 6245*	*Hancock 0154*	*New York City*

BUNTING

PHOSPHOR BRONZE

BUSHING BEARINGS

PATENTED

(Continued from Page 170)

And that brought back to mind my own first installment-plan purchase. It was a typewriter. Five dollars down and five dollars a month. If cash had been required I could not have bought that typewriter, no matter how much I needed it. At the time, those payments seemed endless, but I still had the machine years and years after I had forgotten the name of the dealer from whom I purchased it. On the whole, not a bad buy.

But, on the other hand, there is my friend Tom, who is a salesman on commission and a connoisseur of automobiles. Every time a good-sized check comes in he makes a first payment on a sport roadster. Other matters can wait. Some time later the finance corporation that holds his notes overtakes him and separates him forcibly from the steering wheel. But he remains incurably optimistic on the subject of eventual ownership. Or does he? I'm not sure. Driving is what he likes. It is entirely possible that complete ownership strikes him as a mere detail. Proceeding according to his planless plan, however, he must have paid for two or three cars by this time; and lost all of them. It's a hard world, Tom says, and if it weren't for these infernal financial corporations he'd have a nice car by this time. But the difficulty doesn't blight his life, because after all he nearly always does have a nice car except during those brief intermissions between a seizure and a new purchase. Tom, I should say, typifies a small class of victims of the installment plan.

However, no one catches Tom and forces him to buy automobiles; he performs that little service for himself.

Indirect Selling

There are other cases where the selling is more aggressive. Among the persistent callers at many households nowadays is the salesman of household electrical equipment. I have looked at him with jaundiced eye and wondered just how much of a trouble maker he may be in the present scheme of things when so many people seem to be living close to the safety margin. But when you go clear to the bottom of his bag of tricks you'll probably admit that he's all right. There is not a doubt about it that household drudgery can be eliminated by electrical equipment, the operation of which is inexpensive. The persistence with which such equipment is offered really represents the enthusiasm of the electrical industry rather than of the equipment manufacturers for more complete electrification of the American home.

It would do no good for the local electric-light company to send a solicitor to say: "Madam, could we interest you in an additional 100 kilowatt hours monthly? We make an excellent quality of electricity; our deliveries are prompt; the product is fresh and savory." Try to imagine her agreeing with this sales talk and promising, as a result of it, to leave the hall light burning every night. No, what the electrical industry has to do is sell equipment that will consume its product before there is any chance of selling more kilowatt hours. So the equipment is offered on the installment plan. And that's about all there is to that sinister subject. The amount of practical, valuable machinery of this kind that isn't in millions of homes that probably could afford it is no less interesting than the quantity that has been sold on the installment plan.

A Good Gardener Gone Wrong

Most of us seem to be very much confused nowadays by questions of what we can afford and what we can't. However, a much more interesting phase of that confusion appears with reference to work that we can afford to do than with reference to the buying of things. For example, there must be considerable poverty in our town in view of the evidences of it previously cited, and yet it is very difficult to find anyone who will rake up the leaves or perform any sort of domestic service. That seems to remain just as true during a brief flurry of unemployment as at any other time. So there is poverty, and yet in some mysterious way the victims of it manage to "get by," as the saying is. They are not feverishly seeking any means to earn an honest dollar. Or if they are, then most of my neighbors are peculiarly dense.

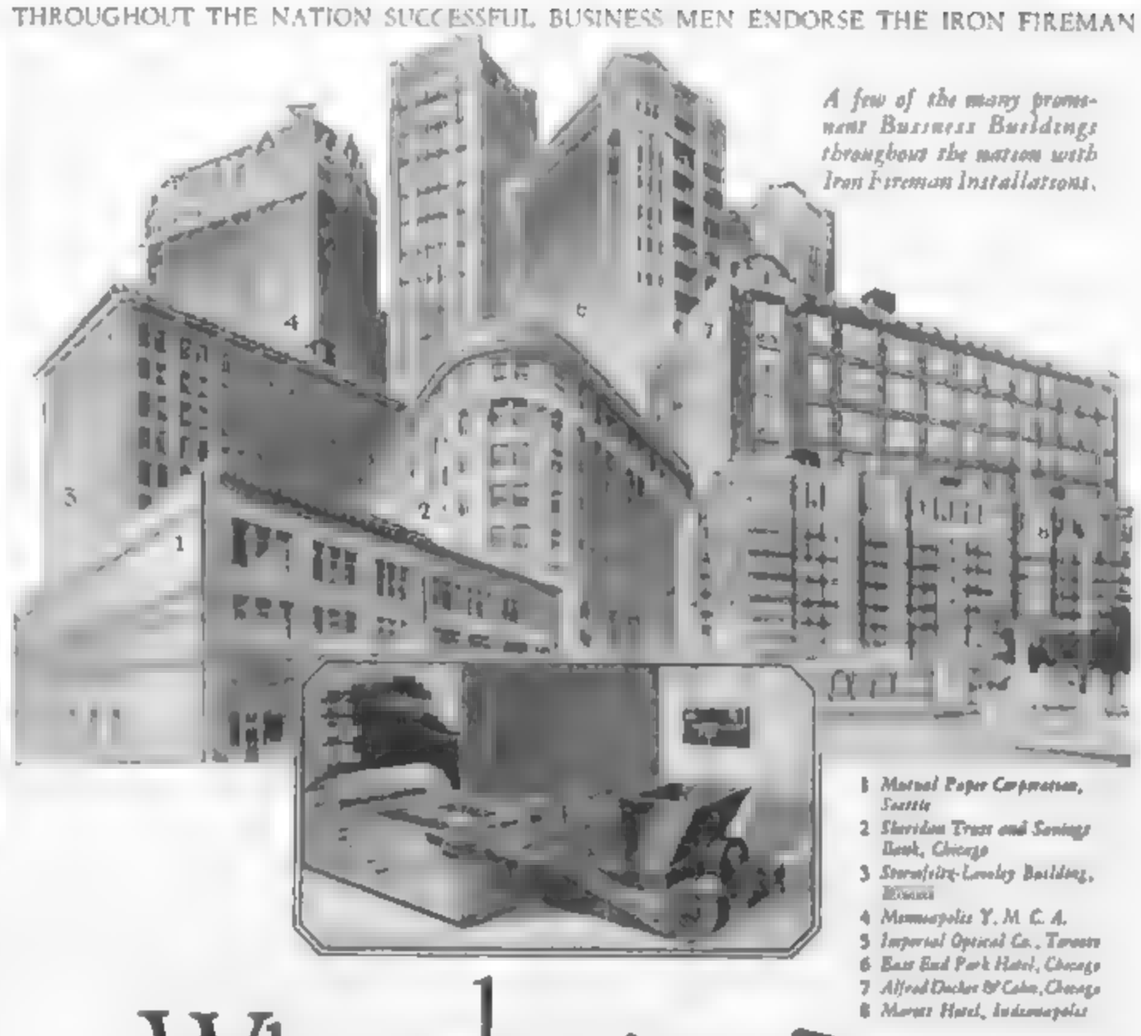
Last summer a young man of intelligent appearance who made a very good impression applied to me for work around the house and grounds. He said he was a good gardener and knew how to take care of an automobile. My conclusion was that he probably had had entirely different experience but that he needed a few dollars to help him on his way, wherever he might be going, and would at least make an honest effort. He was a stranger. I gave him the job.

To my astonishment his representations were excessively modest. He worked wonders with the garden and flowers and he was no stranger to automobiles. One day about a month later he reported that he would have to visit the dentist. Could he have an advance of five dollars? He had been paid his wage only the preceding day, but there could be no doubt about a tooth's needing attention. The swollen jaw proved that. I loaned him the five dollars. He never came back. He remained in the town for two or three weeks and then drifted on his way.

Now what puzzles me about such persons—and they are very numerous nowadays—is that they don't seem to know what they want. That man really was a

Treasurer—"Mrs. President, the Proceeds From Our Bridge Party Will Partly Make up the Deficit of the Rummage Sale We Held to Defray the Expenses of Our Benefit Dance for Orphans"

THROUGHOUT THE NATION SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MEN ENDORSE THE IRON FIREMAN



A few of the many prominent Business Buildings throughout the nation with Iron Fireman Installations.

1 Mutual Paper Corporation, Seattle
2 Sheridan Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago
3 Stevenson-Lawley Building, Miami
4 Minneapolis Y. M. C. A.
5 Imperial Optical Co., Toronto
6 East End Park Hotel, Chicago
7 Alfred Decker & Cohn, Chicago
8 Marott Hotel, Indianapolis

What other investment will earn you *half* as much?

View the Iron Fireman, automatic coal burner, from a cold-blooded dollar and cents standpoint. Forget for the moment the fact that it eliminates smoke. Dismiss as irrelevant the advantages of uniform heat or boiler pressure, automatically maintained. Waive the satisfaction derived from a clean boiler room.

Consider the Iron Fireman on a money basis alone. On the sheer basis of its ability to earn dividends on the money invested in it, the Iron Fireman becomes worthy of immediate consideration.

The Iron Fireman burns cheaper coal. It also burns *less* coal. This gives you a monthly cash dividend of 10% to 50% of your present fuel bill, depending on local conditions. Your fireman or janitor will have more time for other work—another cash saving. Even temperature, automatically maintained, speeds production—still another saving. In hotels and apartments, Iron Fireman even heat makes happy guests and tenants!

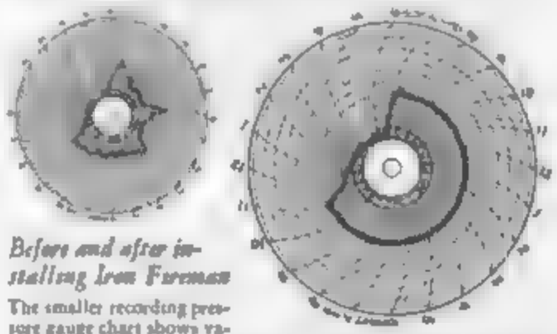
The cash you can put in your pocket each month from these savings alone amounts to dividends of from 50% to 200% per annum on your investment.

What other investment can you make that will earn you half as much?

The Iron Fireman feeds coal to your boiler as needed, quietly, efficiently, automatically! It mixes the burning coal with air in just the right proportions to give perfect combustion, extracting the heat from every ounce of coal. It burns coal with a clean red-white blast furnace flame, 500 to 1000 degrees hotter than a hand stoked fire. It burns the combustible gases that ordinarily go up the stack as smoke.

Ask for full information

Successful businesses of all kinds, the country over, are finding the Iron Fireman a source of increased profits—added efficiency. The Iron Fireman Jr. provides *automatic* coal heat for residences. Let us send you a copy of "Extra Profits from the Boiler Room."



Before and after installing Iron Fireman

The smaller recording pressure gauge chart shows variations in steam pressure with hand firing. The larger chart is a record for the same plant, stoked by the Iron Fireman, giving uniform heat and power throughout the day and the automatic lowering of pressure during the night.

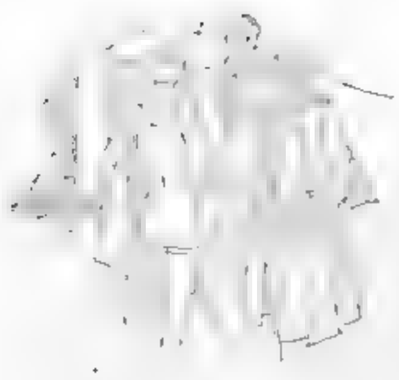
THE IRON FIREMAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
CLEVELAND PORTLAND, OREGON ST. LOUIS

DISTRIBUTORS AND DEALERS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

The IRON FIREMAN *Automatic* COAL *Burner*

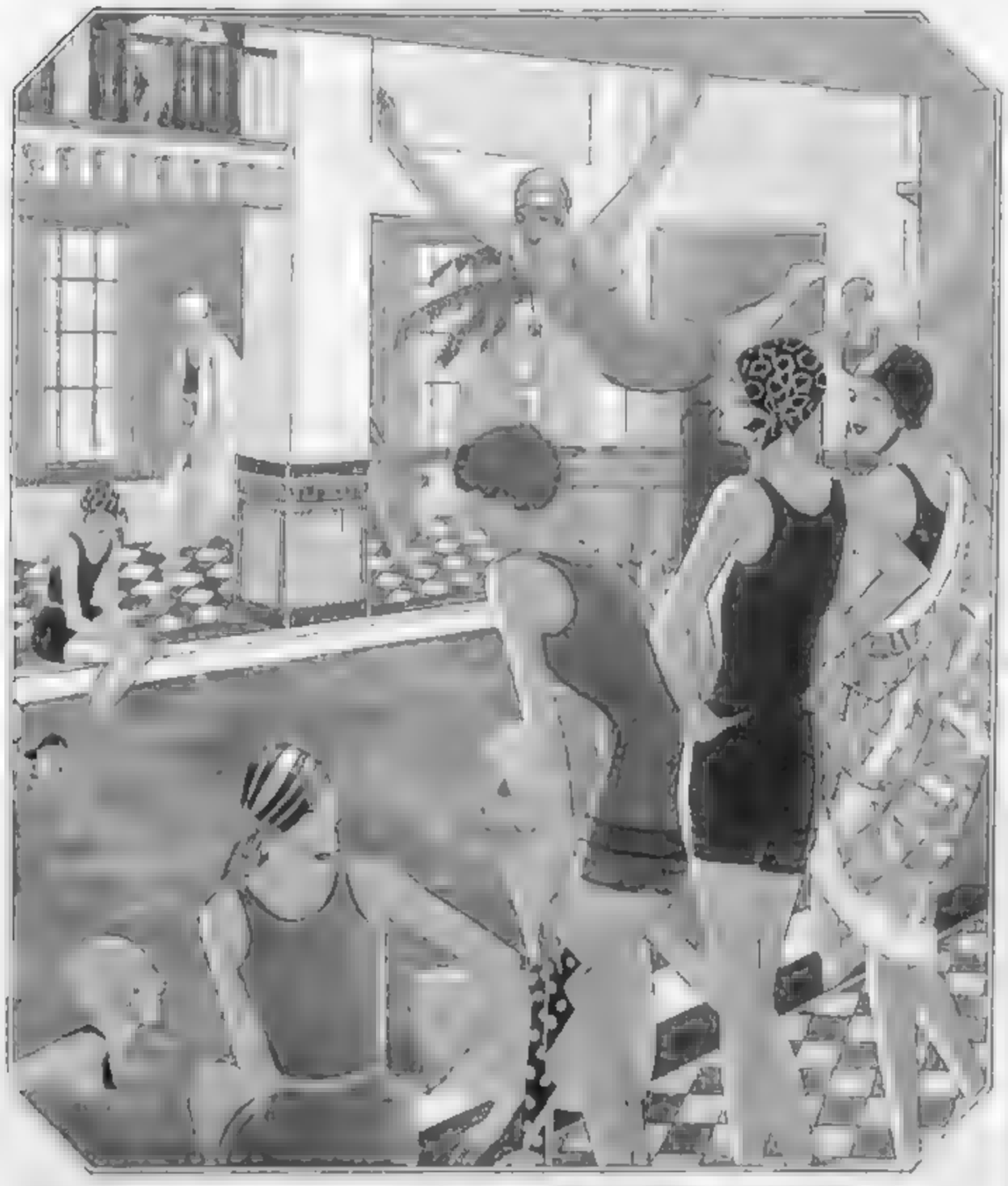
Saves fuel Saves labor Maintains even heat Prevents smoke

THE IRON FIREMAN MFG CO., Portland, Oregon
Gentlemen—Please send me full information regarding the Iron Fireman Automatic Coal Burner.
Name
Address
Attention of Mr
Type of heating now *Size*
☐ If interested in better home heating check here. We will send you a copy of "Why the Trend in Heating is Toward Coal," describing the Iron Fireman Jr., for homes.



At the swimming pool—Ambassador Hotel, Atlantic City. Here, one dresses with equal care, whether in swimming or street attire.

WHERE good *appearance* counts as well as good *swimming*



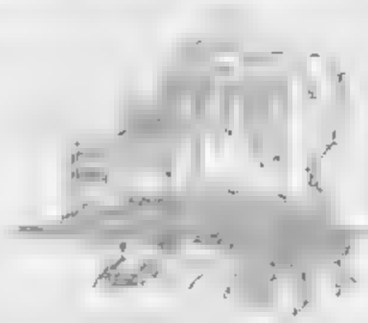
That summer's day when Jantzen made its bow, Atlantic City frowned on awkward bathing suits forever. Exit the era of timid wading. Active swimming came to stay. Such was fashion's dictum.

And now the smartly-clad—the active men and women, girls and boys—insist on limb-free suits to *really swim* in. Jantzen's the thing.

Observe the smartest looking girl at every place where people swim. You'll find her suit's a Jantzen—almost every time.

Jantzen lends colorful personality. Many features stand it out from all the crowd of humdrum beach attire. First of all, it *fits*—without a wrinkle.

Tightly knitted by a process called Jantzen-stitch, the suit hugs your body smoothly—wet or dry. And



Ambassador Hotel, Atlantic City, especially famed for its indoor pool. Jantzens are always in evidence here

being extremely flexible, a Jantzen gives you limb and body-freedom. The size-by-weight system assures you perfect fit. Jantzens are color-fast—dyed-in-the-wool.

Ask your merchant for red diving girl sticker or send us 4c for two. Style sheet sent free upon request.

Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon. Jantzen Knitting Mills of Canada, Ltd., Vancouver, Canada.

Jantzen

The suit that changed *bathing* to *swimming*

gardener. If he hadn't been, there would be no mystery. When he got that job he had the job for which he was fitted. But it was evidently his habit to live right on the precipice of financial disaster all the time; if I am right in that assumption, then a five-dollar loan to be repaid might constitute an insuperable difficulty for him. Easier to give up his job and move along. Plenty more of such jobs. Find them anywhere. However, he did live for two or three weeks without any sort of job and in a strange community and presumably broke. Aren't they mysterious?

Probably the most colorful and dramatic proof now apparent to all of us that we must be richer is this new attitude toward jobs. Naturally all do not share such blithe indifference to them; if they did, something would drop with a loud crash before very long; but there really is a new attitude toward jobs among millions of people. Let me cite an interesting example: I number among my acquaintances in New York an Italian cook who came to this country just about the time the World War started. His English is still pretty bad, but for that matter, so is his Italian, so I don't hold it against him.

"Where you live now?" he asked me one day.

"New Jersey."

"Ah, New Jersey. I used live in New Jersey. Wherebout you live?"

"Pompton Lakes."

"Pompton Lakes!" he exclaimed, opening his eyes wide. "It is still there, Pompton Lakes?"

"Why, certainly. What made you think it might not be?"

"Well, I live near Pompton Lakes during the war," he explained, "and one evening it goes boom, bang. Was an explosion. Lots noise. Boom, boom, bang. I look and I see near Pompton Lakes big light in the sky. Well, I say, is too bad. Here goes good job. I was cook. Good job. I go to station and get on train." He stopped a moment, and then continued: "So is still there, that Pompton Lakes, eh? Well, well, well. I thought was blow up."

Close to the Danger Line

The explosion to which he refers shattered some windowpanes in Pompton Lakes and knocked some plaster off various walls. It was not in Pompton Lakes, but near by. There were no casualties in the town. But what interests me is that this fellow never came back, nor wrote, nor telephoned, nor telegraphed. For years, apparently, he had assumed that that town no longer existed. And he isn't half-witted or anything like it. He's a pretty bright fellow. What accounts for his lack of interest is that he didn't set a very high value on that good job, after all. He had only one stake in the community, and that was his job. Not being greatly put out by the loss of it, no urgent reason remained for him to make inquiry.

I did not live in Pompton Lakes at the time of the explosion, but my neighbors tell me that a number of working people went away that day and the next, and never came back. I can understand that they might run while panic-stricken. But the point is that they never came back, nor even inquired about the situation. They could get other jobs, of course, but these people habitually live close to the danger line; for them to be out of work even two or three weeks is likely to entail some measure of hardship. Watching their behavior, one would think that there surely must be some mistake about the presumption of hardship, but look closely and there it is. They just don't dodge it, that's all. A sort of foot-loose irresponsibility seems to be the boon they pluck from the national treasure chest. Consequently they are at least a small part of the explanation of some of this obviously contradictory evidence that assails the eye on all sides.

In a prosperous small town not far from my home there is an old man who makes a business of caring for lawns and gardens in the summertime and furnaces in winter. He is reliable and businesslike. His bills are itemized; so many hours, so many half dollars. After his own fashion, he is the local employment agency and soup kitchen. Jobs may be slack elsewhere, but he always has openings because none of his employes ever remains long, although he pays them forty cents an hour and is a considerate foreman. He really has a business; a special sort of industry that has been donated to him because no one else seems to want it; after some years as its chief executive he now thinks of himself as a local industrialist. Last winter when a friend of mine bought a home in the town where this industrialist holds forth the two of them conferred about the rate of pay for tending the furnace.

"Fifteen dollars a month," said the old man.

"That's toomuch," my friend answered. It is his standard answer when he knows nothing of the business in hand.

"Sorry," said the old man, embarrassed. "I'd be glad to make a lower rate for a poor family. What could you afford to pay?"

The Pilgrimage of Youth

"I didn't know," my friend commented, reporting the interview, "whether I wanted to invite him into the living room for a nice, sociable chat about the business situation or hand him one on the point of the chin. I admired him and at the same time I was mad all over." So here was this mower of lawns and tender of furnaces, an ancient, well past the prime of life, general-managing a sound business that has no capital and doesn't need any, feeling as self-confident as any man in the town, and out of the goodness of his heart ready to make lower rates for poor families. A prosperous man, he is, and largely because he actually will tend your furnace after promising to do so. Instead of hiring a new furnace tender every twenty minutes, you let him do it for you. And he does it interminably. His employes constitute a parade, not an organization. And this in a town where, no doubt, there is the usual quota of poverty. The kind of men he hires surely don't improve their prospects greatly by moving on; just the same, however, they move on.

The once simple question of jobs that is now so confusing to many adults has grown more so for their adolescent boys. Nor is this a reflection on the boys; quite the contrary. They come out of high school with ideas about what they would like to do—ideas that, though still vague in many cases, are nevertheless much more intelligent than those entertained by their fathers at the same age. Father may not have finished high school; compulsory-education laws may not have been enacted where he lived at the age of fifteen. He probably went to work without giving a great deal of thought to the matter, and thus stumbled into his position in life. But the boy has been thinking about this problem and would like to serve as captain of his career, instead of letting accident decide. If he is ambitious his dreams probably lead toward some special course of instruction, professional or technical. But an adolescent boy is much more expensive nowadays than he was twenty or more years ago.

There is, of course, a veritable national pilgrimage to the colleges and universities; they are swamped by it, but we are viewing for the moment another part of the picture. Father works pretty hard and has been at it a long time; there is still a mortgage on the house; mother needs various things; so does sister. Moreover, son does not feel the will to forgo more than half of his little luxuries. Life seems so meaningless without them. Thus he drifts along, wondering just how a boy goes about the business of working his way through college, wondering whether he could do it if he tried, wondering if his father would help him a little, wondering, more than anything else, whether it would be fair to ask this help. Meanwhile there is not much use consulting father, because, never having been near a college, he

(Continued on Page 177)

What these *Nationally* Known Business Men have said about LONGVIEW, *Wash.*

K. R. Kingsbury, *President*
Standard Oil Company of California, San Francisco, Cal.

Louis W. Hill, *Chairman*
Board of Directors, Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

W. J. Bailey, *Governor*
Federal Reserve Bank of Kansas City

Charles H. Grakelow, *Grand Exalted Ruler,*
Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, Philadelphia, Pa.

Arthur Curtiss James, *President*
Curtiss Securities Co., New York

Carl R. Gray, *President*
Union Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.

Herbert Fleishhacker, *President*
The Anglo & London Paris National Bank, San Francisco, Cal.

Jefferson Myers, *Commissioner*
United States Shipping Board, Washington, D. C.

Howard Elliott, *Chairman*
Board of Directors, Northern Pacific Ry., New York

H. E. Byram, *Receiver*
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry., Chicago, Ill.

James J. Davis, *Secretary of Labor*
Washington, D. C.

R. E. Coontz, *Rear Admiral U. S. Navy,*
Commandant, Fifth Naval Dist., Hampton Roads, Va.

George S. Long, *Vice-President*
Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, Tacoma, Wash.

Samuel G. Blythe, *Author,*
Washington, D. C.

Frank B. Willis, *U. S. Senator*
from Ohio, Delaware, Ohio

Charles Donnelly, *President*
Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

Frederick I. Cox, *Member*
Interstate Commerce Commission, Washington, D. C.

Harry Leon Wilson, *Author*
Monterey, Cal.

R. S. Hawes, *Vice-President*
First National Bank, St. Louis, Mo.

Charles L. Wheeler, *Vice-President*
and General Manager McCormick Steamship Co., San Francisco, Cal.

When I was in Portland in November I went over to Longview and spent a day there. That was my first trip and I was immensely interested in the wonderful development you have accomplished. I had luncheon at the very attractive hotel and drove around and saw most of your industrial development, also the beautiful parks and homes for employees. I think it is the most impressive thing in the way of community development I have ever seen. The way your plans have been worked out certainly entitles you to congratulations for your foresight and judgment.

—K. R. Kingsbury, *President*
Standard Oil Company of California, San Francisco, Cal.

♣ ♣ ♣

I am simply amazed at all my eyes behold. When I think of the comparatively few months in which all of this has been accomplished, it seems incredible, and in railroad circles we think we do big things. The Union Pacific believes in the future of Longview and is desirous of extending every facility that will aid in this development.

—Carl R. Gray, *President*
Union Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.

♣ ♣ ♣

Few things in the record of American industrial development can surpass in interest the story of the origin and growth of Longview. Built in accordance with plans that were splendidly conceived, the city's future is assured, and it will endure long as a monument to the energy and foresight of those who founded it.

—Charles Donnelly, *President*
Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

♣ ♣ ♣

I never dreamed I should see here such a city as I now look over. Longview is a splendid place. The very appearance of the community carries out the spirit that founded it and fills it. Longview is a city in which any American would be proud to live. You have built on a solid foundation. Your community stands for every good thing in life. It appeals to me especially because it provides for the growth, development and refinement of the children of America. A city so well begun is certain to grow. Yet while it grows it is certain to maintain its original character, because it is founded on American ideals.

—James J. Davis, *Secretary of Labor*
Washington, D. C.

♣ ♣ ♣

We couldn't come up the Columbia River without stopping at Longview. It changes wonderfully in a year's time.

—Louis W. Hill, *Chairman*
Board of Directors, Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

♣ ♣ ♣

The city of Longview, in my judgment, is the most impressive industrial-community development I have ever seen. Its immediately available timber resources insuring manufacturing supply for at least fifty years and its most unusual transport advantages, both rail and water, bespeak not alone its full development and prosperity as a lumber center, but must attract other industry.

Its equable climate, making for all-year-round operations, and its model civic, housing, school and social conditions cannot fail to attract and hold superior and contented workmen.

—Herbert Fleishhacker, *President*
The Anglo & London Paris National Bank, San Francisco, Cal.

♣ ♣ ♣

Here, beside the great Columbia, I predict another great city.

—R. E. Coontz, *Rear Admiral U.S. Navy,*
Commandant, Fifth Naval Dist., Hampton Roads, Va.

♣ ♣ ♣

I admire the tenacity, ambition and loyalty of these people. I do not believe there is another section of the country in which a city such as Longview could be built in so brief a time.

—Frederick I. Cox, *Member*
Interstate Commerce Commission, Washington, D. C.

♣ ♣ ♣

An altruistic city—yes—but essentially a practical city with every dollar spent in parks, trees, hotels, lakes and beautification meaning a practical return. This city, with its climate, its railroad facilities, its deep-water harbor, the excellent living conditions . . . Why Longview may some day rival Seattle and Portland.

—R. S. Hawes, *Vice-President*
First National Bank, St. Louis, Mo.

♣ ♣ ♣

Would not consider our tour complete without viewing the great Longview development . . . . . remarkable work done here in less than four years.

—Howard Elliott, *Chairman*
Board of Directors, Northern Pacific Ry., New York City.

♣ ♣ ♣

I have read a good deal about Longview through the advertisements in The Saturday Evening Post and, naturally, knowing that everything the advertisements said was true, I was prepared for something big, and what I have seen is more magnificent than I had expected. **—Samuel G. Blythe, *Author,***
Washington, D. C.

♣ ♣ ♣

I look for this city to be a great and thriving community. We want to come here and share in the prosperity that is sure to come.

—H. E. Byram, *Receiver*
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry., Chicago, Ill.

♣ ♣ ♣

I am coming back to Longview. It may be this year, next year, or the year following, but I am determined to see the fruition and culmination of what I believe to be the most marvelous, most practical, yet idealistic undertaking in America today.

I have traveled over the entire face of the globe, yet what you are doing here in Longview impresses me more than any one thing that I have in my mind at this time. You estimate that you will have 50,000 people in five years. I would say that you would have more than that. Your strategic location is unquestioned, and just as soon as America realizes that you are building a city that will give the employee an opportunity to benefit and enjoy life on a par with the employer, factories will seek locations here. The most valuable asset a manufacturer can have, and a city too, for that matter, is contented and happy workers and citizenry. This you have provided for as has never been done before.

—Charles H. Grakelow, *Grand Exalted Ruler,*
Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, Philadelphia, Pa.

♣ ♣ ♣

I have watched with interest the announcements from this city—first its planning and then of its actual growth. Arriving here, I am more than pleased. The growth has been even greater than we had visioned. I shall have an interesting report to make upon my return.

—W. J. Bailey, *Governor*
Federal Reserve Bank of Kansas City

♣ ♣ ♣

I have been in many cities where tremendous building programs have been carried out. Money can build cities but it cannot build spirit and that is where Longview differs from other programs of a similar nature.

—Harry Leon Wilson, *Author,*
Monterey, Calif.

♣ ♣ ♣

Longview amazes me. I came here with my mind prepared for something extraordinary, but in the various phases of this development here, you have exceeded my expectations.

—Arthur Curtiss James, *President*
Curtiss Securities Co., New York City

♣ ♣ ♣

What I have seen today convinces me that Longview is the greatest place for future growth along the Columbia. We are prepared to give steamship service to Longview as fast and as frequent as the development warrants. The opportunities for terminal facilities, and the large productive back-country, of which Longview is the natural shipping point, are two very favorable factors for the new city.

—Charles L. Wheeler, *Vice-President*
and General Manager McCormick Steamship Co., San Francisco, Cal.

♣ ♣ ♣

I shall not soon forget my visit to that interesting community. I never before saw a city in the making. Such progress I did not suppose possible within such a brief scope of time. By location, natural resources and climate, I think Longview gives promise of being one of the great industrial centers and shipping points of the Pacific Northwest. I have no doubt at all that within a decade or two it will be the home of at least 100,000 people.

—Frank B. Willis, *U. S. Senator*
from Ohio, Delaware, Ohio

♣ ♣ ♣

I congratulate you on the wonderful growth which Longview has made in the few years since its founding. There is always opportunity for the ambitious man, and there is even more opportunity for the ambitious and progressive city. The same qualities that elevate an individual above his fellowmen—progressiveness, stability, foresight—elevate cities, and these qualities Longview possesses. You have made use of an ideal location to establish a lumber mill that is second in size to none in the world. Your city was planned in detail before a single building went up. With civic foresight and energy, united with a favorable location and a vast store of natural resources, Longview has begun in the right way to build a city with an enviable future. **—Jefferson Myers, *Commissioner,***
United States Shipping Board, Washington, D. C.

♣ ♣ ♣

Longview promises to be a home town for people who believe in right living and who can exercise all of the privileges that should go with good citizenship—hospitals, community centers, churches and worthy places of amusement.

A great many diversified factories should follow ordinary lumbering and the location of a town for world commerce promises prosperity to all who are fortunate enough to find a sphere of usefulness in its environment.

It is particularly gratifying to me to think that with the large lumber development which my company expects to make that its employees will have a sensible, practical and beautiful town to live in. I am sure that the policy for the development of this town is such that no employee of either The Long-Bell Lumber Company, the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, or other industries already here or yet to come, would want to live outside of this splendid city.

Our feeling is that now that we have decided to go to Longview, that we will work in harmony with the thought that we should in every way help build Longview and carry out its magnificent program for making it an ideal community.

—George S. Long, *Vice-President*
Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, Tacoma, Wash.

THE LONGVIEW COMPANY, *21 Colonial Bldg., Longview, Washington*

Send for this beautiful free portfolio
There has just been issued a beautiful Rotogravure Portfolio containing nearly 150 photographs of Longview and its surroundings. Send for it today. It is FREE. Please use the coupon.

Gentlemen: Please send me the rotogravure portfolio describing Longview, Wash. I am especially interested in the opportunities there for.

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WHAT questions puzzle you regarding painting and decorating your home? Our booklet, "Decorating the Home," answers many of them. Write for it. With it you get a decorator's data form to use if you desire the help of our Department of Decoration in selecting colors for painting your house inside or out.

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New York, 111 Broadway — Boston, 800 Albany St
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Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave. — Cleveland, 820 W. Superior Ave
St. Louis, 722 Chestnut St. — San Francisco, 485 California St
Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Ave
Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St.

DUTCH BOY
WHITE-LEAD

for CLEANLINESS *for* BEAUTY
for DURABILITY

(Continued from Page 174)

knows nothing about it, beyond a hazy tradition that "many a bright young man has been ruined by a lot of fool notions sopped up from long-haired professors." He has never seen any of these legendary derelicts, but hearsay reported them.

Will the young man in that frame of mind be delighted to assist the carpenters at work on a neighboring building by carrying bundles of shingles up a ladder for good wages? He will not. He is planning to be a mining engineer, or a doctor, or a lawyer, or an electrical engineer. He is leaving soon, for college. What have shingles to do with his career? He doesn't intend to be a laborer. No, thanks; no shingles.

But time passes and he needs a new suit of clothes; also various toilet articles from the drug store to put on his hair. Papa uses just plain water, but son requires quite an elaborate collection of bottles to decorate his shelf in the bathroom. Papa has never said much, if anything, about all this, but he doesn't like it. One evening he comes home a little more tired than usual, a trifle cross and there is that interest on the mortgage due next Monday. He eats supper absent-mindedly, pondering that mortgage. The bill for Jane's music lessons too; that's also due. He turns toward son and notices that the boy is just as tall as he is; slender, of course—slender as a lead pencil, but just as tall as his father.

"What's this about a new suit?" he asks, and no one answers. "Did it ever occur to you that you might go out and get a job? That's one way to get a new suit. It's the only way I ever got one. They don't grow on bushes, you know. Somebody's got to work for them, and just for a change, it might as well be you." Papa's attention reverts to his supper. He has blown off steam and feels better. The flavor of his food improves; after supper he is positively cheerful. Not so tired now, and supper does buck a fellow up. He looks at son approvingly. Fine, strapping big boy. Good-looking too, and bright as a dollar. Good stuff in that boy, ambitious, going to amount to something. Always took to his books, and what's more, got something out of them.

Next morning son fares forth to get a job. His pal who has one in a neighboring city tells him how to go about it. There's an opening there right now. Son lands the job and disappears except for occasional weekends. He and his pal are reported to be working hard and saving their money. Throughout the fall and winter they continue working hard.

A Smile for Legal Tender

"What," mother asks, "does son think of his prospects? Does he like the place? And what kind of people are they?" Son is noncommittal. He likes the place well enough, the people are good enough, and his prospects are so-so.

Spring comes. Son and his pal pool their resources and purchase a secondhand automobile that was regarded as junk, but they have probed it and found it to be sound as a dollar in the really vital spot, which is the engine. Nights and Sundays they work on the car for a month. And then one glorious day they are off! Where? Well, just anywhere. They'll work along the way. Not hard to find work. Want to see the country. Thus does our civilization produce many a pair of high-class bums. Harmless, to be sure, and perhaps the adventure turns out very well, but something about like that is what living in the richest country on earth now means to thousands of its citizens. That's the less roseate view of the picture.

There is also the young man who simply cannot get it through his head that he ever will have to work for a living. Such an idea bounces off his skull like a rubber ball. Traditionally such young men were the spoiled sons of overindulgent wealthy fathers, but now they may be almost anybody's sons. Even in households where papa and mamma both work and have always worked, these phenomenal young men occur. One whom I happen to know felt that if a mistaken world insisted upon his doing anything he would prefer to become an expert in finance; hence he eventually sought and obtained a position in a bank. I don't know what the initial wage was—small, no doubt about that—anyway, his interest in the whole subject of finance died with his first pay check. When I last heard of him he was devoting all his time and talents to driving a car for a young lady who has nothing else to do except ride in a motor car. For this service he receives a pleasant smile and lunch at the country club.

But I have wandered away from the small town. One snowy afternoon last winter as I stood on the station platform awaiting the New York express, a gentleman who stood beside a large sample case remarked cordially: "Pretty cold, eh?" I agreed that it was.

"You live here?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Lots of building going on."

"Yes, more than ever before in the history of the place, they tell me. Seems to be quite a boom. Do you find business good here?"

"Not now. No, it's not so good now as it used to be. It used to be one of the best towns I made. Now it's one of the worst."

"How do you account for that? And what, if I may ask, is your line?"

Two Mortgages and One Suit

"Men's clothing. Yes, I sell men's clothing. And the business, they tell me, is hurt by all this building. Instead of a man buying two or three or four suits a year, he gets himself all sewed up with mortgages and then he tries to get by with one suit. That's what the retailers think. It's the same wherever you see lots of building going on, so I think the retailers must be right. I know two other towns that have been ruined for me that way. But it will be over after while. These booms don't last. They rush out and rub up the prices and put up a lot of buildings, but pretty soon all the suckers are stung and they take their losses and get out. People can't afford to pay the prices that these booms cause. They come to their senses after while and get out."

"Now that," I meditated, "is interesting." I own building-and-loan-association shares and have always regarded that form of investment as one of the best in the world, where the institutions are properly managed and regulated. But, as he spoke, it occurred to me that though I have seen eight or ten flourishing booms I have never happened to be on hand when one collapsed. Just what, I began to wonder, happens? And do they collapse? Certainly not invariably, but it isn't unreasonable to think that some of them might. How about the local boom? I have a stake in that one, too, in the form of building-and-loan-association shares. It might be worth while to see just what is going on. So I did that.

Foreclosures, I learned, might be set down, after three years of this unprecedented building boom, as a trace, to use a chemist's term. Delinquencies, approximately none. The number of shareholders growing at an astounding rate every month and many of the older shareholders are increasing their investments. The amount of liquid capital that an enthusiastic little town of even 5000 can produce when it is assured of the soundness of the proposition is simply amazing. Here, indeed, one will find evidence that this is the richest country on earth! And much more important evidence than the news from Wall Street, because it touches the lives of more people. This fact is of the very essence of importance, because if you want to build a home you don't go to Wall Street to get the money. Either you get it locally or you don't get it. That seems to be the rule. And few of us are looking for $1,000,000 loans. What we want is the money for necessities.

Throughout New Jersey there are many foreigners and, naturally, many first-generation Americans. I mention the fact

Do you give your refrigerator enough to eat?

THAT sounds funny, doesn't it? But really it isn't. It's a mighty serious question.

Your furnace eats coal, doesn't it? It eats coal much as we eat food—to make heat. If you do not feed your furnace enough coal, you do not get enough heat.

Same way with your refrigerator. It eats ice—to make cold. That is, the melting of the ice chills the surrounding air, which in turn chills the food in your refrigerator.

You don't expect your furnace to give maximum heat with little or no coal. Then how can you expect your refrigerator to give the maximum amount of cold with little or no ice?

You can't do your best work on half enough to eat. Neither can your furnace. And—neither can your refrigerator.

A well fed refrigerator will do a lot of work for you and save you money. The more ice there is in the refrigerator, the colder it will be and the better your foods will keep. And, the colder your box, the slower ice melts.

Try this plan for a week

Give your refrigerator all the ice it can hold for a week and see how much more work it will do for you. See how sweet the milk and butter will be, how fresh and crisp the vegetables and fruit, and how much better your other foods will keep.

You will know what real food luxury is when you know what it is to have all the ice you want when you want it. Enough ice to crisp vegetables for a salad, to make quick frozen desserts, to take care of the hundred and one uses that the clever housewife finds for ice.

Ask your ice man to tell you how much ice you should take so that your refrigerator will never be less than half to two-thirds full. Remember that it can't do its work properly unless it is well fed!

Send for this booklet

THE CARE OF THE HOME REFRIGERATOR

This booklet, written by Dr. M. E. Pennington, Home Refrigeration Expert, gives practical and scientific advice on caring for the home refrigerator.

The things necessary to know, in order to get the best service from your refrigerator, are few and simple to follow. But many housewives neglect them. The whole subject is covered in nine suggestions given in this booklet. They are very simply stated, and explained in such a way that you will see how important they are.

This booklet can be read in five minutes, and it will enable you to get the fullest benefit from the use of ice, with the greatest economy. Sent free upon request.

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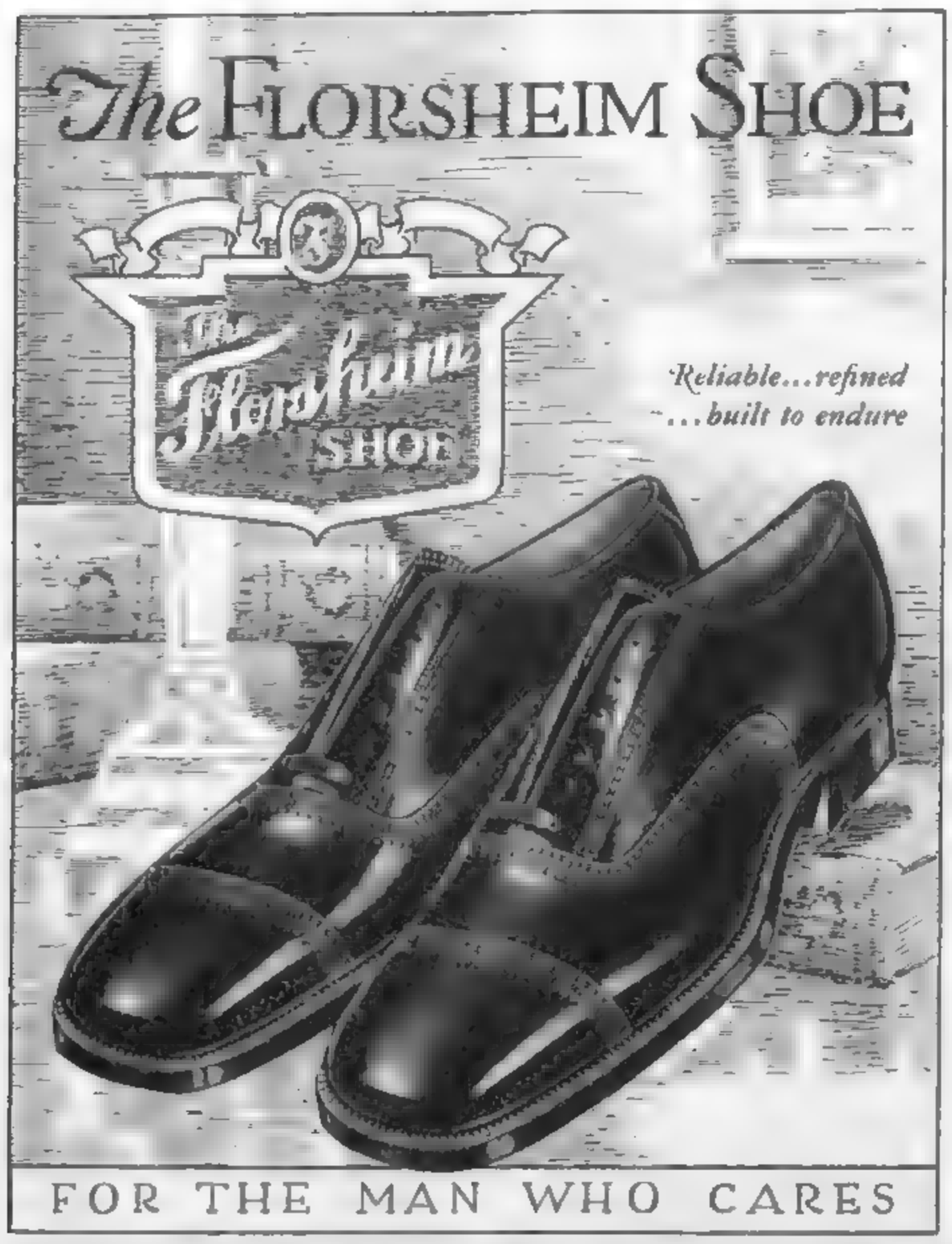

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The tougher the job, the greater the need for a saw made of special steel—a Simonds World-Famous Crescent-Ground Cross-Cut Saw. Ask your Hardware Dealer.
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because they have a peculiar effect upon realty values. To be specific, they nail them down and fix them for keeps. The values may go up; indeed, they are going up almost everywhere in this country, but the persons in whom the memory of Europe is still clear are not much inclined to sell. Ask anyone who has sold land to Germans or Italians, to name just two, whether he had many foreclosures. He'll tell you that he didn't. They hang on. Land ownership means something, not easily expressed, to the person whose European background has not yet receded very far. And in this connection I have observed the same attitude toward land among Southern negroes. They may be careless about money, and the less they have the more careless, but not about their homesteads. They hang on.

While I was visiting the office of the building-and-loan association I dropped in to chat with the local banker. Just what, I wondered, would be the effect of a building boom upon the deposits of a small national bank in a town of 5000 population. Surely, quite a lot of money must have been drawn out to meet just the first payments. Not that the affairs of that bank are of any special concern to me, but here was an opportunity to measure in terms that a man can easily understand the meaning of developments that are national in their scope. Ours isn't the only little town that has been sprouting new bungalows during the past three years. Carpenters, plasterers and steam fitters have been scurrying around all over the country.

On the Other Side of Disaster

Probably the vast majority of this new construction is designed to provide shelter for families in quite ordinary circumstances; families that would like to spread out the mortgage payments over just as long a period as possible; families that counted on translating rent money into interest and taxes to meet a considerable part of the new debt; families that had only a few thousand dollars in the bank when they undertook these ventures. Now just what would that mean in terms of total deposits to a small bank after it had been going on for two or three years? Ours, I thought, would be a particularly good town in which to make this inquiry, because we have only one bank and our population is not growing at a rate commensurate with the number of new homes. Most of these houses are for established residents. Well, here are the figures: About three years ago the local bank deposits were $1,000,000. Today they are upward of $3,000,000. Some of our people must have been saving their money. And a great many of them must also have been earning more. Business simply must be fairly good on that showing. Nothing else is credible.

It is impossible to account for any such facts as these unless we accept the premise that uncounted thousands of hard-working, thrifty, level-headed men and women are sharing and intelligently taking advantage of the best times this or any other country has ever known. These good times have held now for more than three years and there is abundant reason to believe that they will continue. Those who don't know what to do with such a situation surely cannot be as numerous as they seem. The fact that they are more conspicuous must mislead us as to their proportion in the whole population. And when I contemplate that possibility memory brings back several imaginary crises that at one time or another were confidently expected to wreck the whole national economic scheme.

For instance, there was the automobile. When I was a young reporter—in the year 1909, to be exact—I was assigned one day to interview a banker who had telephoned to the managing editor to say that he had a very important message for the public. It turned out to be a statement, supported by imposing columns of statistics, proving that the American people were investing in automobiles much faster than the national wealth normally increased. If this kept up long enough—and anyone could see that it was just getting a good start—we would presently have millions of cars and nobody but the manufacturers of them would have a cent for gasoline, much less bread and butter. Not being a statistician, I cannot say whether there was anything wrong with his figures or not. All I know about it is that we have more than twice as many automobiles now as he predicted would bring ultimate disaster, and we still seem to have escaped the poor farm.

Next there was the awful crisis precipitated by the insane behavior of county commissioners. They were beginning to build ordinary highways that cost just about as much a mile as railways, and someone who had a mass of figures on the subject proved to his own satisfaction in a public statement delivered to me that we would soon have so many good roads that we would be walking over them barefoot and hungry. Something seems to have been the matter with that calculation also, for not long afterward an equally well-informed engineer proved conclusively that these expensive roads we were building were the cheapest the country had ever known. It was not my business to render a verdict, but as I listened I recalled a certain bond issue of $1,000,000 that had been expended in that county only a few years previous to the era of hard-surface roads, and the only evidence of it then remaining was the bonds. The roads had all blown away or been washed away. I mean that literally. So it may eventually turn out that we are making an excellent investment in good roads. The amount of money now going into them is imposing, but still we seem to have some left for foreign loans. And as for the thousands of workingmen who ride on these roads in their flocks of automobiles, that development really ought not to impress Americans as very notable. Thousands of American workingmen used to own horses. They really make a much better investment in a moderate-priced car, and they know it. Naturally, then, they'd have them.

America's Entertainers

The persistence with which this country dodges going to the bowwows is really impressive. Time after time it has been reported skidding blindly over the precipice, but just when the crash was due, according to pessimistic reports, we learned that another infant industry had about mastered the art of standing on its feet. In the interim there will be a certain measure of confusion, as there is today. One looks at such persons as my friend Tom, who buys and loses about three new installment-plan automobiles annually, such persons as the gardener who wanted a job and then as soon as he got it didn't want it, and wonders if, after all, we aren't merely enjoying a joy ride and a jag that will end in a headache. But turn to the substantial evidences of national well-being: the things about which there can be no argument—schools, homes, roads, transportation, bank balances, life insurance, public health, sanitation—and the argument is over. There remains only one qualification to be set down. The richest country on earth evidently can afford to support hundreds of thousands of clowns, high-class bums, wastrels, misfits, itineranta, amateur bandits, and others who are needlessly wandering around as though they had been stricken with amnesia. Some of them it can support in luxury and none seems to starve to death. On the face of the whole record, however, it is evidently just as absurd to say that we can't afford these entertainers as it was to predict in 1909 that we couldn't afford automobiles. Now, as then, what we can afford simply staggers the imagination. No matter how hard we try to catch up, the facts seem always to be a couple of city blocks beyond our range of vision. Anyway we live in a very colorful era. Whatever else may eventually be said of us, no honest man will ever describe this as the drab decade.

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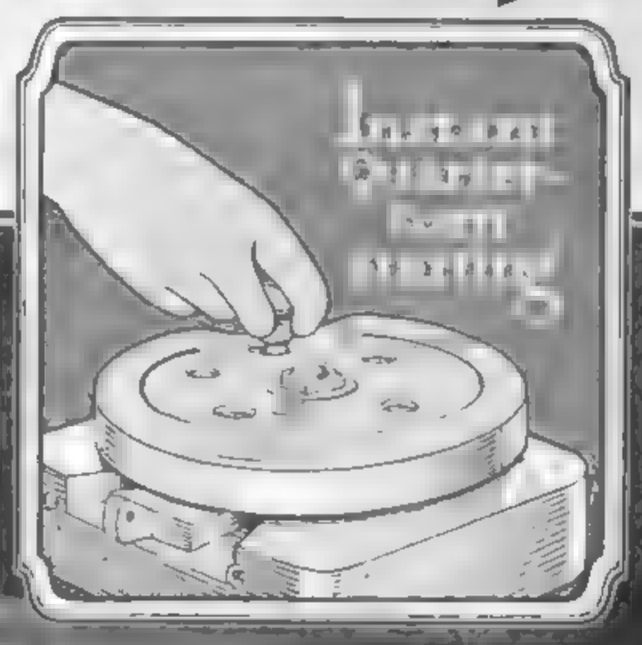


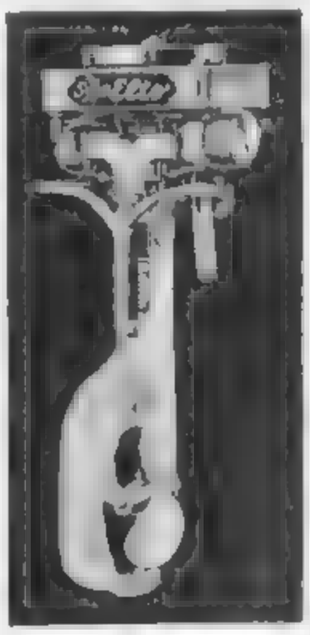
–and Easy Starting Is Half the Fun of Outboard Motor Boating

INSTANT starting! Easy starting! No more strength is needed to start the Super Elto than can be applied by the light flip of youthful fingers!

That IS easy starting! That's what makes the Super Elto outstandingly, distinctively the *family* motor! And you who have owned motors know that nothing—*absolutely nothing* — contributes so much to the pleasure and service and usefulness of an outboard motor as *actual* easy starting.

Ole Evinrude in designing the Elto made easy starting *paramount*. Hence Elto's *Battery Ignition System*—Columbia Hot Shot Battery plus Atwater-Kent Timer.

The result is—it takes just a flip of the flywheel—just an easy quarter turn—to start the motor humming down the lake! *Every time!* When fishing's best at dewy dawn—or when shady shores beckon through hot midday—or in sudden downpour of drenching rain—*always* the sheer joy of sure starting is yours—with an Elto!



This simple dependability marks every detail of Elto operation. You steer with a *rudder*—so even a young child safely manages the boat. You steer comfortably from *any* seat—with vibrationless tiller lines!

Your motor fits any boat—no need for costly investment in a special model. You have bountiful power for a sturdy family boat—or foaming speed for a lighter hull!

Easy portability, too! Only a one-hand carry from your car or cottage to the water. Rudder folds for compactness. Automatic tilting for beaching or running over reefs and shallows. Instant push-button reverse. Famous Propello-Pump.

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These unusual Headlights Completely Floodlight the entire road—yet actually grow dimmer as they are approached

ILCO-RYAN-LITES promote safety—your own as well as the public safety! While providing an abundant flood of road illumination, ample for all driving purposes, they project a widespread softly diffused beam that really helps, not hinders, approaching drivers.

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This combination makes possible a character of road illumination that it is impossible for you to secure with any other headlight.

With Ilco-Ryan-Lites the entire road is softly floodlighted for a distance of over two hundred feet ahead of your car. Road signs are easily read while passing at your usual speed. Trees, culverts, ditches, telegraph poles—all obstacles and obstructions—are clearly visible. There is no back glare or sharp shadows to tire your eyes. Even the densest fog is penetrated by this soft, floodlighting beam.

All this remarkable illumination is secured without dangerous glare. The Ilco-Ryan-Lite beam is projected from the upper half of the reflector and is always directed downward.

Only by driving behind this remarkable road illumination can you fully appreciate all the advantages of Ilco-Ryan-Lites. Your dealer will be pleased to show you these remarkable headlights and arrange a demonstration.

Ilco-Ryan-Lites are available for all cars in two sizes—11¾ and 9¾ inches in diameter; two finishes, black and nickel, and all nickel and two styles, a plain and decorative plume design back.

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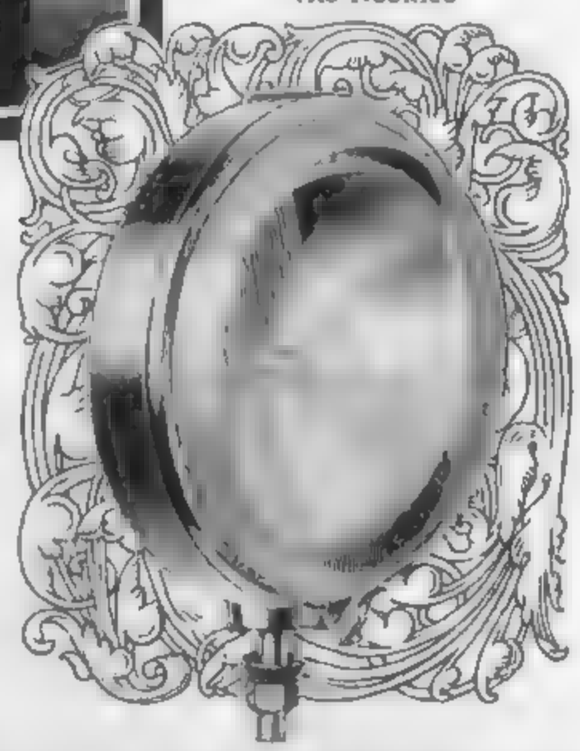
Slightly Higher West of the Rockies



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ILCO-RYAN-LITE

-the Headlight that Floodlights the Road

IOWA'S DEBITS AND CREDITS

(Continued from Page 27)

From 1900 to 1920 the increase was 450 per cent, against an average for the United States of 250 per cent; and at the deflated price of $119.47 an acre in 1925, the increase over 1900 was still 230 per cent, against an average for the United States of 170 per cent.

When you speak of the inflation of land prices and its consequences in relation to the distress of agriculture, it is like calling attention to a congenital deformity in one of the company present. But as you do speak of it, there are two answers ready. One is that the only profit agriculture has ever had has been in the rise of land values. The other is that in any case the matter has been grossly exaggerated.

It is unnecessary to exaggerate it. Stick to the census figures. The total value of all Iowa farm land was $2,802,000,000 in 1910; in 1920 it was $6,679,000,000. The increase was $3,877,000,000, and that was $18,000 per farmer in Iowa. Why exaggerate? An increase of wealth amounting to $18,000 per farmer in Iowa, from the rise of land alone, in ten years!

What did he do with it? Pay off his debts? This is interesting. The average value of an Iowa farm—land, buildings and all—was $14,574 in 1910; in 1920 it was $34,662. Increase, 138 per cent.

The Universal Investment

The average mortgage debt per Iowa farm in 1910 was $4048; in 1920 it was $9358. Increase, 131 per cent.

You see what he did with it. As the value of his real estate increased he borrowed on it and spent the money. He spent it mainly in three ways: For improvements, to buy his neighbor's land and for securities—often fraudulent securities.

The Iowa land boom had all the common characteristics, and then several that were unique. Generally a land boom, whatever else it does, brings money to the scene. Outsiders come in with new capital. That was not the case in Iowa. There the game was exclusive and steep. They swapped land with one another at higher and higher prices; the man who swapped it last went out to the end of the limb or retired to California with a fancy first mortgage in his pocket to keep him in comfort for the rest of his life. Then, when the boom collapsed, the land was so dear, at the deflated prices it still looked so high and required so much capital, that bargain hunters were not attracted. Thus no new money came in either during or after the boom. The saying is that the only buyers for Iowa land are Iowa farmers.

Another uncommon fact about the Iowa land boom was that prices, though they went very high, were never fabulous. On the Great Plains, where agriculture is expansive, unsettled and still experimental, land at ten dollars an acre may be dearer than land in Iowa at $300. There is no marginal or submarginal land in Iowa. It is all good.

The average price at the top of the boom in 1920 was $199.52 an acre—for the land alone. The average value of farm real estate, meaning land, buildings and all, was $255 an acre. Well, if you could buy Iowa as one farm at $255 an acre it would probably be a sound investment, provided you meant to work it yourself instead of living on the rent of it, and provided, also, you worked it efficiently by the very best methods. In Carroll County within a year thirteen local farmers who knew what they were doing paid an aggregate of $376,670 in cash for 1321 acres. The lowest price for any one of these thirteen farms was $233 an acre; the highest was $312.50 an acre. Six of the tracts were sold at auction to close estates. In 1920—at the top—a Cedar County farmer paid $66,575 for a farm of 190 acres; that was $292 50 an acre. Through six years of depression he has had his living from it and has reduced the mortgage to $10,000 from $25,000. There is a long list of such instances. A farm in Sac County has just recently sold for $310 an acre.

What caused the trouble was not so much that farmers paid more for the land than its potential value was. Too many old farmers who had defended possession of the land through long years of adversity took advantage of the rise to cash out; too many people not farmers at all treated acres as markers in a swapping game. Everybody forgot the importance of improving the methods of agriculture to support the higher valuation of land. They thought their type of agriculture was finished and the best in the world. And they were about to forget something all of them knew, for it was bred in them; namely, that what truly builds the value of land is the active presence of the owner. In place of that there was growing up among them a thought of absentee land ownership, based upon tenancy. Said Griff Johnson, of the Equitable Life Insurance Company of Des Moines, in an essay on Iowa farm-land values in the Journal of Land and Public Utility Economics, last year:

"It is practically out of the question for even an excellent farm with the most favorable surroundings to maintain properly the family of a landlord in town style, the tenant family on the farm, bear the expenses of needed repairs, pay taxes and upkeep, and last but not least, care for a first-mortgage loan with prompt payments. A community of home-owned and home-occupied farms represents an element of land value which cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents."

You bear in mind that in Iowa land is the universal investment. The banker has land, the merchant has land, the publisher has land; the politician, the doctor, the lawyer, members of the agricultural-college faculty—they all have land. It is their security, the source of their big and little fortunes, their present and their future, and also their circulating medium. As people in Wall Street salute one another by asking "How's the market?" or business men by asking "How's business?" the first thing they ask in Iowa is, "How's land?" If land is high and moving, all is well; if land is depressed and not moving, there is no sun. Said the state banking superintendent recently: "Iowa business prosperity and the working out of many of our banking problems is absolutely dependent upon the free movement of land at a good price."

Practice and Principle

Commonly in the agricultural regions, and most of all in Iowa, bankers have a mistaken way of treating land as the basis of commercial credit. By commercial credit you mean that kind of credit which under one of the elementary rules of banking must be kept always in a fluid state. It goes on short errands only, for thirty days, sixty days, some of it maybe for three or six months, and then returns to be loaned again.

If a farmer borrows money on his note at the bank to buy hogs to eat his corn, that is commercial credit; the loan liquidates itself when the hogs are fat and go to market. This obviously is a transaction very different from that of borrowing money on a mortgage to buy a farm or build a barn. If a manufacturer borrows money on his note at the bank to buy raw cotton to feed to his machines, that also is commercial credit, and liquidates itself when the cotton has been converted into cloth and sold. If a manufacturer wants money to build a new factory he does not borrow it on his note; he sells bonds or issues capital stock.

This is certainly clear—as clear for the farmer as for the manufacturer. Confusion is in practice, not in principle. When a manufacturer applies at his bank for commercial credit the banker does not ask how

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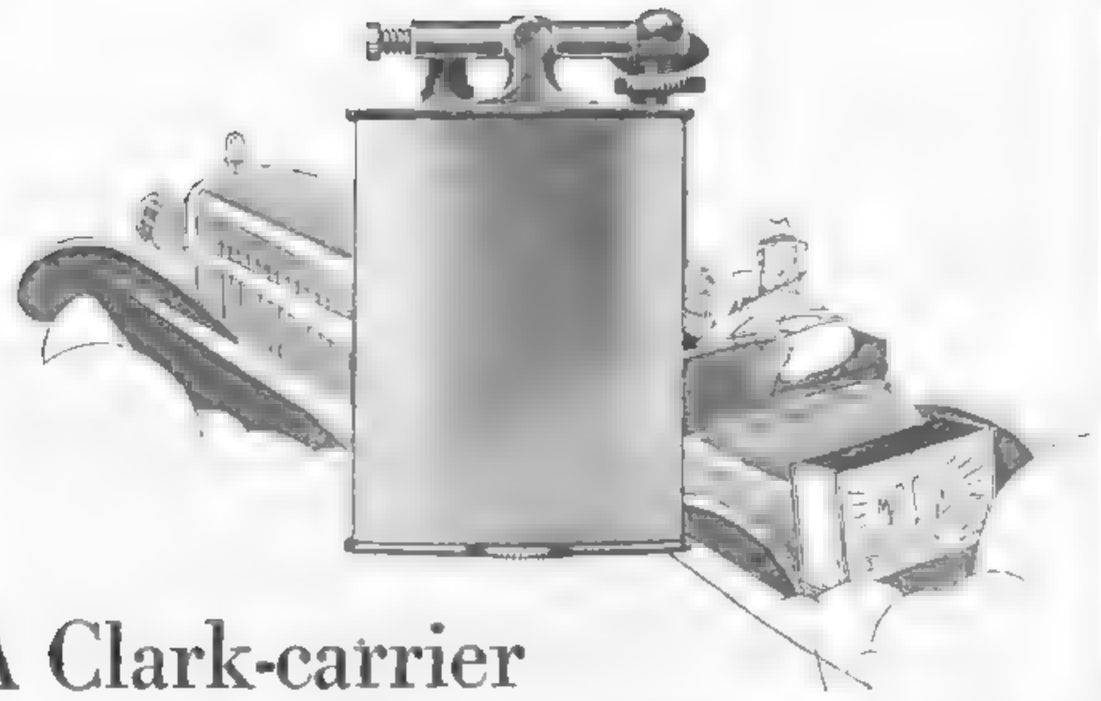

A Clark-carrier carries no spare

He needs no matches on the side to understudy for his Clark Lighter. The robust flame leaps to his smoke with a charming certainty. Mechanics and engineering are forgotten as they are with a fine watch. All the Clark owner knows is that he has a sure light always and withal a handsome gentlemanly manner of securing it. Many shops sell Clark's. Yours can get them for you.

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It Cost Him 2¢ to Send A Coupon Like This

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Six years ago, Mr. Guy McKittrick of Pennsylvania needed more money—and in a hurry. So he scissored out a coupon like the one above, received a big friendly envelope—and found in it details of a plan so simple, so easy, that he was able not long after to write:

"My first twenty hours of spare time work paid me about $20.00, and I have since made $8.00 for six hours' spare time work."

The success which Mr. McKittrick attained was not "a flash in the pan"; hardly a month has since passed—he started six years ago, you remember—without his earning more Curtis dollars.

What's better is the fact that similar results have been gained by hundreds of our subscription representatives. What's *best* is the fact that you, too, should be able to do as well—and in your spare time! So let us send you the same attractive offer we sent McKittrick.

Mail the Coupon Today

many acres his factory covers, how much primary horse power he has inside of it, or what he could get for his plant if it were put up for sale. What the banker wants to know is how much he earns. His earning power determines his standing as a borrower of commercial credit, because the loan must be paid out of his earnings, not by putting the plant up at auction. But when a farmer applies at his bank for commercial credit the banker asks him, not what he earns, but how much land he owns and what he could get for it. Thus it is the farmer's land and not his earning power that determines his standing as a borrower of quick credit. The difference is fundamental.

For mortgage banks, such as the Federal Farm Loan Banks and the Joint Stock Land Banks, to consider only the land is quite right; it is the land itself on which they lend; they put their money out for long periods of time and take mortgages to secure it. If the borrower does not pay the mortgage the bank takes the land; if land happens to be depressed it may hold it for a better time and meanwhile rent it out; it need be in no hurry to dispose of it, since it has no depositors to come down on it without notice for their money. But the depositors of a commercial bank may come at any moment for their money—any number of them—and that is why a commercial bank is obliged to keep its funds employed on short-credit journeys, so it shall never be long away and is always coming back.

Assets Frozen in Land

A commercial bank lending money to farmers on their promissory notes, saying in each case the borrower is good because he owns so many acres of land worth so much an acre, regardless of whether he is farming the land at a profit or at a loss, gets into trouble in this way: A farmer, though he still has the land, nevertheless is unable to pay off his note at the bank—that is because he has been farming at a loss. The bank renews his note, saying again he is good because he has the land. Now the bank examiner comes along, sees the unpaid note and the new note on top of it, and says, "This looks bad." The bank says, "That man is perfectly good. He owns 160 acres of land worth $30,000, and the only thing against it, besides this $5000 note, is a first mortgage for $10,000." The bank examiner says, "In that case you had better get a second mortgage and pin it to this note."

That the bank does. The farmer afterward fails; he cannot pay his note. The bank takes his land under the second mortgage. One such case would not matter. But when it has happened in twenty or thirty cases the bank will have an envelope full of mortgages and no money.

Then, suppose its depositors come demanding their money. The bank has no money; its funds are all tied up in mortgages. That is to say, its assets are frozen in land. It may say to its depositors: "The bank is all right. It has these mortgages which in time will be liquidated." That does not help. The depositors want their money. It is the undertaking of a commercial bank to pay its depositors on demand. And if it cannot do this, as, of course, it cannot with its funds locked up in mortgages, it has to shut its doors.

In the case of the largest bank failure in Iowa the bank had six or seven million dollars in land mortgages, all of which in time could have been liquidated, perhaps without loss. As a mortgage bank it would have been all right. As a commercial bank, with thousands of depositors demanding their money, it was insolvent.

That was the case of an old and honorable bank in Des Moines. Its failure came at what was probably the end of Iowa's banking debacle; and it was made the text for renewed denunciation of the Federal Reserve System, on the ground that it had ruled out land as the basis of credit.

Very rightly it had done this. The Federal Reserve System was designed to mobilize the country's commercial credit and keep it in a fluid state. It lends only to banks by a method called discounting—which is to take off their hands, for cash, promissory notes that are soon to come due and will be paid from the proceeds of purely commercial transactions, such as the fattened hog going to market or the cotton in process of manufacture. But because the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago refused to take those land mortgages off the hands of the Des Moines bank, which would have meant to freeze its liquid funds in land, the people of Iowa said: "There it is. On the best land in the world our banks cannot borrow money from the Federal Reserve System. What is a Federal Reserve System for? This is what we have been saying all the time, and here is the proof. By ruling out land as a basis of credit the Eastern money ring, controlling the Federal Reserve System, ruined Iowa."

What is proved is that Iowa permits her feelings to govern the facts. If it had been possible for the banks of Iowa and of the agricultural regions generally to borrow from the Federal Reserve System on their frozen land assets, and if they had known beforehand they could do so, they might very well have wrecked the banking structure of the whole country. They could have inflated the price of land until they had tied up all the fluid credit there was. Then what?

When, in 1919 and 1920, Iowa land sold in certain wild cases at $450 and $500 an acre the excitement was such that normally shrewd and farseeing men solemnly declared the vision of Iowa farm land at $1000 an acre.

When the passion to acquire wealth by speculation becomes a mania, then, as in dreams, it is the imagination alone that acts. Judgment and reason are repressed. It has a course to run—a kind of life history, like a fever—onset, progression, delirium, period, collapse. In Iowa the delirium could not contain itself in the excitement of rising land values, but ran into many other things. The rise in land prices having added $3,750,000,000 to the wealth of the state in ten years, there were thousands suddenly richer than they knew how to be. They did not know what to do with their money. If they sold their land they had either to put the money back into the land, which was their natural impulse, or look for something else to invest it in. As to anything else, they knew almost nothing. There had never been but two approved ways of investing money in Iowa. One way was to invest it in land; the other was to put it in a savings bank. Their first acquaintance with bonds as a form of investment had been made in the Liberty Loan drives.

The Speculation Harvest

You can guess what happened. Never was there a richer or more innocent vineyard to plunder. Venders of fraudulent securities invaded the state like locusts, selling shares in packing plants, creameries, elevators, private banks, tractor factories, mines, oil wells and other schemes. Into one packing-plant scheme went $7,000,000. When the promoters had taken theirs and had paid the stock salesmen's commissions, the plant that resulted was one that operated for two weeks and was later sold for less than ten cents on the dollar.

It will occur to you that a speculative mania is apt to overturn the rational faculties. Estimates of the amount of money lost in the Iowa stock bubble go as high as $500,000,000. Definite figures are impossible. But it is certain that the sum was great enough to have saved twice over all the Iowa banks that have failed since 1920 by reason of having let their liquid assets freeze solid in land mortgages.

You are not to understand that all traditions of good banking were buried. Banking as a whole is sound in Iowa. It is with banking as with farming—the marginal people make the distress. They not only

(Continued on Page 185)

What New York is to the East Chicago to the West · · and San Francisco to the Pacific

ATLANTA

is to the South

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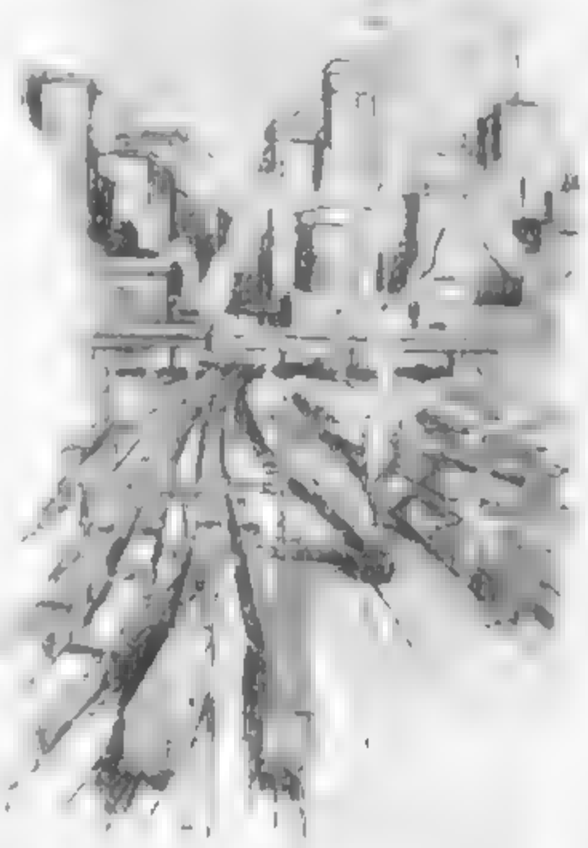

AMERICA'S great producers are finding extra volume and profit in the South, where buying power has trebled in the past few years.

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You cannot afford to overlook the prosperous Southern market. Investigation and comparison will prove that Atlanta is the one logical location for your Southern headquarters. Without charge or obligation, the Atlanta Industrial Bureau will present the full facts relating to market opportunities and production costs as they apply to your business. Such a report may be the answer to your question "How can I increase net profits?" Write today!

INDUSTRIAL BUREAU
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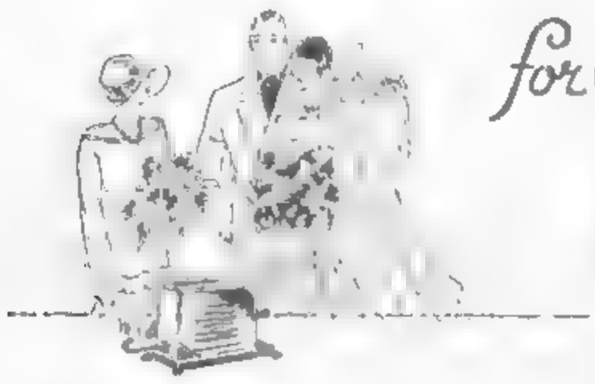


for June Brides

Here is a new and different gift that every June Bride will adore. You can get a Toastmaster at your Electric Light Company, department store or electric dealer's.

An amazing new way to make toast

You don't have to watch it—
—it comes out* automatically *when it's done

Every piece perfect every time

It happens in the "best of regulated families" whenever toast is made. Everyone depends on everyone else to watch the toaster—with the result that everyone forgets until a thin column of smoke rises toward the ceiling.

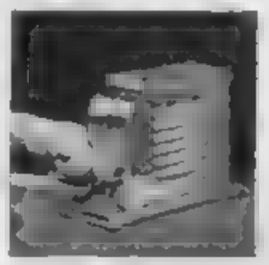
Or the toast is made in the kitchen and arrives at the table either pale in color—scraped—stone cold—or dried out and hard.

Now an amazing new way of making toast has been perfected. You do not have to watch the bread after you put it into the toaster. You do not have to turn it. There is no danger of its burning. Yet every slice is done to perfection. An even golden-brown. Deliciously crisp. And so hot that the butter melts instantly.

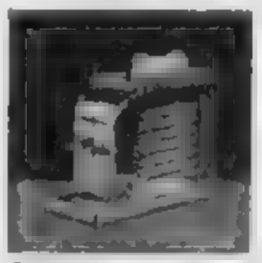
Now—automatic toast

You've really never eaten toast quite so luscious as the new Toastmaster makes *every time.* And all you have to do is: 1. Drop a slice of bread into the oven slot. 2. Press down the two levers. This automatically turns on the current and sets the timing device. 3. Pop! Up comes the toast automatically when it's done, and the current is automatically turned off.

1 *Drop bread into the oven slot as illustrated*



2 *Press down the two levers. This automatically turns on the current and adjusts timer*



3 *Pop! Up comes the toast when it's done—and the current is automatically turned off*

Both sides are toasted at the same time in an enclosed oven. Thus all the goodness and flavor of the bread are *sealed in*—the toast is always piping hot when served—and it is delivered to you twice as speedily as with the ordinary toaster which toasts each side of the bread singly.

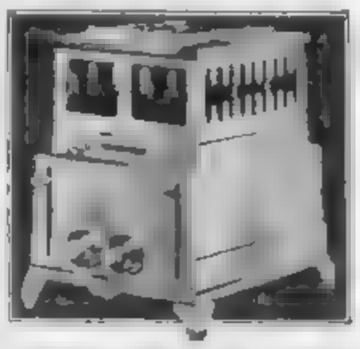
At your dealer's—or order direct

The Toastmaster is a small brother of the big Toastmaster, used for years by famous restaurants, hotels and sandwich shops. It's a little beauty. Finished in flashing nickel, it makes an attractive piece for the server or dining table. So you can make toast right at the table the minute you want it.

See this novel toaster at your Electric Light Company, department store or electric dealer's. In case your dealer cannot supply you, send us a money order for $12.50. We will ship you a Toastmaster postage paid, on 30 days trial. Money back if it doesn't win you at once. Waters Genter Company, 231 No. Second Street, Minneapolis, Minn. Toastmasters are distributed in Great Britain through Hector C. Adam, Limited, Phoenix House, 19-23 Oxford Street, London, W. 1.

Note to Dealers:

Over 50,000 Toastmasters have been sold in the past few months. Write at once for complete information regarding this new fast-moving item.



The commercial Toastmaster has proved to be a veritable gold mine for hotels, restaurants, cafeterias, coffee or sandwich shops . . . made in four sizes—3-slice, 6-slice, 3-slice and a new 2-slice. A postcard will bring full details without obligation

The **TOASTMASTER**

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Reg U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 182)

ruin themselves; they involve others in loss. Since 1920 perhaps 350 banks have failed in Iowa. That would be no more than the marginal number. The evil, said Governor Hammill in his message to the legislature last winter, was too many banks, incompetently managed, under weak supervision.

What occurred in Iowa was that banking capital and banking morals both were dangerously diluted by the advent of men untrained in banking whose only thought was to get their hands on the magic of credit. Individuals to whom credit had been refused for good or bad reasons by existing banks could manufacture credit for themselves by setting up a bank of their own. Anybody could do this. The amount of capital required to start a bank was less than the increase in the value of one farm; and it was both the law and the custom that if you had the minimum amount of capital you were entitled to a bank charter and could demand it as a right, whether you knew the science of banking or not. That was true as to state charters under the state banking law of Iowa.

When you see what the results of bad or inexperienced banking may be, the distress that is caused by the misuse of credit, you wonder why the privilege of banking should be extended freely and without proof of one's fitness to exercise it, though the dentist, the doctor, the plumber, must prove his competency before he can fill your teeth, give you a physic or fix your drains. From wondering, you may pass to the observation that under this happy and democratic absurdity banks have multiplied prodigiously in the agricultural regions—faster there than in any other—also that bank failures since 1920 have been regional and that the number bears a direct relation to the rate at which banks have multiplied. You will note that in 1920 the number of banks per 100,000 people was 137 in North Dakota, 109 in South Dakota, 92 in Nebraska, 78 in Montana, 77 in Kansas, 71 in Iowa and 63 in Minnesota, against only 34 in Texas, 21 in California, 12 in New Jersey, 8 in New York, 8 in Ohio and 7 in Massachusetts.

Own Your Own Bank

The areas of irresponsible banking are remarkably the areas in which delusions about cheap money have been historically troublesome. There flourished greenbackism, goldphobia, every notion that could be invented for increasing wealth by the naïve expedient of increasing the volume of money.

Beginning about 1900 there was a significant change. The delusion was transferred from money to credit. Where formerly the demand had been for cheaper money, all at once it was for cheaper credit, and more of it. Responsive to this demand, the Federal Government created various agencies for putting more credit of all kinds at the call of agriculture—mortgage credit, intermediate credit, livestock credit, special credit, warehouse credit, emergency credit. At the same time the Comptroller of the Currency was encouraging the people of the agricultural regions to multiply their national banks, which they did; and the states were enacting laws to make it easier and less expensive to open state banks.

In the states where the banking disaster has been severe the own-your-own-bank idea was carried to the sky. There was no pretending you had any civic importance unless, as stockholder, director or officer, you were your neighbor's banker; he, as an equal, would be also your banker. Farmers became bankers. Minimum of capital; maximum of loans and deposits—that was the simple rule. So long as everything was rising it worked. Banking on a flood tide of prices requires neither skill nor experience. Many who thought themselves bankers because they owned banks and had power over credit never had seen an ebb tide and never had faintly understood their responsibility to depositors as keepers of the common fund.

There are signs of change. The state banking department of Iowa, in its own discretion, with no warrant of law, now refuses to grant unnecessary bank charters, though the applicants might legally demand them. In this it appears to be supported by public opinion. The governor proposes legislation to increase the minimum amount of capital required to start a bank, to increase it as deposits grow and to establish an honor system of voluntary examination through district agencies organized by the banks themselves. Other states are moving in the same enlightened direction.

Movers of the McNary-Haugen idea continually refer to the great number of bank failures since 1920 in the agricultural regions as an effect of the distress that fell upon agriculture, and proof of its severity. It would make quite as much sense to speak of the distress of agriculture as an effect of land speculation and of banking that was unwise, inexperienced or positively bad.

Two Faces of One Delusion

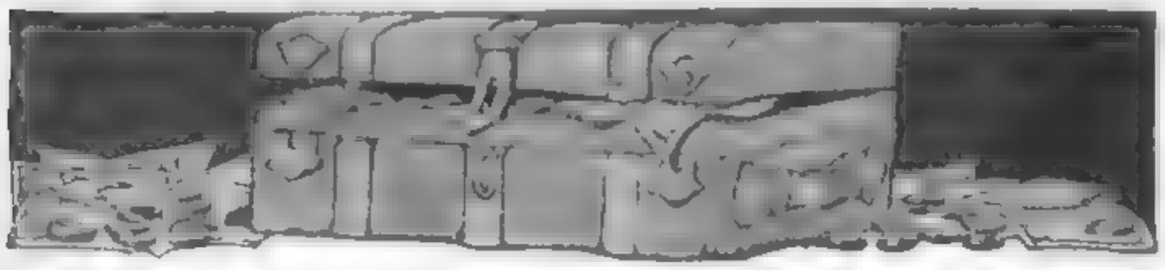
A bank failure is seldom excusable on the facts. The principles of right banking are too well established. Practically all of the 2000 bank failures in the agricultural regions were owing either to a participating interest in land speculation or to the practice of treating the land itself as a basis of credit, whereas the basis should be the earning power of the farmer working the land. Banks whose deposits are payable on demand ought not to touch the land; they should leave that to the mortgage banks. For national banks to lend on the land is illegal. Nevertheless, indirectly they do it. Banks that assisted to inflate land values with funds that should have been kept fluid were not an asset to agriculture; they were a liability. They lifted the price of land only to let it drop again, which was worse than not to have lifted it at all.

Taking it in Iowa alone—if there had been no land speculation the price of land now would be better than it is; the land would be moving normally; the farmers working it would be sowing the increase, instead of repenting the deflation; and there need have been no bank failures.

The loss may turn out to be a profitable investment in education. Apparently a sensational experience was necessary to demonstrate that sound banking is needful to sound agriculture, that sound banking requires a highly responsible use of credit, and that free credit and free money are the two faces of one delusion. Credit must be controlled. Wisdom may control it. If wisdom does not, disaster will.

John Skelton Williams, as Comptroller of the Currency, in 1920 defined his views on the subject of new bank charters as follows: "If it is shown that there is a monopoly in the local banking situation or that the existing banks, either national or state, are controlled by a particular group or set of men, such conditions are regarded as favorable to the granting of new charters."

Under these favorable conditions, among others, 4158 charters for national banks with a minimum capital of $25,000 each were granted from 1900 to 1920. The great



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a new pipe with the bite *smoked out*

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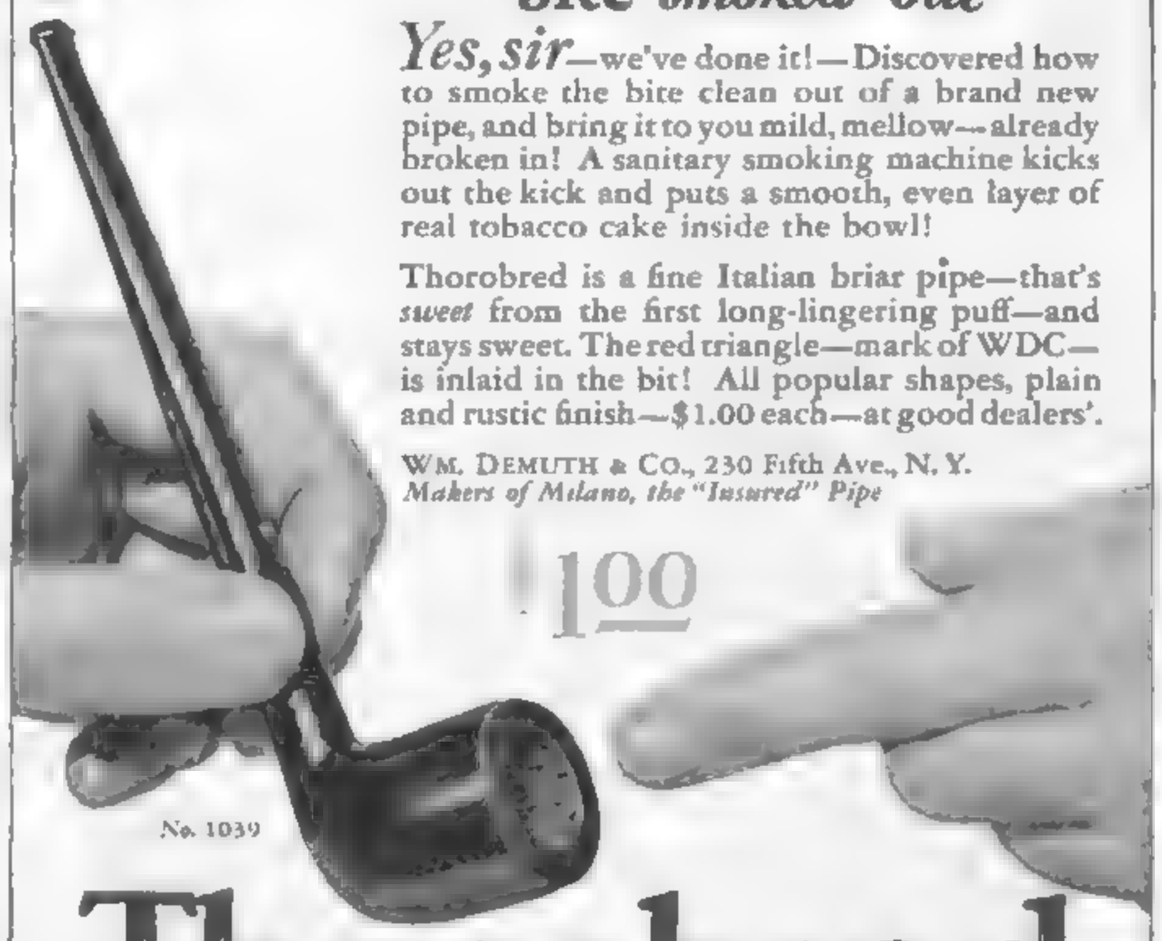
Makers of Milano, the "Insured" Pipe



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City

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Stops all pain in 3 seconds

TOUCH the most painful corn with this amazing liquid. In three seconds all the pain is gone. Acts like an anesthetic. You wear tight shoes, dance, walk again in comfort!

No paring or cutting—that is dangerous. Besides the corn then comes back. This way loosens it. Soon you peel the whole corn off like dead skin. Works alike on corns or calluses.

Professional dancers by the score use this method. Doctors approve it as safe and gentle. Millions employ it to gain quick relief. There is no other like it.

Ask for "Gets-It" at your druggist's. Money back if not delighted. There are imitations. Be sure to get the genuine

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Write today for Free booklet, samples of fabric, and price list. Tailor-made in standard sizes to fit any window or porch. Reasonable in price. Finest quality, beautifully made, rust-proof frames, fully equipped ready to hang. We will send you name of nearest dealer.

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EIGHT POWER

$9.85 POSTPAID

THE IDEAL ALL 'ROUND SPORTS GLASS
COMPLETE WITH STRAPS AND LENS COVER

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Athletic Supporters

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No. 55—50c

[illegible]

No. 77—$1

Superior quality—extra features 3-in waist, 7 in leg bands—soft all-elastic mesh front, porous, cool. Patented V-seam gives [illegible] Large mesh rear and small [illegible] Bike with the [illegible] mark on the package. If your dealer [illegible] supply you write us.

Bike Web Mfg. Co., 4115 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago

SIGNS

Made with an Easel Small [illegible] and have remarkably clear [illegible] Easel Small is made in 40 [illegible] sheets. Any painter or signmaker will furnish [illegible] Easel Small the original painters' small estab. 1854

motive was to release credit from restraint. The fact that a particular group or set of men—bankers perhaps—controlled the community's credit was evidence of at least the possibility of restraint, and therefore justification enough for a new bank. What was forgotten was the necessity to control credit—which is the same as the necessity to control the volume of money. The smallest country banker issuing credit is, in fact, issuing money. There is no practical distinction. His responsibility for speculation, inflation and deflation is not private; not strictly financial, either; it is public and moral.

One who had been criticizing bankers for the banking troubles of South Dakota before a Rotary Club was indignantly faced with this assertion: "Our banks went up because our bankers tried to pull us through. They were good sports." And that was the feeling of the whole company about it. But when the critic retorted "A banker has no right to be a good sport with his depositors' money," suddenly everyone saw that light, and the stricture was applauded. Throughout the agricultural regions the credit motive was so strong that the depositor was the last person to be remembered. Such a thing as conducting a bank primarily in the interest of its depositors was exceptional. A bank was for borrowers. And, besides, running it for the depositors' sake would not pay very well.

It is significant for Iowa that her governor sent to the legislature last winter as clear and sane a message on this whole subject of banking as has ever been written in political circumstances. A banking régime, in the first place solvent, entirely self-examining and self-guaranteeing, and in the second place scientifically adapted to the needs of agriculture, would be a fine example.

All that is wanting is a principle of accord. The state is not hurt. It is only disappointed and sore. A great many people are not as rich as they thought they were. And yet they are very rich.

The State of Automobiles

During six years of deflation and depression the number of passenger cars has increased in Iowa like this:

YEAR	NUMBER OF PASSENGER AUTOMOBILES REGISTERED
1920	407,578
1921	430,118
1922	468,736
1923	534,796
1924	575,210
1925	613,412
1926	650,684

The population is less than 2,500,000; the average number of persons per family is four. That indicates 625,000 families. So, more than one passenger automobile per family in Iowa.

The price of land, as they compare it with what it was, is depressed. The land is not worth any less. They say it does not move. Yet the economic demand for it is greater than the supply. Notwithstanding the fact that the state banking department has 87,000 acres of farm land on its hands, the demand from farmers for land to rent is more than can be satisfied, and those who would be renters are pursued as prospects by the land-settlement agents of Montana and North Dakota. The reason for this scarcity of land for use—one reason—is that many who sold their farms at high prices, receiving in payment part cash and part mortgage, and then retired, now come into ownership again as the buyer defaults on the mortgage; and when this happens the old owner, rather than sell again at the price now ruling, goes back to the farm. The dispossessed man then goes looking for an Iowa farm to rent.

It is not only in land they are rich—in money too. After all the bank failures, bank deposits are still so large that they cannot be fully employed at interest within the state. You will hear bankers say that if land be excluded as the basis of credit they cannot lend their deposits. So they are buying bonds outside. In six months of 1926 eighty banks increased their investments in outside bonds by $10,000,000. That means Iowa is exporting capital. You might interpret this as a sign that she is weary and prematurely old. Why should the banks and their clients be putting their money into outside municipal, industrial and city real-estate bonds while the opportunities for capital to be employed in Iowa are still boundless?

A Specialist in Corn Cobs

Her agriculture is not finished. To realize the value of her land she needs to reëquip her agriculture with power tools. To realize the value of her agricultural products she needs to process them more. That means industry. She sends live hogs to Chicago and consumes more meat products than she packs for herself.

In the department of chemical engineering at the Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, Prof. O. R. Sweeney, an enthusiast, is grinding, beating, churning, burning and distilling corncobs and cornstalks to find how they may be commercially utilized. They contain valuable acids. They can be made into paper, building boards, plastic materials of beauty and hardness, wood flour, tar, gases, dyes, punk, a substitute for cork in linoleum. The possibilities of industrially converting this waste stuff, after the grain on the farm has been translated into pork, are such that the value of Iowa's corn crop might be trebled. It is not Iowa capital that is watching Sweeney. It is outside capital, ready to pounce upon a promising result or to snatch away a brilliant young chemical experimenter who has a new idea.

She trains her young men at Ames and then industry attracts them away. Her book of vital statistics shows that from 1915 to 1925 the number of persons forty-five years and over in her population increased 13.5 per cent, while the number between eighteen and twenty-one decreased more than 9 per cent.

Youth and ideas—these are among the commodities she exports. One wonders whether it is owing to this trade, or in spite of it, that she is rich. However that may be, it is the immovable land that provides the surplus. At what price would land like this be really dear?

PHOTO. FROM U. S. DEPT. AGRICULTURE

OKLAHOMA

today... has room for you

WHEN you feel that your opportunities are too restricted; when you long for more freedom of action; when you have an inclination to begin life anew, or to widen the field for your activities, think of Oklahoma. This youthful state's unlimited opportunities are open to you.

The hardships of pioneering are past in Oklahoma, its era of greatest development is at hand. Guided by an unprecedented record of achievement for its twenty years as a state, encouraged by the knowledge of its wealth and natural resources, Oklahoma is passing, one by one, the other states in the Union.

Last year Oklahoma's farm products yielded more than $500,000,000. Oklahoma leads the Nation in diversified crops. Yet thousands of acres of fertile soil remain untilled . . . waiting for you.

The income from Oklahoma's minerals exceeded in value $500,000,000 last year. New oil and gas wells, however, are gushing forth in increasing numbers. The most recent field opened has shattered all previous records. Mining of the vast quantities of coal, lead, zinc, asphalt and other minerals found in Oklahoma requires additional capital and man-power. Here, too, opportunities are waiting for you.

Manufacturing in Oklahoma is fast developing because of an abundance of raw materials, excellent transportation facilities and a growing market. Oklahoma has the raw products, cheap fuel, excellent living conditions and every other primary essential. All that is lacking is interested capital and you.

Here in Oklahoma is your opportunity. If you are a farmer, we have a farm for you. If you would join in unearthing our buried treasures, you may start today. If you are a business or professional man, openings may be had upon every turn. Oklahoma has an excellent climate, low taxes, an extensive educational system, its own recreational grounds and, best of all, an atmosphere of friendliness and freedom. Think of these things when you hear a call to seek a better place to live and a better and greater opportunity for your family. Let us send you complete information on Oklahoma.

Use the coupon to the right.

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Paint protects industry from four of its greatest enemies—rust, dampness, decay, leaks. "Just paint", however, will never provide economical protection. Each peculiar industrial condition requires paint prepared especially for that condition.

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We will train as Tropical Surface Savers a few more men who are interested in making this their lifework. Information upon request.

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With a good gas heating plant in your basement, you can let the pup be furnace man! That's all the furnace tending you'll need.

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The carefree luxury of gas heating is fully explained in our new booklet, "*Let Your Pup be the Furnace Man.*" Write for a copy—or, if a Bryant office is listed in your local telephone directory, simply 'phone them.

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COLORADO'S *Adventure Land*

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It *costs* No More *than a Vacation Near Home*

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Join them in Colorado's mountain wonderland this summer!

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The Poets' Corner

Covered Wagon

DOME LIGHTS, and corner lights,
And a vanity case!
Smoking set, in silver,
And a flower vase!
Courtesy light, tonneau light,
Heaters—what! A car?
No, a moving palace,
It's kings and queens we are!

Once a covered wagon
Went across the plains;
Now correct side curtains
Guard us when it rains.
Once a covered wagon
And oxen slow of pace;
Now dome lights and corner lights,
And a flower vase!

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

Apology

I WAS wrong, and you were right.
I'm devoid of virtue—quite.
What I did was stupid, trite,
Ill-timed and inefficient.
I'm Satanic, dull and mean.
You're discerning, sharp and keen,
A lovely, perfect, faultless queen.
Now isn't that sufficient?

Parke Cummings.

Your Voice

UNDER the modulations of your voice
I listen to the secrets of your heart.
I love you, that is why I understand.

Your voice is as an instrument to me
That echoes all the beauty of your soul.
Your voice is lovelier than anything
That men have made to string a dream upon.
It is all of those melodies, for me,
That I have ever loved, or longed to know.

—Mary Dixon Thayer.

The Four Seasons

CALL of the rain, bobolink astir,
And a wave of blue where the snowbanks were.

Leap of the doe, partridges awhir,
And the fern-deep trail of the mountain spur.

Silk of the corn, tassel of the fir,
And the soft new green of the chestnut bur.

Sting of the wind, steely runners' skirr,
And the starlit joy in the eyes of her!

Arthur Guiterman.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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of 51 hours, 11 minutes, 20 seconds made by Bert Acosta and Ralph D. Chamberlin at Roosevelt Field, Long Island, April 12—14. Motor lubricated with Pennzoil.

Two days and nights of constant flight!

"Pennzoil is the best oil I ever saw coming out of a plane after a long flight"

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designer of record making plane.

THE most convincing test ever given a motor oil! The most positive proof of Pennzoil quality! 4,080 miles of ceaseless motor operation! And only slightly over four gallons of Pennzoil used!

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—at Smartest Functions of Smartest America

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. . . Johnston's is worthy of the sweetest lady in all the world.

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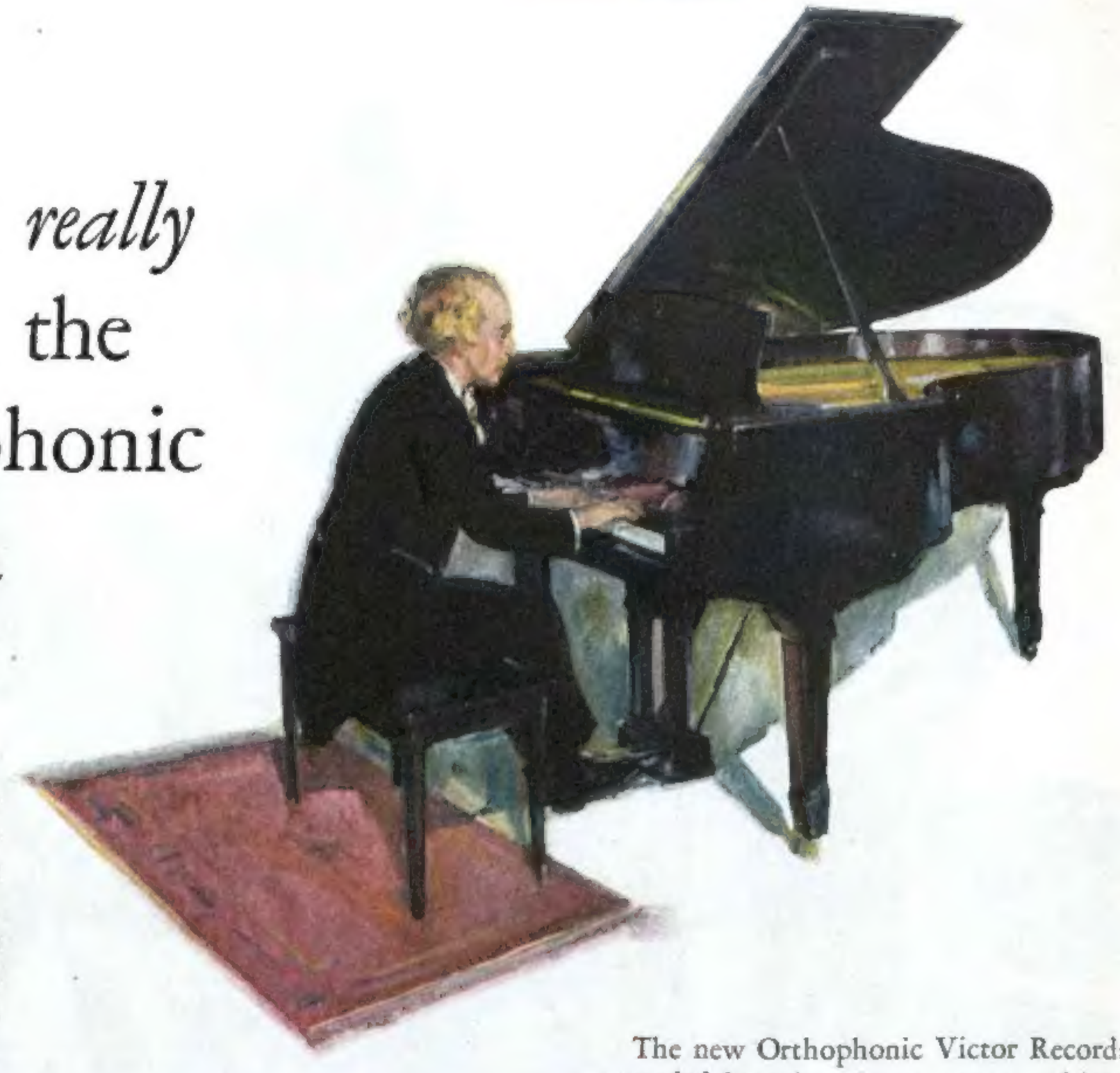

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